1993
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BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

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BREAD LOAF/SANTA FE NEWS (The Morsel of a Crumb)

INTRODUCTION AND BASIC INFORMATION

OPENING ADDRESS, BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

29 JUNE 1993

Good evening, and welcome to Bread Loaf.

Welcome to some 171 students returning to Bread Loaf after one or more summers. And a special welcome to the 81 new Bread Loaf students. Would the members of that entering class please stand, to receive a welcome from all of us?

As always on opening night, I want to talk directly to those of you who have never been here before. I want to tell you something about this place, just a few words about the history of the school, and a few things about what life is probably going to be like for the first few days, the first couple of weeks. The others around you who have been here before have heard me say much of this before. They may eavesdrop, or feign interest, or gaze vacantly before them, until I establish eye-contact with them and they snap into an attitude of fascinated attention. I'm going to tell you those primary things. But then I want to sketch in all of the things that the Bread Loaf School does. The activities of the School are by now so far-reaching that there are probably only a dozen or so people in this room who know everything that we do. I want to spend a short time this evening telling you about the institution you are a part of; I think that you'll end up being glad that you **are** a part of it.

First, let me introduce you to one indispensable part of the School, the Bread Loaf faculty. I'll ask each of them to stand

and then be seated as I call their names.

Isobel Armstrong

Michael Armstrong

Valerie Babb

Kim Benston

Dare Clubb

Dixie Goswami

David Huddle

Helen Jaskoski

Jacques Lezra

Edward Lueders

Victor Luftig

Andrea Lunsford

Ken Macrorie

Alan MacVey

Carol MacVey

Carole Oles--who will be the interim director during my two absences this summer

Robert Pack

Annabel Patterson

Lee Patterson

Jacqueline Jones Royster--who will deliver the Elizabeth Drew Memorial Lecture a week from tonight

Margery Sabin

Dianne Sadoff

Claire Sponsler

Robert Stepto

Susanne Wofford

The Bread Loaf faculty.

One of the Vermont faculty members, **John Elder**, isn't here tonight. In what must certainly be the most daringly innovative Bread Loaf course ever offered, John will be leading his class on a hike from the Canadian border to Bread Loaf during the last two weeks of the Bread Loaf session; they will be holding daily seminars on the nature-writing of New England and will end the summer by arriving triumphantly here at the School, while we all act embarrassed and abashed at our sedentary ways. We should probably all be prepared for some airs of superiority and hikers' hauteur. So be warned.

There are three other people you should meet, because, more than anyone else, these people actually personify Bread Loaf itself for many of you during the academic year, as you are applying or seeking information or asking for friendly advice. They are the heart, soul, and spirit of the Bread Loaf office throughout the year: they are **Elaine Hall, Marilyn DeLaney, and Sandy LeGault.**

Then there is another group of people you will be seeing, both as they visit many of the Bread Loaf classrooms and as they perform here on the stage of the Burgess Meredith Little Theater during the summer. They are the members of the Bread Loaf Acting Ensemble:

Stephen Berenson

David Keith

Vanessa Marshall

Brian McEleney

Barry Press

Cindy Rosenthal

Anne Scurria

Bruce Vierra

There's another indispensable member of the Bread Loaf community here tonight. Last year, the first year of his presidency of Middlebury College, John McCardell came up from his sedentary campus down in the valley to bring good wishes from the whole Middlebury community--and he has kindly paid us a visit again this year. Let me introduce him now, so that he can give you his own greetings. The President of Middlebury College, John McCardell.

Where are we? Well, in one vernacular, we're on the Mountain. That's what you'll frequently hear people in Middlebury itself say: "Oh . . . Bread Loaf . . . you're up on the Mountain." But as far as I can tell, it's more accurate to say we're on an incredibly beautiful meadowed plateau, with some mountains, that our Far West compatriots would call sizable hills, off to the Northeast. One of those mountains, the major one you see, is Bread Loaf Mountain, given its name in the long-ago past by an early Vermonter in a mood of bold poetic inspiration.

The Vermonter we're all indebted to was a Vermonter by adoption, named Joseph Battell. It's a part of the ritual of

opening night at Bread Loaf for you to be told about Joseph Battell. His portrait, which you should visit during the summer, hangs in the Blue Parlor, and glares down with a vague air of moral disapproval. He was attracted to this part of the world because he attended Middlebury College. Then, one day in the 1870's, he came riding up this way from Middlebury and saw a farmhouse with some breathtaking views. Eventually he bought the farmhouse, built an Inn on the site, and began a resort for his friends and paying guests. Still today, one of the New England paint companies actually mixes a color called Bread Loaf Cream, to paint the buildings here, because that's the color that Joe Battell had them painted. It's of some archeological interest to know that all of the cream-colored buildings here today were a part of Joe Battell's original resort, and the white buildings are of a later date.

Battell perhaps believed that wealth gave one a license to be eccentric, for eccentric he was. The most famous story about him is that, when he wanted privacy for himself and his guests, he simply placed a barrier across Route 125, as if to announce: **Sorry: The Green Mountains Are Closed Today.**

When Battell died, he left his Bread Loaf resort, the whole shooting gallery, lock, stock, and barrel, to Middlebury College. The estate by that time included not only the buildings here but all the land you could see in virtually any direction from the porch of the Inn. Middlebury College seems to have reacted at first with pleasure and then with some bewilderment, to find itself

saddled with this bunch of unwinterized buildings in the shadow of Bread Loaf Mountain. But Middlebury had just opened what are now the world-famous Language Schools in 1917, and in 1920, the happy idea of opening a school for teachers of English occurred to someone. And, in short, here we are.

Okay. That is some account of how we come to be here tonight. What I want to tell you now is what has happened, especially in the last 15 or so years--and maybe especially what has happened in the last 5 or so years--to the School of English that occupies the land and the buildings left to Middlebury College by Joseph Battell.

No one, I think, has ever quite accounted for the extraordinary success of the Bread Loaf School. We have an unsurpassed, breathtaking setting; we have a faculty that, I constantly brag, cannot be challenged as a great graduate teaching faculty. But good faculties, even great faculties, in good settings, even breathtaking settings, aren't enough to explain why Bread Loaf works. The real secret is the students we attract. Not all of you are secondary-school teachers; but most of you, the overwhelming majority of you, are. An increasing number of you, over the past several years, are graduate students at other institutions, carrying out supplemental studies here at Bread Loaf in the summer. You have selected yourselves to apply and to be here; after what are often grueling and soul-trying years in the classroom or in some other workaday world, you have elected to come here because you want to learn and to grow, and you want to return

to the flatlands at the end of the summer with new ideas. You are the real reason why this place has that cluster of qualities that make it unlike any other school: there is an intensity of intellectual pursuit here, while there is also a sense of community, collegiality, and shared purpose matched by no other institution I know of.

But you first-year people don't quite know all this yet. You're very likely experiencing another set of feelings entirely. I think that there's something that can be called First-Year Bread Loaf Syndrome, and since I imagine that some of you are feeling it at this very moment, let me describe its symptoms. You've been out of school a while--a couple of years, or five years, or ten or twenty or thirty years. You've applied to this school with the strange name. You've come, pretty sure you want to be here, but not quite certain. What's it going to be like being back in a classroom? You arrive, and register. Then, this evening, you come into a noisy dining hall, where the food turns out to be surprisingly good, but where the person sitting next to you tells you that we're eating this well only because the cook wants to impress the Middlebury president, who's here tonight. Then you come into this theater and sit down, and a middle-aged man--that's me--gets up and starts waving his arms about, telling you that this place is so wonderful because everybody here is smarter than you are. You look around; everybody else seems at ease; the middle-aged man seems right: it is suddenly clear that all of these surrounding people **are** smarter than you are. And the itch comes over you to get

back to your room, pack your bags, wait until 4 a.m., then creep out to your car, set it silently rolling down the road, then, once you're out of earshot of the Inn, turn on the engine, pop the clutch, and put the pedal to the floor for the long drive back to Alaska or Kansas.

It will take you a week or two to overcome those feelings. And then, some time in the second week, something will happen in one of your classes. The impossibly bright third-year student sitting to your left, whose almost palpable aura of brilliance has so far kept you quiet, will say something in class almost mind-numbingly stupid. You will have arrived. I can't speak for the other Bread Loaf faculty, but I know that if you had taken a class from me when I taught here, not many days would have passed before the **professor** said something mind-numbingly stupid. And at that point you would know that you have this place knocked.

I joke, of course, but I have seen the first-year experience so many times that I do believe there's a visible pattern: first, a reluctance to believe that the communal spirit of the people who have already been here a couple of years is quite real; then, some hesitation before the incredible energy that can get packed into those intense 50-minute morning classes and the differently paced, more meditative afternoon seminars; then, the rediscovery of long-unused intellectual muscles; and finally, the gradual entrance into the class's communal discourse. One could do worse than be a watcher of this process.

There are about 250 of you here in Vermont. For those of you who are first-year students, you will probably spend all of your Bread Loaf summers in Vermont. The Vermont campus is the great home-base, the nerve-center of all of the Bread Loaf education. There are many Vermont students who want to hear nothing at all about the Oxford or the Santa Fe Bread Loaves. For these students, learning and inspiration are inseparable from the mosquitoes and the cries of the white-throated sparrow and the hermit thrush and the killdeer who supply the background music to this place.

But there are, as you know, two other Bread Loaf sites.

Each summer, Bread Loaf occupies Lincoln College, one of the smallest and most beautiful colleges of Oxford University. There, a week from now, Stephen Donadio will open the School for its sixteenth summer.

Our third site is at St. John's College in Santa Fe, New Mexico. And, there, exactly two hours from right now, Lucy Maddox will open that program for its third summer.

It's another of my spectatorial curiosities as Director to see how certain personalities veer away from Vermont, toward our other two campuses. There are Bread Loaf students who cling to Oxford as barnacles cling to piers and who, after one summer of Sundays reading out near Christ Church Meadow, cannot be prised loose. Or, on the other hand, last summer, I watched two students who had

begun their Bread Loaf careers in Santa Fe and who were now spending their first summer in Vermont. They looked appalled at so much greenery. I notice, from this year's enrollment lists, that they have both gone back to the place where learning and inspiration seem inseparable, not from the Green Mountains and the spruce and the larch, but from the pinon and juniper, and the background of the Jemez and Sangre de Cristo Mountains.

But you can read about those programs in the Bread Loaf bulletin. Tonight I want to tell you about some of the other Bread Loaf programs besides those that take place at our three sites.

First of all, there are among us tonight 30 beneficiaries of the largest grant that Bread Loaf has ever received, a $2.77 million grant from the DeWitt Wallace-Reader's Digest Fund. Between now and 1997, this grant will bring to Bread Loaf 120 secondary-school teachers from 6 target states: Alaska, Arizona, Mississippi, New Mexico, South Carolina, and Vermont. These teachers together will form the Bread Loaf Rural Teacher Network, which will support projects, both in these teachers' home-states and among the states of Bread Loaf rural teachers as a whole.

This grant will not simply benefit teachers from the six target states. It will eventually provide greater opportunities for **all** Bread Loaf students, by bringing in funds for computers and telecommunications--and eventually, we hope, by helping us attract financial-aid resources for **all** Bread Loaf students with need.

The DeWitt Wallace-Reader's Digest grant came to Bread Loaf for several reasons. Not the least of these was Bread Loaf's long-standing and well-deserved reputation as an institution that has singled out rural teachers as a special constituency. But we also owe thanks for this grant to my partner in the writing of the grant proposal, my Bread Loaf colleague and close companion-in-arms, with whom I start exchanging FAXes and phone calls virtually every weekday morning at 6 o'clock, and with whom I bicker and fuss in our recruiting-trip rental car, as we speed along over the vast distances of the Southwest, all the time working on our next scheme for Bread Loaf; she and I are quite a sight. I mean, of course, Dixie Goswami.

I am afraid that I must announce that one condition of this grant from the **Reader's Digest** is that **War and Peace** must henceforth be read in our classes in the 20-page version, and Bread Loaf seminars will henceforth run only twelve minutes.

The one disadvantage of the DeWitt Wallace-Reader's Digest grant is that, as of now, it applies to only 6 states instead of 50. But we are actively at work at Bread Loaf to bring in funds to be of assistance to many other constituencies. One of those constituencies consists of secondary-school teachers of drama. We are now sitting--or standing--in the Burgess Meredith Little Theater, renamed this year in honor of the distinguished actor and friend of Middlebury College, who has supported Middlebury through a number of very generous gifts. His gift is one recognition of the

theater program that has been in place here at the School virtually since its founding in 1920. In keeping with that long tradition, Bread Loaf has a number of times in the past several years hosted a National Endowment for the Humanities Institute for secondary-school teachers of drama. I'm happy to announce tonight that we have recently received a $200,000 grant for an Institute in the summer of 1994. And here I must thank another Bread Loaf colleague, Alan MacVey, without whose work on this grant I would not be announcing it tonight.

Every secondary-school teacher of drama in the country will be eligible to apply for this NEH Institute next summer; and I very much want to stress that that includes every such teacher here in this theater tonight. All 20 NEH Institute participants will be given a grant for tuition, room, board, travel, and books, as well as a stipend for the summer. A summer at the NEH Institute will count as a normal summer of course work toward the Bread Loaf degree.

Bread Loaf also has, as most of you know, its own telecommunications network, BreadNet, directed since its inception in 1984 by Bill Wright. BreadNet, more than anything else, helps to sustain the Bread Loaf community throughout the entire academic year, as up to 100 former and current teachers carry on conversations and hold special conferences, such as the NA Network, for teachers of Native American students. Through the advantages afforded us by our new host computer at Middlebury College, we hope

to bring virtually all of you onto BreadNet this summer, so that you can familiarize yourselves with the system and learn the opportunities it holds out. In addition, this summer, Bill Wright has organized a weekend of panels led by telecommunications experts from across the country. I hope that any of you who are interested in the mind-boggling, the flabbergasting possibilities of telecommunications systems will come to at least one of these panels at the end of the second Bread Loaf week.

Finally, there are other Bread Loaf programs of which very few Bread Loaf students are completely aware. Bread Loaf is in Vermont, which, from the perspective of many Americans, is in a far, isolated corner of the country. "Vermont," said my mother, when I first told her in 1979 I was going to miss our family reunion and teach at Bread Loaf. "That's one of those little-bitty New England states, isn't it?" In addition to what many Americans consider its remoteness, Vermont also has the highest percentage of Caucasians in its population of any state in the country: it is the whitest state in America. The unhappy fact is that the recruitment of the minority populations in the United States is especially difficult for us. I know it is, because that recruitment has been my number-one priority since I became Director almost five years ago--and you have but to look around you to see that my success has not been great.

The blueprint for one strategy I am now following to attract people whom Bread Loaf has repeatedly had trouble recruiting is a

blueprint I owe to a real visionary, a hero of mine, one of a number of Bread Loaf people who are heroes of mine, Lou Bernieri, a Bread Loaf graduate who teaches at the Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts. In cooperation with faculty from Bread Loaf, Lou has run a series of institutes since 1987 at Andover, outside Boston, for teachers in inner-city schools in Boston and other East Coast cities. Our hope has been to take Bread Loaf by this means to populations whom we have had trouble recruiting otherwise, and to allow the Andover Institutes to serve as gateways to Bread Loaf. This year, the first students who have come through the gateway of the Andover program will receive their M.A.s from the Bread Loaf School of English.

I can't leave the subject of the energetic Lou Bernieri without telling you of another of his triumphs, again in partnership with Bread Loaf. Three years ago, Lou found grant-money to begin bringing black South African teachers to the Andover/Bread Loaf Institute. The institute has trained about 30 South African teachers; they in turn have gone back to South Africa to train others; and the altogether astonishing fact is that today there are hundreds of classrooms in South Africa that call themselves Bread Loaf classrooms. One of the leaders of those South African teachers, Bernadette Mosala, will be with Lou when he and his Andover group visit Bread Loaf in July. I hope you will welcome the whole group when they arrive for a visit in just over a week.

So why not imitate a good thing? This year, Bread Loaf has

opened its second summer institute, at the Piney Woods Country Life School, a historically black K-12 boarding school in Piney Woods, Mississippi, where 20 Mississippi teachers, right now, are in a four-week program that, I hope, will be only the first of an ongoing series of summer institutes. With this institute, we are trying both to export some of the ideas of the Bread Loaf curriculum, and to use the outreach institutes, again, to bring new faces and experiences to Bread Loaf itself.

The next major initiative of Bread Loaf is to draw these and two more institutes into our most ambitious outreach network, so that we will end with the Andover institute, the Mississippi institute, a third institute that we hope to open in 1994 in New Mexico, in partnership with the Hispanic Culture Foundation of Albuquerque, and, less certainly, a fourth institute in cooperation with the public schools on the big Navajo Reservation in the Southwest.

Well, that's who we are, and those are some of the things that we do at Bread Loaf. I say **some** of the things, because there are many Bread Loaf activities I've still had to leave out.

One final note to close with.

As I have confessed before on opening night, I don't seem to be able to get through this address each year without saying something that I find very satisfyingly true: that Bread Loaf seems

to me the most perfected **American** institution I've ever been lucky enough to be connected with. Academics tend to be jaded types, but I believe that all of my colleagues on the faculty share this sense--that teaching here, with this cross-section of Americans, gives one a sense of possibilities for the country that one thought had been pressed out of one by too many cynical-making experiences. This year, mainly because the DeWitt Wallace-Reader's Digest Fund was picking up my travel tab, I was in many American places, some of them (to me, at least) mythic American places--the Mississippi Delta, the high-desert country of New Mexico and Arizona, and the schools in the Mat-Su and Lower Kuskokwim School Districts of Alaska. I think that the most memorable sight I can remember came in a town that I won't name, in the Mississippi Delta, one of the most desperately poor parts of the country. Dixie and I were on a recruiting trip, when we drove into the town where we had an appointment with the school principal and several teachers. The town reminded me of the small southern towns of my youth--only it was much grimmer. Practically the only sight we saw in the center of town was men standing about on the streets, looking purposeless, obviously out of work. It was a classic picture of a town that had always been poor but that had been completely devastated by the mechanization of agriculture in the surrounding farms where the residents of the town had once earned a living, even if only an unprosperous one. Then we arrived at the school, where an almost blinding counter-image awaited us. After our meeting with the principal and the teachers, we had a completely unannounced, informal visit to some of the classrooms, some elementary, some

secondary. We walked into one room where there was a whole row of second-graders, in their tiny chairs, absolutely rapt, in front of a bank of computers, each of the children at work on a keyboard, learning arithmetic and spelling. Someone had worked to bring in money, someone had had an absolute genius for organizing people in the face of immense challenge, and someone, a teacher, was passing from group to group among the children, answering questions and guiding fingers as the rapt attention remained unbroken. It was so clearly a picture of hope, so clearly a picture of education made living so that the children were themselves eager to be caught up in its process, and above all so clearly a picture of education as the only possible means of the children's overcoming the fate of the men in the street outside as to be breathtaking. Mind you, I don't want to sentimentalize this picture. Another lesson of the little scene was a terribly sad lesson to which everything implicitly pointed, and which our conversation with the principal and teachers corroborated: the great mark of the children's success would be their departure from the town that was their home: they could succeed only by pulling up roots and leaving their past behind. The possibilities for overcoming **that** heartbreaking dilemma, which one encounters again and again in school systems of all varieties, are too much even for the Bread Loaf School of English to encompass. Nevertheless, the children here were being enfranchised. A brilliant school principal (whom, by the way, I have enlisted as a Bread Loaf advisor) and a committed and brilliant staff of teachers in this remote outpost in rural Mississippi were giving the students the possibilities of **choice**

for what their lives would be. The experience of visiting this school and seeing those students, so caught up in what they were doing that they didn't even notice my presence, was the most epiphanic moment I have ever had for its revelation of what education might do. It seemed a relevant memory to recall on the opening night of this School.

Once again, welcome to Bread Loaf, all of you here for the first time. I hope that all of you will take the occasion, over the next six weeks, to come by my office so we can meet and talk. And welcome back, all of you who are returning to Bread Loaf, and who by now, after two, or three, or four, or even five opening-night addresses, can predict, can even lip-synch, as I get to the part about the cream buildings and the white, and Joe Battell and his barrier across the road.

Please come out onto the West Lawn now, and let's all begin the summer by getting to know each other.

1993 Schedule of Classes

All clases will be held in the Barn except where otherwise noted. Barn East is to the right-hand side of the Barn and is reached via the stairway on the side of the building. Barn A is on the left-hand side of the Barn: follow the short walkway around to the door. The Inn Seminar room is behind the Inn; the entrance is across from the Burgess Meredith Theater.

Please cooperate with our request that there be **no smoking** in the classrooms.

Time		Course	Professor	Classroom
8:30	11.	Power/Sublime in Romantic Poetry	Ms. Armstrong	2
	19.	Chaucer	Mr. Patterson	1
	172.	Practice of Narrative...Infancy/Adult.	Mr. Armstrong	4
9:30	17.	History & Theories of Writing	Ms. Lunsford	5
	32.	Milton and His Contemporaries	Ms. Patterson	4
	86.	Stories and Essays...	Ms. Goswami	3
	98.	Modernist Literature in England/Ireland	Mr. Luftig	1
	208.	Cultural Theory	Ms. Sponsler	6
	222.	The Fictions of Latin America	Mr. Lezra	2
10:30	28.	Shakespearean Tragedy	Ms. Wofford	A
	39.	Contemporary American Short Story	Mr. Huddle	1
	58.	Autobiography in America	Mr. Stepto	2
	110.	Women's Writing From the Margins	Ms. Armstrong	4
	137.	Racial Perceptions...	Ms. Babb	3
11:30	34.	Nineteenth-Century Narrative	Ms. Sadoff	2
	44.	Conflict & Community...	Ms. Sponsler	3
	104.	The Epic: From Classical to Christian	Mr. Patterson	1
	108.	Contemporary Irish Literature	Mr. Luftig	4
	149.	Gender, Ethnicity, and Teacher Research	Ms. Lunsford	5
Monday & Wednesday 2-4:30				
	18.	Playwriting	Mr. Clubb	Barn East
	195.	The Poetry of R. Frost & W. Stevens	Mr. Pack	3
	211.	Native American Literature	Ms. Jaskoski	4
Monday 2-4:30 and Tuesday, Thursday 11:30 to 1:00				
	124.	Acting II: Shakespearean Texts	Ms. MacVey	A
Tuesday & Thursday 2-4:30				
	2.	Writing & Editing Prose Non-Fiction	Mr. Macrorie	2
	13.	Literature, Law, & Censorship	Ms. Patterson	4
	109.	Fiction of Empire & Break Up of Empire	Ms. Sabin	1
	200.	A Workshop in Nature Writing	Mr. Lueders	3
Tuesday & Thursday 2-5:00				
	139.	Directing Workshop	Mr. MacVey	6
Tuesday & Thursday 2-5:30				
	129.	Acting Workshop	Ms. MacVey	A
Tuesday & Friday 2-4:30				
	5.	Poetry Writing	Ms. Oles	Barn East
	6.	Fiction Writing	Mr. Huddle	Inn Seminar
Wednesday & Friday 2-4:30				
	121.	Topics in African-American Literature	Mr. Benston	1

LETTERS TO THE FACULTY

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753-6131
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

July 9, 1993

To: Bread Loaf Faculty

From: Jim Maddox Jim

Accompanying this memo you will find a message to Bread Loaf students concerning the Independent Reading Project. Each year a small number of students carry out these projects over the course of the academic year and then complete the work under the supervision of a Bread Loaf faculty member during the summer.

If a student approaches you this summer about the possibility of an Independent Project and you have the time to advise him or her, you should assist the student in assembling a bibliography and in writing a prospectus for a paper of some 30-35 pages in length. (A perhaps unnecessary word of advice: the greatest problem in the past has been the very general definitions of the topics.)

The project should grow out of the course in which you have taught the student, or out of a course that the student has already taken at Bread Loaf. A prerequisite for my approval of the project is the grade of A- or better in the relevant course.

The student will submit a draft of the completed project to the Bread Loaf office in April of next year. I will then ask an appropriate member of the 1994 faculty to read and comment on the draft. The student will then show up at one of the Bread Loaf campuses next June, revised draft in hand, and will take the paper through one last step of rethinking and revising, working during the summer with the professor who read the draft in April. The grade given the finished paper is the grade for the entire Independent Project.

It is essential that the April draft of the work pass through the Bread Loaf office; the student should not send the draft directly to the faculty member. The reason for this strict rule is the simple one of ensuring uniformity of procedure for all students.

Bread Loaf will pay an honorarium to faculty members who take on these projects.

If you have any questions about the Independent Projects, don't hesitate to track me down and ask.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753-6131
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

July 9, 1993

To: Bread Loaf Students

From: Jim Maddox Jim Maddox

Subject: Independent Reading Projects

If you wish to undertake an Independent Reading Project over the next academic year 1993-94, please read the following guidelines carefully. You might also consult the current Bread Loaf bulletin, page 6.

The Independent Reading Project is not a guided reading program undertaken with a member of the Bread Loaf faculty as a literary correspondence course. The IRP involves a great deal of original scholarship on the student's part, with faculty supervision only at the beginning and the end of the project. The initial consultation about the IRP is therefore of very great importance.

The IRP should be considered an extension and intensification of work in a field that the student has already explored in a Bread Loaf course: the IRP is intended, therefore, to involve the kind of focused work and scholarship usually required for an M.A. thesis.

You should consult your instructor in the course from which your project takes its impetus in order to assure that the project is a responsible one and that you have received some guidance in shaping a thesis and selecting manageable primary texts and major secondary sources. If you have taken a course in a prior year and received an A- or higher from an instructor not now on the faculty, you should consult with a faculty member currently teaching in that area.

Before arranging an appointment with a faculty member, prepare a draft of your proposed subject and a list of the primary texts and secondary sources you intend to explore. Your instructor will assist you in focusing your subject or will suggest additional readings, but you should not expect him or her to devise the project for you.

When you and your instructor have reached agreement on the proposed topic, you should compose a two-page prospectus; ask the instructor to sign the prospectus, then turn it in to the Bread Loaf office. These arrangements **must** be completed by Friday, August 13. This procedure verifies that the faculty member has reviewed the topic and finds that it is one that could be managed in an essay of approximately 30 pages. It does not mean that the instructor will provide any further advice during the subsequent academic year or accepts any responsibility for reading it the following summer.

I will review your proposal in the fall after your grade in the course and your faculty's comments have been recorded. I will approve your project only if your grade is high enough (A- or better) to suggest that you can undertake the project on your own with every expectation of success.

You should **not** solicit further guidance from any faculty member after the Bread Loaf session. I will be happy to discuss any problems that arise as you begin writing, especially if your thesis changes direction or moves to a more precise focus after you have completed your reading.

You must submit by April 1, 1994, a draft of your project as well as a report on any changes in your reading list; send this draft to Elaine Hall at the Bread Loaf office. (Incidentally, since the entire process from this stage onward involves essentially the multiple revising of drafts, you would be best advised to locate a word-processor you can use if you don't already have one.) If the project appears to be developing satisfactorily, you will at that time be enrolled in the IRP for the coming summer session and charged for a third course (unless the IRP is to be considered as one of your two courses for the summer). The IRP has the same cost as a normal Bread Loaf course.

On registration day, you must submit a revised draft of your project to the Bread Loaf office. I will then forward a draft to the member of the 1994 faculty who will serve as your reader. If you do not submit a draft, your project will be automatically canceled and you will receive a refund if you were taking it as a third course. If you continue, you will work with your reader during the course of the summer to revise and refine the project and to incorporate the faculty member's suggestions into the work. This may involve some additional reading, but the major emphasis will be on the revision of what you have already written. Your final grade for the project will be determined by the faculty reader. As with all courses at Bread Loaf, your grade must be a B- or better to earn three credits.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

Dear New Bread Loaf Faculty Member:

You have already received the letter of general information about the Bread Loaf summer. I want to add a few comments to new faculty, just to familiarize you with some Bread Loaf customs. Ever since I first joined the Bread Loaf faculty in 1979, I have watched myself and others undergo a mild acculturation experience at Bread Loaf--and it has finally occurred to me that it might be useful to send along this note to explain a few details, so that you'll feel a little more immediately at home.

Dress at Bread Loaf is quite casual, as you would expect, except for a few moderately more formal occasions--Opening Night, the Elizabeth Drew Lecture, etc. It's probably wise to bring along some few dressier clothes, although casual dress is never out of place.

The first of those "moderately more formal occasions" is Opening Night itself. There will be a 5:00 cocktail party, then dinner, then a mercifully short ceremony of welcome in the Little Theatre.

All of your meals will be in the large dining room in the Bread Loaf Inn. There's a faculty table at breakfast and dinner; seating is catch-as-catch-can at lunch. The faculty table is there only because, in the intense and pretty constant student-faculty interaction at Bread Loaf, most faculty find it relaxing to have a haven where they're off-duty and don't have to talk about next week's assigned paper even at meals. But there's no requirement, no expectation, that you sit at the faculty table. It's just there if you want it.

Almost every Wednesday afternoon at 5:00 there is a cocktail party (another "moderately formal occasion") at Treman Cottage, the homey little faculty club. A fraction of the student body is invited each week, until they've all been invited--so there's quite a crush. On the final Wednesday there's a party for the seniors. Many students look forward to these parties rather more than one might expect. Despite the ready access to faculty at Bread Loaf, some students somehow muster up the courage for an ice-breaking talk with the professor only at these parties. So faculty are encouraged, but not required (we're very non-coercive), to come.

A word or two more about Treman. Many faculty like to drop by to chat for a half-hour before lunch and for a drink before dinner. There's a liquor cabinet and a refrigerator if you wish to store your own beverages there. There are always some (Vermont) cheese and crackers to nibble on before dinner. Some faculty--and the actors--gather there in the evening for a nightcap and conversation.

One thing to warn you of is the immense crunch of busy-ness at the end of the session. I neither encourage nor discourage final exams at Bread Loaf. Some faculty members give them, some don't; it's entirely up to you and your pedagogical philosophy. If you do give them, they must be graded in a hurry: exams are given the final Thursday and Friday; senior grades must be submitted by Saturday morning; all grades must be submitted by Sunday noon at the latest

(and this is all in the midst of senior parties, commencement, etc.). In addition, there is the unique Bread Loaf phenomenon, the comment card--the faculty's bugbear. These are cards on which you're asked to make more or less extensive comments about each student you teach--the length, say, of an average paragraph. I sometimes use the information on these cards to help determine, in very close cases, whether a student should be readmitted. But the major use of the cards is on letters of recommendation--which we write by the dozens and dozens every year, as you may imagine. The Bread Loaf letter of recommendation is a composite letter, often very impressive in its detailed information, culled from the comment cards. The custom of these composite letters, by the way, will save you from being approached by your Bread Loaf students during the academic year for letters of recommendation. So there's some benefit for you deriving from the comment cards.

Just a suggestion: in my last years as a faculty member at Bread Loaf (before I became that harmless drudge, an administrator), I found it convenient to keep on-disk notes on the students as I graded their papers or had other comments to make about them during the course of the summer. That way, all the commenting didn't have to be compressed into the final couple of hectic days.

I very much hope that all faculty will remain at Bread Loaf for commencement on August 8. After five summers of study--sometimes at the sacrifice of leaving a family back home--the students and their families find commencement an important and solemn and festive occasion. It's good for the faculty to be there to celebrate with them. (One faculty member is chosen by the senior class each year to be the major speaker at commencement.)

I myself will have to leave Bread Loaf twice during the session, once to see how things are going at the Oxford program and once on a similar mission to Santa Fe. During my absences, Dick Brodhead will be the interim director.

There are probably several other Bread Loaf facts of life that I'm too accustomed to to think of telling you about; the above will have to do for now. Bread Loaf is emphatically not a clubby place: just come prepared to live as you please, and I think you'll find yourself very happy.

Once more, I look forward to seeing you next month in Vermont.

Best wishes,

Jim Maddox

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH - 1993

SALARY AND TAX INFORMATION

GENERAL:

Summer faculty and staff members are paid in two installments. The first payment is made about midway through the session, and the second at the end of the session.

Form W-4 (withholding exemptions) should be returned to the Bread Loaf office as soon as possible so that there will be no delay in processing your salary check.

OTHER INFORMATION:

TRAVEL ALLOWANCE

Travel allowance will be paid by check separate from your salary payments. Although travel allowance payments are not subject to withholding taxes, they are subject to income tax, and consequently the College is required to report these payments to the Internal Revenue Service on your W-2 statement. You can claim allowance deductions on your tax return to offset this income.

Travel allowance checks will not be ready upon arrival this year. You will be able to pick them up from Elaine the beginning of July. Before receiving your travel check, you must verify with Elaine and sign the Employment Eligibility Verification (Form I-9). Please be sure to bring identification (driver's license, Social Security card, birth certificate, U.S. Military Card, passport - any two will be fine.)

FEDERAL AND STATE WITHHOLDING TAXES

Salary payments are subject to Federal income and Social Security taxes. Those of you with two or more employers for 1993, who will have more than the maximum FICA tax withheld by law, will be able to recover the excess when filing your 1993 Federal Income Tax Return. The College is required to withhold Vermont Income Tax whether or not you are a year-round resident of Vermont. If you are a non-resident, you should file a Vermont Non-Resident Income Tax return to recover excessive state taxes withheld. Please contact the Vermont tax office at 802-828-2515 after December 1993 if you desire this form.

Drug-Free Workplace Policy Statement

Drug and alcohol use are highly detrimental to the safety and effectiveness of employees in the work place. No employee may either use or be under the influence of any illicit drug or alcohol while in the work place, while on duty, or while operating a vehicle or equipment owned or leased by the College.

As a recipient of federal grant monies, the College fully supports and complies with the provisions of the Drug-Free Workplace Act of 1986 and the Drug-Free Schools and Communities Act Amendments of 1989, Public Law 101-226. One of the provisions of these laws requires employees to notify the College within five days of a conviction for violating any criminal drug law by an action in the workplace.

Possessing, manufacturing, distributing, transferring, purchasing, selling, using, or being under the influence of alcoholic beverages or illegal drugs while on College property, while attending business-related activities, while on duty, or while operating a vehicle or machine leased or owned by the College may lead to disciplinary action, including suspension without pay or discharge.

Physician-prescribed medications are permitted, provided they do not adversely affect job performance or the safety of the employee or other individuals in the work place.

The College recognizes that employees may wish to seek professional assistance in overcoming drug or alcohol problems. The Employee Assistance Program and employee medical benefit plans can be beneficial to employees seeking assessment and treatment. For more information on the EAP program and other benefits please contact a representative in the Personnel Office or your supervisor.

Employees who voluntarily admit to having drug or alcohol problems which have not resulted in disciplinary action may be eligible for unpaid time off to participate in a rehabilitation program. Such a leave will be granted if the employee abstains from use of the problem substance while on leave, abides by all policies, rules, and prohibitions relating to conduct in the work place, and if the College suffers no undue hardship as a consequence of granting the leave.

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

Health Care for Summer Faculty and Staff
Middlebury College - Cornwall Clinic

Telephone: 388-7946, ext. 14

The nurse at the Cornwall Clinic has as her primary responsibility the provision of health care to the students enrolled in the Bread Loaf School of English. Summer session faculty and staff who are not regular residents of Middlebury, and who do not have established ties with local caregivers may utilize certain resources at the Cornwall Clinic.

Health care for faculty and staff is not as extensive as that provided for students and when her schedule permits, a nurse will examine and treat health problems listed below.

* Basic first aid (care of uncomplicated blisters, scrapes, sunburns, etc.);

* Assessment and treatment of uncomplicated, minor health problems e.g., colds, headaches, insect bites, menstrual cramps, digestive disorders;

* Blood pressure checks;

* Referral to local health caregivers

Those who choose to use these services will be required to complete a health history form. No services other than basic first aid are provided for children.

Clinic hours: Monday - Friday: 8 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Saturday & Sunday: 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Emergencies After-hours: If you need medical attention after-hours, proceed to Porter Medical Center which is located on South Street in Middlebury.

Serious Emergencies: In situations perceived as life threatening or serious medical emergencies, such as difficulty in breathing, significant loss of blood, unconsciousness, or back and neck injuries, call the Middlebury Volunteer Ambulance Service at 388-3333. PERSONS WITH NECK OR SPINE INJURIES SHOULD NEVER BE MOVED.

If you need to speak to a counselor after-hours, call Counseling Service of Addison County at 388-6751 or 388-7641.

You are responsible for the payment of all fees incurred for medical visits to Porter Medical Center and other hospitals, laboratory tests, x-rays, hospitalization, care by physicians, ambulance services, etc. Middlebury College offers only the above listed health care services at the Cornwall Clinic and does not provide medical or accident insurance for faculty and staff.

Please see list of health care providers on back page.

LOCAL CAREGIVERS:

DENTISTS:		
John Carlson	388-6344	(Oral surgeon)
James Daly	388-4432	
Harvey Green	388-2727	
David Hills	388-7045	
John Langfeldt	388-6404	
Bart Larrow	388-7251	
Jason & Joseph Wark	388-2222	(Orthodontists)
DERMATOLOGIST:		
W. Landon Dennison	388-2879	(Two Tuesdays a month)
EYE DOCTORS:		
William Eichner	388-6565	
Clement Gagne	388-2811	
Michael Gallagher	388-2119	
EAR, NOSE, & THROAT:		
Patrick Stine	388-7037	
FAMILY PRACTICE:		
Clark Bryant	388-7185	
Timothy Cope	388-6777	
William Fifield	388-6777	
INTERNISTS:		
Theodore Collier	388-2879	
Robert LaFiandra	388-7445	
Stanley Shapiro	388-9884	
OB/GYN:		
Alan Ayer	388-6347	
James Malcolm	388-6326	
Planned Parenthood	388-2765	
PEDIATRICIANS:		
Jody Brakeley	388-7959	
Jack Mayer	388-1338	
Wayne Peters	388-7959	

COUNSELORS:

Marion Bauer	388-7195	Grace McGrath	388-6013
Gerald Cecere	388-3137	Carol McKnight	388-6227
Counseling Service of Addison County	388-6751	Nina Miller-Levine	453-5067
Betsy/Bill Dowdall	388-3644	Paula Nath	388-3025
Justine Logan	388-7528	Patricia Noll	388-0933
Faith Lowell	388-3056	Donald Rahelich	388-3137
Chip Mayer	388-3441	John Vojtisek	388-3666

PSYCHIATRISTS:	
Chuck King	388-4174
Robert Pierattini	388-3137

2

THE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

May 4, 1993

Dear Colleagues,

Once again this summer members of the Acting Ensemble will be in residence at Bread Loaf to perform and assist in classes. The major production will be Chekhov's Uncle Vanya. We will probably do adaptations of two or three of his short stories as well. There will also be two student-directed plays: Harold Pinter's The Lover, and the first scene from Caryl Churchill's Top Girls.

Members of the Ensemble are eager to work with you in or out of the classroom. Actors are especially adept at exploring literature -- scenes from plays, poetry, fiction, original student writing, and narrative. Normally they tend to investigate voice, rhythm, possible intention, and so forth. But the actors can also develop improvisations for your class or present staged readings of material. Many faculty members have found them very helpful working with individuals or small groups outside of class.

Rather than listing more examples of the actors' work, we'd like to invite you to a special session to talk about possibilities. We'll schedule this as soon as we arrive at Bread Loaf. Whether you're new to the faculty or have used the actors many times, we hope you'll come to talk about ideas.

It's easy to request actors in your class: just ask me or talk to one of them. We're eager to help, quick to plan and open to every suggestion. Meanwhile, if you have any questions or ideas you'd like to talk over, please call me at 319-351-6952. Thanks very much -- I'm looking forward to working with you this summer.

Sincerely,

Alan MacVey
Theatre Supervisor

Theatre Arts Department 107 Theatre Arts Bldg. Iowa City, Iowa 52242-1705 319/335-2700

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753-6131
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

June 28, 1993

Dear Colleague:

This letter is addressed to all Bread Loaf faculty. A variant of this letter will be familiar to returning colleagues, but it would be nice if you would refresh your memory about our grading strategies anyway.

Your grading at Bread Loaf should in general reflect the grading you do at your home institution for students in a Master's program. In general, grades from A (or, in very exceptional cases, A+) to A- should indicate a distinguished performance. Grades from B+ to B- cover a fairly broad range, from quite good work (B+) to passing but undistinguished work (B-). C is a grade for work that does not merit a pass. F is for a total failure in the course, usually reflecting a failure to finish the work.

Final grades at Bread Loaf in recent years suggest that as a normal expectation, at least half of them will be A- or better. This high range of grades is not necessarily desirable, but it has become fairly common; I certainly have no policy against rigor in grading. First-year students do not always do as well as their more experienced Bread Loaf peers, but many surprise us in impressive ways.

More important than the grades on the transcript are the comments I ask you to write on each student at the time you submit your grades. These judgments become a part of the School's records and are helpful in determining whether to readmit a student, and probably more importantly, in the preparation of letters of recommendation, a massive number of which we write for the students every year. I attach a statement of School policy regarding these comments since they are included under the Family Education Rights and Privacy Acts of 1974.

Some kind of early paper could help spot trouble - a weak student, a miscalculation in the demands of the course, etc. Most members of the faculty in literature assign a six- to eight-page paper due about July 15; another about July 29. That observation carries nothing prescriptive about it.

We have in recent summers become plagued with late papers and excuses for extensions. It's definitely a good idea to announce your policy on due dates early on. Community casualness in regard to deadlines can create problems you don't need in August. On behalf of the students, I ask please that any papers not ready by the end of classes be given to Elaine or Marilyn for mailing if the student has left before Commencement. All comment cards must be turned in prior to your departure. I think the obligation of the faculty here is clear.

Most students at Bread Loaf should achieve a grade of B without difficulty. Clearly the crucial grade is B-. If a week first-year student has made good progress and you believe that he or she could become a Master's candidate at Bread Loaf, it is reasonable to give a grade of B-. If returning students have in your judgment been done a disservice by being reaccepted, please do not make the problem of termination more difficulty by awarding B's when they should not be

encouraged to continue. Think of yourself and your next summer's colleagues--and, needless to say, the student.

B- is a probationary grade. This grade is your recommendation that a student be readmitted the following summer on probation. If he or she then fails to achieve B or better in both courses, we will not readmit. A Bread Loaf faculty member can no longer in this age of academic litigation give a student a passing grade and then suggest in confidence that I not readmit her or him. You can, of course, recommend, but I have little choice but to readmit on probation. If the School faces the problem of the marginal student early in his or her Bread Loaf career, we (I, you, he and she) can be spared much anguish at Commencement time.

Enclosed is a list of first-year students. Please give them a particularly careful scrutiny for their sake and yours.

I will be glad to discuss with you problems of student workload, grading, and standards of the School.

Sincerely,

Jim

James H. Maddox
Director

JHM/elh

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753-6131
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

June 28, 1993

TO: Faculty

FROM: Jim Maddox

RE: Auditors

We have advised students that no auditors are permitted in writing courses, afternoon seminars and workshops. You are, of course, free to admit auditors to any of your courses; you should simply recognize that if you do so in courses in the above categories, you may possibly receive complaints from students we've already waved off.

Although students are encouraged to audit an additional literature course, auditing means simply attending class unless you invite participation. Some teachers find it best to open class discussions only to those students formally enrolled. Each year there are a few complaints about courses in which auditors dominate the discussion and create some morale problems. But you should consider the decision on auditor participation to be entirely your own.

JHM/elh

Dear Faculty, 6/28/93

Welcome to Bread Loaf. The following information may be helpful to you this summer.

Treman Cottage is always open to faculty, their spouses and guests. Before lunch and dinner every day we provide Vermont Cheddar, crackers, mixers and ice. Coffee is available after dinner. Come and relax in Treman anytime. I ask only that you conduct student conferences elsewhere.

Desk copies of many books are in Treman. Check with me, Mark Wright, or Steve Duffy if you would like a copy. Mark, Steve, and I are the three assistants to the director. We hope to help you and your families throughout the summer. We can be reached via the front desk of the Inn, and often we hover around Treman.

You and your children are welcome to use the College athletic facilities. Hours for the field house and the pool are available at the front desk and they will also be published in the first issue of The Crumb. Children must be accompanied by an adult and you will be asked to show your college ID. Please ask your children to avoid the barn area during classes(8:30-5:30). Classes are easily disrupted on this quiet campus. After dinner there are frequent volleyball games on the East Lawn. Everyone is invited to play.

There is a children's table in the dining hall. Head waiters Patricia Phaneuf and Dan Robb will assign the best waiters to serve the young.

I would be grateful if you could supply me with the names, ages and expected dates of residence of your children. The meal plan forms attached to this letter can be used to supply this information. Payment is usually made during the last week of the session. Faculty guests must pay for meals at the full rate($4,$6 and $8). Children pay one half the normal rate.

Hugh Coyle is the editor of the daily newspaper, The Crumb. All Crumb submissions must be received by Hugh by 8:30 a.m. He would appreciate it if you would submit material a day early whenever possible. Announcements may be left for Hugh at the front desk or left with Elaine Hall and Marilyn DeLaney, the friendly and helpful administrative office staff. Good luck with everything. Mark, Steve and I will try to make the summer a smooth one.

Sincerely,

Woody

Douglas Woodsum
Assistant to the Director

MEAL PLANS - FACULTY CHILDREN 1993

Please fill out a separate form for each child over four years of age.

Meals Regularly Missed:

Breakfast_____
Lunch_____
Dinner_____

MEAL PLANS - SELECT ONE:

1. Full Session Rate ------ $450.00

   Percentage Deducted for Meals Regularly Missed_____
   Adjust Cost_____

2. Weekly Rate -------- $75.00

   Percentage Deducted for Meals Regularly Missed_____
   Adjust Cost Per Week_____
   Number of Weeks_____
   Total Cost_____

3. Individual Meal Rates:

   Breakfast ------ $2.00
   Lunch ----------$3.00
   Dinner --------- $4.00

I AGREE TO COUNT ALL MEALS EATEN ON THE INDIVIDUAL MEAL PLAN.

_____
Signature

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

July 27, 1993

To: Bread Loaf Faculty Members

From: Jim Maddox, Director Jim Maddox

Enclosed are the Comment Cards, Grade Rosters, and notation of seniors in your course(s). Would you please verify immediately that every student listed is, in fact, taking your course and that there are no students listed of whom you are not aware?

FINAL EXAMS

Please let Elaine in the office know by Friday, July 30 whether or not you are giving exams. If you are giving exams, you should give Elaine the exam(s) to be reproduced no later than the morning of August 9.

There is no need to proctor exams. Please remain with your class for about fifteen minutes to answer questions, and let your students know where you can be reached.

Students should not be given more than three hours to complete an examination.

Exams are scheduled for the following days and times:

8:30 classes - Thursday, August 12 - 9:00-12:00

9:30 classes - Thursday, August 12 - 2:00-5:00

10:30 classes - Friday, August 13 - 9:00-12:00

11:30 classes - Friday, August 13 - 2:00-5:00

Afternoon classes that have exams are scheduled depending on the majority of students' schedules. For any changes in this schedule, please see Elaine.

Exam books and copies of the exams will be brought to the Barn classroom for you well before the exam starts. Please return to the Barn at the end of the exam time to pick up your students' bluebooks.

Blue books of graduating seniors should be read at once, and the final grades should be returned to Elaine no later than 11 a.m. on Saturday, August 14.

GRADES

Please submit grades and comment cards as speedily as you can: on Friday or Saturday morning in the office or on Saturday afternoon or early Sunday, August 15, at the Front Desk; the Bread Loaf office moves from the Mountain to the Middlebury campus on Monday morning. Any exam you grade below a B minus should be turned over to Elaine with your comment cards and course rosters.

Please, if at all possible, do not assign the grade of Incomplete; only in rare cases does the School ever use this grade. The grounds for assigning it must be personal or family emergencies. In any

case, if you want to assign a final grade of Incomplete, please review the situation with me first. Before assigning such a grade, arrangements must be made in writing with the student for completing the work in the course in a timely fashion. Students with this grade should be instructed to forward completed work to the Bread Loaf office for transmittal to the instructor. If the work is not completed by the deadline established, a grade of F will be recorded.

COMMENT CARDS

Please provide an appraisal of each student on the Comment Card. This evaluation of the student's work will explain the significance of the grade and will be helpful in readmitting students or in denying readmission, in academic counseling and above all in preparation of letters of recommendation. (If students know that your evaluation of their work is available in the Bread Loaf office, they may not feel the need to request letters of recommendation from you during the winter. At least this is our hope.)

If you assign a student a grade of B- or lower, you should offer clear reasons for the grade. A B- will bring credit for the course, but is a signal that the student must improve in order to proceed toward the degree or, perhaps, should not be encouraged to continue on with the degree. A grade of C+ or lower signals that denial of readmission is called for. I hope that Comment Cards will give me clear advice in such cases, and that the comments will be in keeping with the letter grade assigned. It is difficult to give proper guidance to students if faculty members recommend denial of readmission and yet award passing grades.

I also ask for your judgment as to whether the quality of the student's writing and ability to work independently make the student fully qualified to undertake an Independent Reading Project. A simple "yes," "no," or "doubtful" is an adequate signal. In recent years we have had a disturbingly large number of weak Independent Reading Projects, and I would encourage you to be rigorous in making this judgment. I also ask your opinion as to the advisability of the student's attending Oxford where a great deal of independent work is crucial to the program.

Comment cards are marked "Not Confidential" if the student has indicated that he or she reserves the right to review his or her record. Needless to say, you are free to follow your own policy in writing evaluations under these circumstances.

August 10, 1993

Dear Professors:

You can give enormous assistance to our office staff if you can hand in your student evaluations (comment cards) to Elaine Hall on computer disk this year. We apologize for the lateness of this request.

If you are using a Macintosh computer, and you are using Microsoft Word, you need to save your file as a TEXT file. To save your file as a text file,

1. Choose *Save As* from the File menu.
2. If you haven't already named the document, type the document name in the *Save Current Document As* text box.
3. Click the *File Format* button.
4. Click *Text Only*.
5. Click *OK*.
6. Click the *Save* button.

Also, please print out a hard copy (printed version) of each file. Then, give Elaine your disk with a list of the files on the disk.

If you are using an IBM or an IBM clone, please save your evaluations as ASCII files or plain text files. Also, please give Elaine a hard copy (printed version) of each file. On your disk, please note that your disk is used on an IBM or IBM clone.

For those of you without printers, the Apple Cellar will have one Macintosh and one IBM machine hooked up to laser printers.

If you have any questions about this process, please leave me a note. Again, apologies for this late request.

Thanks.

Caroline Eisner

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753-6131
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

May 27, 1993

Dear Bread Loaf Faculty:

In just a short while I will be saying hello to new and returning colleagues. As I was preparing some details for this summer, I realized that I had not been in touch and some of the items I have usually notified you about had slipped my attention. For those of you who are returning, there is a new face in the Bread Loaf office. Betsy resigned at the end of last summer and is currently travelling the Southwest. She and her companion will be returning to Maine and making their home there. In January, Marily DeLaney joined me in the office. I know that some of you have talked to her and that she has also written to some of you.

One of the responsibilities that Marilyn has been dealing with is the ordering of the textbooks and desk copies for your course(s). I would like to take this opportunity to explain a policy that was begun a couple of years ago. Bread Loaf will order the desk copies for all the textbooks, but not all companies will send them. Marilyn will be sending a copy of the books ordered for your class and will indicate which desk copies have been received. For those texts for which we have not received a desk copy, you will need to bring a copy to Bread Loaf with you. The Bread Loaf bookstore will have the books, if you wish to purchase them when you arrive. She will also let you know the enrollment in each class. This information will be mailed to you the week of June 7th. If you will not be at the address on this packet, please call and tell us where to send the information.

Bread Loaf has a small number of guest rooms available this summer. Over the past several years, the number of requests for guest rooms has far exceeded the availability. The few rooms we have are primarily reserved for visiting lecturers, project directors, and guests of the School. The Middlebury/East Middlebury area is considered a tourist area and motel accommodations can be difficult to obtain so guests need to make reservations as far in advance as possible. There are several motels, hotels, and bed and breakfast homes in the area. You may check with me in the Bread Loaf office about the availability of rooms and if I have a vacancy, I would be willing to house your guests. There will be a $20 per night charge per person which does not include meals. The payment of meals and lodging would be made with Ed and Victoria Brown at the Inn Front Desk.

Even though Commencement at Bread Loaf seems a ways off, I would like to request that each faculty member bring his/her cap, gown, and hood, if you own them. For those who do not own one, we will furnish a cap and gown.

I hope you have a wonderful, relaxing next few weeks and a safe journey to Bread Loaf. Marilyn and I look forward to saying hello.

Cordially,

Elaine

Elaine Hall
Administrative Secretary

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

Bread Loaf School of English

May 1993

Dear Colleague:

Since the rental costs of academic regalia for Commencement Night have become so exorbitant, may I please ask you to bring your cap, gown, and hood, if you own them.

Cordially,

James Maddox
Director

JM/elh

LETTERS TO THE STUDENTS

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753-6131
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

15 May 1993

Dear Bread Loaf Student:

I am writing to welcome both returning Bread Loaf students and those who will be spending their first summer at Bread Loaf/Vermont. We have a great faculty, wonderful courses, and a production of Chekhov's **Uncle Vanya** this summer; it all promises to be unforgettable. Now to business.

Student bills have been sent from Middlebury College and are payable upon receipt. All bills must be paid in full by Registration Day or they will be assessed a late fee. Those students admitted after June 1 should make every effort to pay prior to arriving.

The Bread Loaf campus is twelve miles from Middlebury. The Bread Loaf taxi will meet all Vermont Transit buses at Middlebury Gulf Station (the closest bus stop) on Rt. 7 South in Middlebury on June 29; do not get off at Middlebury College itself. There are Vermont Transit buses from Montreal, Boston, Albany, and New York City. Monday thru Saturday buses leave the Burlington bus station at 7:35 and 11:15 A.M. and 3:30 P.M. Burlington City buses leave the airport every one-half hour at 10 minutes after the hour and 20 minutes before the hour. The Burlington City bus will stop at their downtown terminal which is next to the Vermont Transit terminal.

The closest airport is in Burlington, 40 miles north of Middlebury. Several airlines land in Burlington; your travel agent should have no trouble making connections for you. Travel from Burlington to Middlebury can be made on Vermont Transit buses, or you can get a taxi for $63 right to Bread Loaf.

If you are traveling by car, you should turn off U.S. 7 onto State Highway 125, four miles south of Middlebury. The Bread Loaf campus is eight miles mostly up and east of this junction, on Rt. 125.

The School will provide taxi service at modest cost during the summer so that you can get to Middlebury some afternoons if you don't have a car.

Please return the enclosed arrival card as soon as you know your plans and before June 15th, so we can plan either to meet you at the bus station or to greet you when you drive in.

Upon arrival at Bread Loaf, you should go to the Inn Desk to check in and receive your room and post office box assignments from the Inn Managers. You will also receive a Basic Information publication which you should read as soon as you are settled in your room. There will also be fellow students called Green Ribbon Greeters who will help you locate your room, direct you to the various places you need to stop at for registration, and answer questions you may have. The second stop is the Bread Loaf Office where you will register or confirm your courses with Elaine Hall and find out where your classes will meet. The next stop is the Blue Parlor, where you will be welcomed by Sandy LeGault and Marilyn DeLaney of the Bread Loaf Office, a representative of the Accounting Office of Middlebury College, and the Bread Loaf

Nurse. Here you will settle your financial account, turn in late medical forms, register your car, etc. I too will be there to welcome you.

After you're through registering, you are then free to find the bookstore, your room and other points of interest. Please purchase from the bookstore only the books for the classes in which you are actually enrolled. If you are auditing a class, please wait a couple of days before purchasing these books, to ensure that enrolled members get the books they need.

The School will officially open with a brief and friendly ceremony in the Burgess Meredith Theater at 7:30 p.m. on June 29th. Following the opening ceremony will be a reception in the Barn.

The first meal served will be lunch at 1:00 on Tuesday, June 29. No rooms will be available before the morning of June 29, except for waiters, waitresses, computer assistants, theater assistants and Green Ribbon Greeters, who must arrive on Monday, June 28. Rooms will be ready for faculty and staff on Sunday, June 27. Students with difficult travel plans who need to arrive on Monday, June 28, may do so after contacting the Bread Loaf office. For these people, the Bread Loaf taxi will be operating.

You should bring informal clothing for country wear, both for cool (40{ to 50{) and warm (75{ to 90{), wet and dry weather. Vermont weather is notoriously fickle. Bring insect repellent, preferably Cutters or Deet. Some people have found that Avon Skin So Soft bath oil works nicely as a repellent. If you choose not to use the Nu-Way linen rental service, (see enclosure) you must bring your own linen, unless you are on the faculty or staff. Bread Loaf provides blankets, bedspreads and pillows free of charge.

Radios and stereos (unless you use earphones) are not permitted in the dormitories, which are far from soundproof. If you're new to Bread Loaf, it may seem strange to ban these seeming necessities of modern life, but the rule is firm; in an isolated setting where study is a constant pursuit, the noise of even one radio can be unbelievably disruptive. Silence is maintained during the hours of 11 P.M. to 7:00 A.M. to offer the opportunity for sleep. Please leave portable TV's, refrigerators, microwaves, hot plates and coffee pots at home. Hot plates and coffee pots can be a fire hazard. (Medical supplies needing refrigeration may be given to our Nurse.)

A subscription to the New York **Times** may be purchased by returning the enclosed form.

For your convenience bring traveler's checks, which may be cashed at the Front Desk. Until August 1, banks will honor personal checks in amounts not exceeding $20--an inconvenience not in my control. And after that, no honor and no checks at all. The obliging Front Desk Team, however, will gladly cash $50 personal and traveler's checks throughout the session.

Pets are not allowed in dormitories or in school buildings. If you must bring an animal, please make prior arrangements to have it kept off campus. A barking dog can seriously disrupt a class on a quiet mountain campus. You do neither your colleagues nor your pet a service in bringing it on campus.

The Inn Managers ask me to advise you that guests are not to be invited for overnight visits in student rooms. There are several nice motels, inns and bed-and-breakfast places in the area.

You should inform correspondents to address you at: (your name), Bread Loaf School of English, Bread Loaf Rural Station, Middlebury VT 05753. The most common delay in receiving mail is the lack of the addressee's name. Please make clear to your correspondents that this address is temporary. Notify your Post Office to forward your mail to Bread Loaf only until August 10. Newspapers, magazines and mail other than first-class cannot be forwarded.

Express packages sent in advance should be addressed to you at the Bread Loaf School of English, Sunderland 220, Middlebury College, Middlebury VT 05753.

The telephone switchboard closes at 11 P.M. Late evening calls should be completed by this time. Incoming calls should be received well before 11 P.M., since the phone rings into the Inn Manager's home after this time. Please remind your family and friends of any time differential between their home and Vermont. Emergency telephone messages, of course, will be delivered at any time. The Bread Loaf campus telephone is 802-388-7945. There are also pay phones available on campus.

I hope that you have a cool and pleasant trip to Bread Loaf. You will then be ready to plunge into an enjoyable, intellectually rewarding summer. I look forward to seeing you.

Cordially,

Jim Maddox

James H. Maddox
Director

JHM/elh

P.S. If you discover at the last moment that you are unable to attend Bread Loaf this summer, please call the Bread Loaf office at 802-388-3711, ext. 5418 by June 22nd or 802-388-7945 after June 22nd. We have a waiting list of very good candidates, and I would hate to have them lose out on a chance to attend Bread Loaf.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753
(802) 388-3711

Health Services

June 1, 1993

Dear Student,

We are pleased to welcome you to the 1993 session of the Bread Loaf School of English. Please help us to anticipate and meet your health needs by completing one of the enclosed confidential Health Forms and return it to: Parton Health Center, Carr Hall, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont 05753. A physician's or psychotherapist's statement outlining the details of any chronic condition or ongoing health and/or psychological problems will assist us in providing optimal care. The Health Center handles most primary health care needs, but the College cannot guarantee that all health care needs will be met on campus or in Middlebury.

The summer program can be intensive and stress-producing. If you have had or are now experiencing stress-related physical or emotional symptoms, e.g., head/stomachaches, sleeping problems or depression, please consult your health care provider before arriving on campus. We encourage you to utilize College health services this summer if you experience any stress-related problems. If you have or anticipate special health needs, please contact the Health Center before May 23 or after June 11 at 802/388-3711, ext. 5135.

We hope your experience this summer will be satisfying and rewarding.

Sincerely,

Gary F. Margolis, Ph.D.
Director of Counseling
and Human Relations

Kathleen Ready, R.N., MSN
Administrative Director
Parton Health Center

Enclosure

SUMMER SCHOOL HEALTH FORM

(Short Version)

PLEASE COMPLETE THIS FORM IF YOU HAVE BEEN A STUDENT AT MIDDLEBURY IN THE PAST THREE YEARS. IF YOU HAVE NOT BEEN A STUDENT IN THE PAST THREE YEARS, PLEASE COMPLETE THE ENCLOSED FOUR-PAGE HEALTH FORM.

NAME (please print)_____
Last First

Summer Program_____

Social Security Number _____/_____/_____

1. What program were you enrolled in at Middlebury College in the past three years?

   _____ Language School Program

   _____ Bread Loaf School of English

   _____ Bread Loaf Writer's Conference

   _____ Undergraduate Program

2. Please indicate the year when you last attended Middlebury College _____

3. Are you currently enrolled at Middlebury as an undergraduate?
   -If so, what year will you graduate? _____

4. If you have changed your name, indicate your previous name _____
   _____

5. Has there been any changes in your health since last attending Middlebury? _____

   If so, please list specific diagnosis, the treatment regimen recommended, medications you are currently taking, name and address of your caregiver, and any other details which may be helpful to us.

   _____

   _____

   _____

_____ _____
Signature Date

Please return this form to: George F. Parton Health Center
Carr Hall
Middlebury College
Middlebury, VT 05753

Bread Loaf School of English

PARTON HEALTH CENTER
MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753
Tel. (802) 388-3711, ext. 5135

Name _____
LAST FIRST

Date of Birth: _____

Home Address: _____

_____

Home Tel: (____) _____

S.S. # _____

HEALTH FORM

INSTRUCTIONS: This form must be completed, signed, and submitted in order for you to attend Middlebury College. The information will be held in confidence as part of your health records at the College. Contents of your health file will not jeopardize your admission to Middlebury College. *It is in your interest that your health records be complete.* Please attach additional sheets if necessary.

Please return the completed forms to the address above. Thank you for your cooperation.

PERSONAL HEALTH HISTORY

Have you ever had or have you now: (Please check and describe at right of each item)

	YES	NO	YEAR	COMMENTS		YES	NO	YEAR	COMMENTS
Migraine					Jaundice or hepatitis				
Frequent or severe headache					Rectal disease				
Fainting spells					Kidney or bladder infection				
Concussion or severe head injury					Kidney stone				
Head or neck x-rays or radiation treatments					Albumin or blood in urine				
Sinusitis					Mother used D.E.S. during pregnancy with you				
Hearing loss					Abnormal pap smear				
Other ear, nose & throat trouble					Fibrocystic breasts				
Eye trouble other than for glasses					Bone, joint, or other deformity				
Asthma					Shoulder dislocation				
Cigarette or other tobacco use					Knee problems				
Pneumonia					Recurrent back pain				
Chronic Cough					Neck and/or back injury				
Tumor or Cancer					Broken bones				
High blood pressure					Swollen or painful joints				
Rheumatic fever					Arthritis, rheumatism or bursitis				
Heart Trouble					Paralysis				
Tuberculosis or positive TB test					Diabetes or sugar in urine				
Pain or pressure in chest					Thyroid trouble				
Lyme Disease					Skin disease				
Cogenital heart disease					Pilonidal cyst				
Mitral valve prolapse					Epilepsy or seizure disorder				
Elevated cholestrol					Malaria				
Blood disorders					Mononucleosis				
Anemia					Learning disability				
Shortness of breath					Obesity				
Severe or recurrent abdominal pain					Positive HIV Antibody test/AIDS				
Hernia					Vegetarian				
Ulcer (duodenal or stomach)					Chronic Fatigue Syndrome				
Irritable bowel syndrome					Eating disorder				
Inflammatory bowel					Problems with alcohol or drug use				
Lactose intolerance					Serious depression				
Self-induced vomiting					Excessive worry or anxiety				
Gall bladder trouble or gallstones					Sexually transmitted diseases				

Please check each item "YES" or "NO."
For every item checked "YES," please explain fully in blank space on right

YES	NO	Have you ever experienced adverse reactions (hypersensitivity, allergies, upset stomach, rash, hives, etc.) to:	If yes, please explain fully: type of reaction, your age when the reaction occurred, and how often the experience has occurred.)
☐	☐	Penicillin	
☐	☐	Sulfa	
☐	☐	Other antibiotics (Name: _____)	
☐	☐	Aspirin	
☐	☐	Codeine	
☐	☐	Other pain relievers (Name: _____)	
☐	☐	Horse serum	
☐	☐	Local anesthetics	
☐	☐	Other drugs, medicines, chemicals (Name: _____)	

YES	NO	Are you allergic to:	
☐	☐	Foods (please list) _____	Name of allergist: _____
☐	☐	Stinging insects (please specify _____	Address: _____
☐	☐	Molds, pollen _____	_____
☐	☐	Animals (please specify) _____	Telephone: ( ) _____
☐	☐	Other (please specify) _____	Date series begun: _____
☐	☐	Do you receive allergy desensitization injections?	Please describe any adverse reactions to these injections:
☐	☐	Do you wish to continue allergy desensitization injections at Middlebury College Health Center? If so, please supply the information in the right-hand column.	_____
			_____
			_____
			_____

—Please bring your serum with you, along with complete directions and a schedule for the injections—

YES NO

☐ ☐ Do you use medicine regularly? Please list any drugs, medicines, chemicals, vitamins and minerals (both prescription and non-prescription) you use and indicate how often you use them. We recommend that you bring what you anticipate needing.

(Name) _____

(Name) _____

(Name) _____

Please indicate year for any of the following childhood illnesses you have experienced:

Chickenpox_____ Measles_____ Rubella (German Measles)_____

Diphtheria_____ Mumps_____ Scarlet Fever_____

YES ☐ NO ☐ Have you ever had any problems for which you have received counseling or psychotherapy? If so, please describe.

YES ☐ NO ☐ Have you ever been a patient in any type of hospital? (If yes, specify when, where and diagnosis.)

YES ☐ NO ☐ Have you had any operations? (If yes, please describe and give year in which they were performed.)

YES ☐ NO ☐ Have you ever had any serious illnesses or injuries other than those already noted? (If yes, specify when and where and give details.)

YES ☐ NO ☐ Do you use corrective eyewear?

Please copy your prescription(s) here:

Eyeglasses: prescription:

Contact lenses: prescription:

Note: We recommend that you bring an extra pair.

Has any blood relative of yours had any of the following?

	YES	NO	RELATIONSHIP
Diabetes			
High blood pressure			
Stroke			
Cancer (Type:_____)			
Heart attack before age 55			
Cholesterol or blood fat disorder			
Alcoholism			
Sickle cell anemia			
Glaucoma			

	YES	NO	RELATIONSHIP
Depression			
Other serious illness (specify):			

If either parent or any sibling is deceased, please list relationship to you, age at death, and cause of death.

IMMUNIZATIONS

VACCIINE TYPE	MONTH, DAY & YEAR FOR EACH DOSE					10 YEAR BOOSTER
	1	2	3	4	5	
DPT or Td (Diphtheria, Pertussis, Tetanus or Tetanus, Diphtheria)						
Polio - not required after 18th birthday						
Measles (red or hard measles) check type: ☐ Live ☐ Killed* ☐ Unknown *reimmunization required	Vaccine Date:___/___/___ Titer Date:___/___/___ Disease Date:___/___/___					
Rubella (3-day or German measles)	Vaccine Date:___/___/___ Titer Date:___/___/___ Disease Date:___/___/___ Result:____ Was disease diagnosed by a physician?					

Measles and rubella vaccine - must be repeated if administered before first birthday.

Have you ever had to discontinue study or restrict activities because of physical or nervous disturbances? If yes, explain fully.

Have you ever had any limitation placed on the amount and type of physical exercise? If yes, explain fully

SOURCES OF HEALTH CARE

Please list the names, addresses, and telephone numbers of physicians, psychologists, or other health caregivers you now consult.

Name Field

Address

City, State

Tel. ( )

Name Field

Address

City, State

Tel. ( )

HEALTH INSURANCE COVERAGE

Please list below any current insurance coverage such as Blue Cross/Blue Shield, public assistance, or private insurance.

INSURANCE COMPANY	ADDRESS	GROUP/POLICY NUMBER

EMERGENCY NOTIFICATION

In case of emergency please notify:

Name

Relationship

Street

City State

Zip Telephone ( )

Work Telephone ( )

In case of emergency please notify:

Name

Relationship

Street

City State

Zip Telephone ( )

Work Telephone ( )

My signature below indicates that:

- I consent to medical and nursing treatment by the staff at the Health Center.
- the information on this form is correct and complete to the best of my knowledge.
- I understand that Middlebury College views my health as chiefly my responsibility.
- If I require services, prescriptions, or referrals beyond the primary care services available at Parton Health Center, I shall assume the financial responsibility or negotiate satisfactory arrangements with the caregiver.
- I hereby authorize the release of any information on file pertaining to my condition of health. I understand that my contacts with health and counseling services are held in confidence but that confidentiality may be broken if my life or that of any other person is in danger.

DATE SIGNATURE OF STUDENT

DATE SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR GUARDIAN
(required if student is not yet 18 years old or if insurance listed above is in parent's or guardian's name)

IF YOU HAVE ANY QUESTIONS, CALL THE HEALTH CENTER AT 388-3711, ext. 5135

Bread Loaf School of English
Middlebury College
Middlebury VT 05753

ACCIDENT INSURANCE

Middlebury College does not provide sickness insurance, but does automatically provide accident insurance for students while they are enrolled in the summer session.

Boston Mutual Life Insurance Company will pay for the expense of treating injuries up to a total of $2,000 for any one accident. The company will cover the first $100 of an accident. Claims in excess of $100 will be paid only to the extent that they are not payable under the terms of other policies covering the student.

Covered treatment includes x-rays, laboratory tests, surgery, physician's visits, nursing care, hospital care and treatment, and prescription drugs. The expense for dental treatment of injuries to sound natural teeth is limited to $1,000.

Claims: In the event of accident, claims should be reported to Boston Mutual Life Insurance Company, Claims Division, 120 Royall Street, Canton MA 02021 within 30 days from the date of the accident. Medical bills must be submitted within 90 days from date of treatment. Claim forms are available from the Parton Health Center, Middlebury College (802-388-3711, Ext. 5135). If you have any questions concerning the limitations and exclusions of this plan or filing a claim, please contact Walter W. Sussenguth and Associates, the plan administrator at the above address, or use the toll-free number: 1-800-669-2668, Ext. 445.

The insurance will be effective for the periods indicated below:

English School, Vermont	29 June - 14 August 1993
English School at Lincoln College, Oxford*	5 July - 14 August 1993
English School at Santa Fe	29 June - 12 August 1993

*Under Britain's medical program, you must have medical coverage to meet the treatment of medical conditions and problems you have on arrival in Britain. National Health will, at the discretion of our doctor, meet expenses of emergencies encountered during the summer. Expenses of hospitalization are paid by National Health under normal circumstances. Be sure to bring your medical insurance forms for claiming expenses under your own medical insurance plan.

SEXUAL HARASSMENT

Sexual harassment is a violation of an individual's basic civil rights and will not be tolerated by Middlebury College. Sexual harassment is against the law and violates Middlebury College's Policy.

Middlebury College's Harassment Policy Statement (1992) prohibits harassment based on sex, sexual orientation, race, religion, national origin, age or physical ability. This policy states:

"As an educational institution, Middlebury College is committed to maintaining a campus environment where bigotry and intolerance, including discrimination on the basis of sex, sexual orientation, race, ethnicity, religious beliefs, physical ability or age have no place, and where any form of coercion or harassment that insults the dignity of others and interferes with their freedom to learn or work is unacceptable. Harassment, as defined below, is antithetical to the mission of this College. In addition, many forms of harassment have been recognized as violations of the civil rights laws by the Federal Courts, by the U.S. Equal Employment Commission, by the State of Vermont and by the U.S. Department of Education.

Middlebury College defines harassment as verbal or physical conduct which on the basis of sex, sexual orientation, race, religion, national origin, age or physical ability has the purpose or effect, from the point of view of a reasonable person, either of interfering with an individual's educational or work performance or of creating an intimidating, hostile or offensive educational, work or living environment. Harassment includes such conduct specifically directed at an individual or a small group of individuals and expresses hatred or contempt on the basis of stereotyped group characteristics or because of a person's identification with a particular group. Harassment also includes violence in word or deed or attempts to incite violence directed against members of these groups because of their group identification. In addition, harassment may include repeated slurs, or taunts in the guise of a joke, or disparaging references to others, when such conduct is based on sex, sexual orientation, race, ethnic origin, religion, physical ability or age.

With specific reference to sexual harassment, in addition to conduct which creates a hostile environment, sexual harassment includes what a reasonable person would judge to be unwelcome sexual advances or requests for sexual favors which explicitly or implicitly affect educational or employment decisions concerning an individual. Those in positions of authority must recognize that in their relationships with subordinates and students there is always an element of unequal power. It is incumbent upon those with authority not to abuse the power with which they have been entrusted.

Moreover, Middlebury College embraces the ethical standard set forth by the American Association of University Professors, which holds that a professor, in order to encourage the free pursuit of learning, must avoid any exploitation of students for his/her private advantage. Accordingly, faculty and staff members should be aware that romantic and sexual involvements with students over whom they have direct or indirect authority are discouraged by Middlebury College, even though such involvements need not always constitute a form of sexual harassment.

Middlebury College recognizes that the protection of free and open speech and the open exchange of ideas is essential to any academic or artistic community, crucial for the activities of scholars and artists. It is, therefore, an important element in the "reasonable person standard" to be used in judging whether harassment has occurred. This harassment policy statement is meant neither to proscribe nor to inhibit discussions, in or out of the classroom, of complex, controversial or sensitive matters, including sex, sexual orientation, race, ethnicity, religious orientation, age or physical ability, when in the judgement of a reasonable person they arise appropriately and with respect for the dignity of others. Middlebury College is a community of learners and as such recognizes and affirms that free and honest intellectual inquiry, debate, and constructive dialogue are vital to the academic mission of the College and must be protected even when the views

expressed are unpopular or controversial. Middlebury College also recognizes, however, that verbal conduct can be used specifically to intimidate or coerce and to inhibit genuine discourse, free inquiry and learning. Such abuses are unacceptable. If someone believes that another's speech or writing is offensive, wrong or hurtful, he or she is encouraged to express that judgement in the exercise of his or her own freedom of speech or to seek redress when appropriate.

Middlebury College maintains that all members of its community have the right to participate in the life of the College without harassment or intimidation. The College remains firmly committed to protecting these rights for all members of the College community."

It is important to recognize that both men and women are affected by and can be the recipients of sexual harassment. Sexual harassment can occur between a faculty member and a student, a supervisor and a student employee, an adviser and a student, a staff person and a student, or between two students. Sexual harassment may also occur between a supervisor and an employee, two members of the staff, two members of the faculty, or a faculty member and a staff person. Sexual harassment may also involve groups of people.

Examples of possible sexual harassment include, but are not limited to, the following:

- repeated homophobic graffiti on an individual's message board
- intrusive questions about one's personal life
- intimidation, hostility, or condescension which is based on a person's gender or sexual orientation
- repeated slurs, taunts, or humiliating jokes when such conduct is based on sex or sexual orientation
- repeated requests for socializing when a person has indicated he/she is not interested
- unwanted physical contact such as touching, pinching, brushing up against, patting or rubbing a traditionally sexual part of a person's body
- trapping a person or in some way blocking movement
- demands or requests for sexual favors accompanied by threats about grades, recommendations, or your job.
- promises of preferential treatment in exchange for sex
- touching a person on a traditionally non-sexual part of the body after that person has indicated no desire for such physical contact
- continuing to write suggestive notes or letters after being informed they are unwelcome
- harassment, or retaliation of any kind for having previously filed a complaint

What you can do to protect yourself:

- Be sure the harasser knows you do not welcome this treatment and be clear about your limits: say "no" or "stop"
- Avoid answering personal questions
- Document where, when, and how you are being harassed

If you would like to speak to someone regarding harassment, the following campus resources are available to listen to you, inform you of your rights and also what options are available to you:

Staff:	Ted Mayer	53-
	Judy Olinick	55[illegible]2
	Sage Russell	5187
	Pat Santner	5158
	Charles Sargent	5333

Faculty:	Martin Beatty	5956
	Janine Clookey	2256
	Kevin Moss	5786
	Allison Stanger	5023
	John Walsh	5626

Each of the people mentioned have been designated to listen to your concerns. Your discussions with any of these resource people will be confidential and will not necessarily commit you to further action.

If you are a student, other resources on campus are : The Center for Counseling and Human Relations, Parton Health Center, the nurse at Bread Loaf, the College Chaplain, the Director of Health Education or Dean of Students. If you are an employee, you may also contact the Human Resources Department, your supervisor or your department chairperson.

If you wish to file a formal complaint regarding harassment, contact the Human Relations Officer, Karen Andrews at Ext. 5518.

Many forms of sexual harassment also violate Federal and State Laws. You may also contact the Civil Rights Division of the Attorney General's Office in Vermont at 828-3171 and you may contact the Regional Office of the U.S. Department of Education Office for Civil Rights in Boston, MA at (617) 223-9662 for advice and support. If you are an employee, an additional resource is the district Equal Employment Opportunity Commission office at (617) 565-3200. If you choose to contact one of these offices, your conversations will be confidential and will not commit you to further action unless you choose to file a complaint with one of these offices.

NOTE: At the Language Schools, many different cultures are represented, each with its own patterns of personal behavior. Cultural differences do not excuse inappropriate or offensive behavior; they do call for particular awareness of and sensitivity to other people's rights and dignity.

You have a right to be treated with respect and dignity as an employee or student at Middlebury College.

NOTE: For a full statement of College policy and options available within the College for resolving a complaint, see the College Handbook. Copies of the College Handbook are available at the Office of Health Education, Carr Hall or the Dean of Students' Office, Old Chapel.

Revised4/93
Summer Sessions

Yonna McShane
Office of Health Education

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753-6131
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

May 1993

Dear Bread Loaf Student:

Attached you will find the information booklet on **"Drugs, Alcohol and You - Your Accountability and Responsibility at Middlebury College."** This booklet contains information relevant to all students. On December 12th of 1989, former President George Bush signed into law the Drug-Free Schools and Communities Act Amendment (Public Law 101-226). This legislation required colleges and universities to distribute to all students the information contained in the aforementioned booklet. It is important to recognize that the materials contained in this publication do not represent any shift in Middlebury College's drug and alcohol policy. This publication does, however, contain up-dated information regarding state and federal laws regulating drug and alcohol use, sale, etc.

It is important that you as a student at Middlebury be up-to-date regarding the College drug and alcohol policy and be aware of pertinent state and federal laws prohibiting illegal possession, use, sale, and distribution of drugs and alcohol, and the legal sanctions associated with a conviction. Because drug and alcohol abuse is also a health issue, it is important that all students know where confidential medical and psychological help is available for those who need it.

I urge you to read the attached booklet in its entirety.

Sincerely,

Jim Maddox

James Maddox
Director

Drugs, Alcohol and You

Your Accountability and Responsibility at Middlebury College

Office of Health Education
Summer 1993

MIDDLEBURY'S POSITION

Middlebury College is deeply concerned about illegal drug use and alcohol abuse in our society and in our community. The College regards illegal drug use and alcohol abuse as a problem which can affect the entire College community. It is important that you as a member of the Middlebury community to be aware of the College drug and alcohol policy as well as pertinent State and Federal laws. It is also important that all members of our community know where help is available for those who need it.

DRUG LAWS

There are a number of State and Federal laws prohibiting the possession, use, sale, and distribution of illicit drugs such as marijuana, cocaine, L.S.D., crack, heroin, etc. Legal sanctions for conviction include: required community service, significant fines, and lengthy imprisonment. For example, in the State of Vermont, a first time offense for the possession of less than two ounces of marijuana carries a penalty of up to a $500 fine and six months' imprisonment; the unlawful sale of less than one-half ounce of marijuana carries a penalty of up to a $10,000 fine and two years of imprisonment. The unlawful possession of cocaine in the amount of less than 2.5 grams carries a penalty of up to a $2,000 fine and one year imprisonment. The distribution of cocaine in an amount less than 2.5 grams can result in a penalty of $75,000 fine and 3 years' imprisonment.*

(*See appendix for more information regarding State and Federal sanctions.)

It is important to note that because of new Federal regulations, if you are prosecuted and found guilty of a drug charge, your Federal Aid grants may be jeopardized. In addition, a felony conviction from a drug charge will prohibit entry into some professions.

WHAT ABOUT ALCOHOL

Alcohol is a drug and for many in our community it is an illegal drug. It is illegal in the State of Vermont for people under the age of 21 years to possess or drink alcoholic beverages. It is also illegal to misrepresent one's age in order to obtain alcoholic beverages, and to supply or sell alcoholic beverages to someone under the age of 21 years. The following are pertinent Vermont laws pertaining to alcohol:

DWI

23 VS 1201 (a) (1): A person shall not operate, attempt to operate, or be in actual physical control of any vehicle on a highway while there is .08 percent or more by weight of alcohol in his blood as shown by analysis of his breath or blood; or

(2): under the influence of intoxicating liquor; or

(3): under the influence of any other drug or the combined influence of alcohol and any other drug to a degree which renders him incapable of driving safely.

PENALTY: 1st offense: 90 days loss of license; fined not less than $200 nor more than $750 or imprisoned not more than 2 years; or both

PERSONS UNDER 18 YRS; ALCOHOL CONCENTRATION OF 0.02 or MORE

15 23 VSA 1216: A person under the age of 18 who operates, attempts to operate or is in actual physical control of a vehicle on a highway when the person's alcohol concentration is .02 or more commits a civil traffic violation subject to the jurisdiction of the traffic bureau.

PENALTY: No fine or points are assessed for a violation of this section, rather the offender's license to operate is suspended until an alcohol and driving education program has been completed. A second offense requires alcohol screening and satisfactory completion of a therapy program. The person is also subject to recall of his provisional license for violation of this section

FURNISHING ALCOHOL TO MINOR

7 VSA 658: A person who sells or furnishes a minor malt or vinous beverages or spirituous liquors shall be fined not less than $200 nor more than $1,000 or imprisoned not more than two years; or both.

POSSESSION OF ALCOHOL BY MINOR/MINORS MISREPRESENTING AGE TO PROCURE OR POSSESS LIQUOR

7 VSA 657: A minor who falsely misrepresents his age for the purpose of procuring or who procures malt or vinous beverages or spirituous liquors from any licensee, state liquor agency, or other person or persons or who possesses malt vinous beverages or spirituous liquor for the purpose of consumption by himself or other minors, except in the regular performance of his duties as an employee of a licensee licensed to sell alcohol liquor, shall be fined not more than $500 or imprisoned not more than 30 days; or both.

ADULT IDENTIFICATION CARDS

7 VSA 669: Any person who misrepresents his age, or practices any deceit in the procurement of an adult identification card, or uses or exhibits for the purpose of obtaining alcoholic

beverages the identification care of another person or one which has been forged or altered; any person who loans or transfers his identification card to another for use in procurement of alcoholic beverages shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and shall be fined S50, which fine shall not be suspended.

Issues of civil liability also arise if you serve alcoholic beverages to a minor or to a person who is apparently under the influence of an intoxicant. "You are liable" means "you are legally responsible". For example, if you supply alcoholic beverages to an underage person and then there is an accident, you may be held liable for damages. Where significant property destruction, serious injury, or death results, damages can amount to enormous monetary settlements.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE DRUG AND ALCOHOL POLICY

Middlebury College opposes the illegal possession, distribution, and consumption of alcohol and the possession, manufacture, distribution and use of illegal drugs. The College also opposes the possession and use of prescription drugs by persons for purposes other than those prescribed by a licensed physician. Drugs other than those prescribed by a licensed physician for legitimate health purposes may not be used or stored on College property.

Students of Middlebury College, including the Bread Loaf School of English and the Language Schools, are subject to the College Drug and Alcohol Policy and rules and regulations while on College premises or College-related premises or when involved with off-campus college-sponsored events or off-campus events sponsored by registered college organizations. In assigning sanctions for violation of College policy, the circumstance surrounding the offense and the severity of the incident and any prior disciplinary history for the individuals involved will be taken into consideration.

The College campus, including the Bread Loaf campus, is subject to Local, State, and Federal laws concerning the possession, use, distribution and manufacture of drugs including alcohol. Students must be aware of and abide by these laws or face the possibility of legal prosecution. Middlebury College opposes the use of illegal drugs and does not provide students with a haven from the law. The College will not inhibit the legal prosecution of any member of the College community who violates Local, State, or Federal law. Law enforcement officers, when in possession of the proper documents, have a legal right to search any and all buildings on the campus without prior notice. The College also reserves the right to furnish the police with information regarding illegal activities.

DISCIPLINARY RESPONSE:

At Middlebury College those students found selling, manufacturing, or in possession of drugs in amounts that indicate drug sales or distribution will face penalties ranging from suspension to expulsion from school. Students or organizations found illegally selling, manufacturing, or distributing alcohol will face disciplinary action up to and including possible expulsion. Those students using illegal drugs, or in possession of amounts which appear to constitute "personal use" will face penalties ranging from official warning to indefinite suspension. The illegal use of alcohol will result in penalties ranging from warning to indefinite suspension. Involvement with or dependency upon drugs or excessive or illegal use of alcohol will also be viewed by the College as a health concern as well as a disciplinary matter. In these cases a drug/alcohol assessment will be required at our Center for Counseling and Human Relations or with an off-campus specialist. In addition, in instances where a student's name occurs repeatedly in connection with a drug or alcohol problem, even though no concrete evidence or direct witness is involved, a Dean will contact the student and meet with him or her. In these instances:

1) students may be encouraged or required to undergo a drug/alcohol evaluation;

2) if applicable, a student's parents or guardian may be notified of concerns about a student's drug or alcohol problem. In disciplinary situations and the situations of concern mentioned above, a student may be required to withdraw from the College until successful resolution of the problem is documented to the satisfaction of the College.

HEALTH RISKS AND OTHER EFFECTS

The non-medical use of drugs and the abuse of alcohol is clearly antithetical to physical and mental development. Research and clinical observation indicate that drug and alcohol abuse can lead to a lack of motivation, lowered academic performance, antisocial behavior, and serious chemical dependency. Such abuse can be life-threatening. Even early on in an abuse pattern a drug, including alcohol, can place a person at risk for committing acts he/she would normally never do. For example, in the United States alcohol is linked to 1/3 of all suicides and 1/2 of all homicides, and approximately 50% of all convicted criminals report that they were under the influence of alcohol when they committed the crime. In addition, an estimated 60% of child and spousal abuse and 41% of assaults are

drug-related. It is estimated that 75% of rapists and 55% of their victims were impaired due to drug-alcohol usage at the time of the rape.

Drug and alcohol consumption causes a number of marked changes in behavior and perception, which can place a person at increased risk for accident resulting in bodily harm.

In regard to alcohol consumption, even low dosages significantly impair the judgment and coordination required to drive a car safely or perform other tasks in a safe manner. For example, in the United States alcohol is linked to 1/2 of all automobile fatalities, 60% of motorcycle fatalities, 60% of all fatal falls and 70% of all drowning deaths. Moderate to high doses of alcohol causes marked impairments in higher mental functions, severely altering a person's ability to learn and remember information. Very high doses cause respiratory depression and death. If combined with other central nervous system depressants such as some seizure medication, antihistamines, sleeping pills, etc., much lower doses of alcohol will produce the effects just described.

Repeated use of alcohol and other drugs can lead to chemical dependency. When dependency has occurred, sudden cessation of intake is likely to produce a variety of withdrawal symptoms including anxiety, irritability , insomnia, tremors,, hallucinations, convulsion, etc. Student withdrawal from some drugs, including alcohol, can be life-threatening.

Drug and alcohol use has significant effects on the body. The long-term consumption of drugs and/or alcohol will lead to a general deterioration of health. The following are just some of the serious physical consequences: heart disease and failure; liver disease including hepatitis and cirrhosis; gastrointestinal disorders; cancer of the lungs, pancreas, esophagus, stomach and mouth; respiratory disorders including pneumonia and chronic bronchitis; malnutrition; high blood pressure;
impotence; agitation and high anxiety; depression; perforation of the nasal septum; brain damage.

Drug and/or alcohol use impairs judgment, reasoning, and communication. When judgement is impaired, students can be placed in a situation which can increase the risk of date rape and also the risk of contracting sexually transmitted diseases including the HIV virus which causes AIDS. Drug and alcohol use can also impair the functioning of the immune system which increases a person's susceptibility to contracting the AIDS virus if exposed.Drug and/or alcohol use during pregnancy can cause severe birth defects including physical abnormalities, deafness, mental retardation, and malformed brains. In addition, many babies are born with addictions to substances their mothers use.

For more specific information regarding illicit and frequently abused prescription drugs, see the Appendix.

COLLEGE SERVICES: INFORMATION AND HELP

Students who are concerned about their own or a friend's use of alcohol or drugs are encouraged to seek assistance through Middlebury's Counseling and Human Relations Services or the Parton Health Center, both located in Carr Hall. Bread Loaf students may also seek medical consultation through the Cornwall Infirmary on the Bread Loaf campus. Professional staff are available twenty-four hours a day to provide care and treatment for individuals related to the use of alcohol and drugs. Members of the Counseling and Human Relations Services and Parton Health Center provide supportive counseling in addition to psychological and medical evaluations on a confidential basis. They help students to identify and understand the signs and behaviors associated with substance abuse, including usage patterns, motivations and negative consequences. They can also provide useful information for evaluating and confronting a friend about the use of alcohol and drugs. Also available is referral information about community resources including private counselors, self-help groups, and comprehensive treatment facilities. Services provided by the Health Center, the Cornwall Infirmary and Counseling Services are confidential. Emergency medical treatment can be provided by the Health Center or Porter Medical Center.

The Director of Health Education provides educational materials for individuals and programs for the College community that address the many issues surrounding alcohol and drugs. The Office of Health Education is also located in Carr Hall.

Alcoholics Anonymous, Narcotics Anonymous, Al-Anon, and Adult Children of Alcoholics groups meet regularly in Middlebury and welcome student participation. A listing of meeting times and locations is available through the Office of Health Education, Parton Health Center, Center for Counseling and Human Relations and the Cornwall Infirmary.

COMMUNITY RESPONSIBILITY

Middlebury College believes that drug and alcohol problems affect our entire community and that each of us has a responsibility to help safeguard the community health by respecting College policy and intervening in situations of abuse. Any member of the College community having knowledge of the possession or use of illegal drugs by an individual on campus is urged to confront the person and encourage the individual who is using illegal drugs or abusing alcohol to seek counseling and/or medical assistance. All members of the community are asked to help protect the community health by informing appropriate College staff members of instances of drug dealing.

APPENDIX

Drugs:

The State of Vermont Statutes cover a wide range of drug offenses, including the possession, cultivation or manufacture, sale, delivery, and the sale or delivery of drugs on school grounds (elementary, secondary or vocational schools). Among other provisions the State laws create the following maximum sentences for first offenses:

Drugs		Penalties
Marijuana		
Possession -	less than 2 oz.	$500 fine and/or 6 months imprisonment
	2 oz. or more	$10,000 fine and/or 3 years imprisonment
	1 lb. to 10 lbs.	$100,000 fine and/or 5 years imprisonment
	10 lbs. or more	$500,000 fine and/or 15 years imprisonment
Sale -	less than 1/2 oz.	$10,000 fine and/or 2 years imprisonment
	1/2 oz. to 1 lb.	$100,000 fine and/or 5 years imprisonment
	1 lb. or more	$500,000 fine and/or 15 years imprisonment
Cocaine		
Possession -	less than 2.5 grams	$2,000 fine and/or 1 year imprisonment
	2.5 grams to 1 oz.	$100,000 fine and/or 5 years imprisonment
	1 oz. to 1 lb.	$250,000 fine and/or 10 years imprisonment
	1 lb. or more	$1,000,000 fine and/or 20 years imprisonment
Sale or delivery -		
	less than 2.5 grams	$75,000 fine and/or 3 years imprisonment
	2.5 grams to 1 oz.	$250,000 fine and/or 10 years imprisonment
	1 oz. or more	$1,000,000 fine and/or 20 years imprisonment
L.S.D.		
Possession -	less than 400 micrograms	$2,000 fine and/or 1 year imprisonment
	400 micrograms to 4,000 micrograms	$25,000 fine and/or 5 years imprisonment
	4,000 micrograms to 40,000 micrograms	$100,000 fine and/or 10 years imprisonment
	40,000 micrograms or more	$500,000 fine and/or 20 years imprisonment
Sale -	less than 400 micrograms	$25,000 fine and/or 3 years imprisonment
	400 micrograms to 4,000 micrograms	$100,000 fine and/or 10 years imprisonment
	4,000 micrograms or more	$500,000 fine and/or 20 years imprisonment
Heroin		
Possession -	less than 200 milligrams	$2,000 fine and/or 1 year imprisonment
	200 milligrams to 1 gram	$100,000 fine and/or 5 years imprisonment
	1 gram to 2 grams	$250,000 fine and/or 10 years imprisonment
	2 grams or more	$1,000,000 fine and/or 20 years imprisonmen
Sale -	less than 200 milligrams	$100,000 fine and/or 5 years imprisonment
	200 milligrams to 1 gram	$250,000 fine and/or 10 years imprisonment
	1 gram or more	$1,000,000 fine and/or 20 years imprisonmen

Appendix (Con't)

Depressants, Stimulants, and Narcotic Drugs (other than Heroin and Cocaine)		
Possession -	less than 100 times the recommended individual therapeutic dosage	$2,000 fine and/or 1 year imprisonment
	100 to 1,000 times the recommended individual therapeutic dosage	$25,000 fine and/or 5 years imprisonment
	1,000 to 10,000 times the recommended individual therapeutic dosage	$100,000 fine and/or 10 years imprisonment
	10,000 times or more the recommended individual therapeutic dosage	$500,000 fine and/or 20 years imprisonment
Sale -	less than 100 times the recommended individual therapeutic dosage	$25,000 fine and/or 5 years imprisonment
	100 to 1,000 times the recommended individual therapeutic dosage	$100,000 fine and/or 10 years imprisonment
	1,000 times or more the recommended individual therapeutic dosage	$500,000 fine and/or 20 years imprisonment
Hallucinogens other than L.S.D.		
Possession -	less than 10 doses	$2,000 fine and/or 1 year imprisonment
	10 to 100 doses	$25,000 fine and/or 10 years imprisonment
	100 to 1,000 doses	$100,000 fine and/or 10 years imprisonment
	1,000 doses or more	$500,000 fine and/or 15 years imprisonment
Sale -	less than 10 doses	$25,000 fine and/or 5 years imprisonment
	10 to 100 doses	$100,000 fine and/or 10 years imprisonment
	100 or more doses	$500,000 fine and/or 15 years imprisonment
All Drugs other than Marijuana		
Manufacture or cultivation		Maximum penalty $1,000,000 fine and/or 20 years imprisonment

Second offenses, selling to minors, or selling on school property carry more severe sanctions.

Controlled Substances - *Uses & Effects*

DRUGS/ CSA SCHEDULES	TRADE OR OTHER NAMES	MEDICAL USES	DEPENDENCE Physical	DEPENDENCE Psychological	TOLERANCE	DURATION (Hours)	USUAL METHODS OF ADMINISTRATION	POSSIBLE EFFECTS	EFFECTS OF OVERDOSE	WITHDRAWAL SYNDROME
NARCOTICS										
Opium II III V	Dover's Powder, Paregoric Parepectolin	Analgesic, antidiarrheal	High	High	Yes	3-6	Oral, smoked	Euphoria, drowsiness, respiratory depression, constricted pupils, nausea	Slow and shallow breathing, clammy skin, convulsions, coma, possible death	Watery eyes, runny nose, yawning, loss of appetite, irritability, tremors, panic, cramps, nausea, chills and sweating
Morphine II III	Morphine, MS-Contin, Roxanol, Roxanol-SR	Analgesic, antitussive	High	High	Yes	3-6	Oral, smoked, injected			
Codeine II III V	Tylenol w/Codeine, Emprin w/Codeine Robitussan A-C, Fiorinal w/Codeine	Analgesic, antitussive	Moderate	Moderate	Yes	3-6	Oral, injected			
Heroin I	Diacetylmorphine, Horse, Smack	None	High	High	Yes	3-6	Injected, sniffed, smoked			
Hydromorphone II	Dilaudid	Analgesic	High	High	Yes	3-6	Oral, injected			
Meperidine (Pethidine) II	Demerol, Mepergan	Analgesic	High	High	Yes	3-6	Oral, injected			
Methadone II	Dolophine, Methadone, Methadose	Analgesic	High	High-Low	Yes	12-24	Oral, injected			
Other Narcotics I II III IV V	Numorphan, Percodan, Percocet, Tylox, Tussionex, Fentanyl, Darvon, Lomotil, Talwin[2]	Analgesic, antidiarrheal, antitussive	High-Low	High-Low	Yes	Variable	Oral, injected			
DEPRESSANTS										
Chloral Hydrate IV	Noctec	Hypnotic	Moderate	Moderate	Yes	5-8	Oral	Slurred speech, disorientation, drunken behavior without odor of alcohol	Shallow respiration, clammy skin, dilated pupils, weak and rapid pulse, coma, possible death	Anxiety, insomnia, tremors, delirium, convulsions, possible death
Barbiturates II III IV	Amytal, Butisol, Fiorinal, Lotusate, Nembutal, Seconal, Tuinal, Phenobarbital	Anesthetic, anticonvulsant, sedative, hypnotic, veterinary euthanasia agent	High-Mod.	High-Mod.	Yes	1-16	Oral			
Benzodiazepines IV	Ativan, Dalmane, Diazepam, Librium, Xanax, Serax, Valium Tranxene, Verstran, Versed, Halcion, Paxipam, Restoril	Antianxiety, anticonvulsant, sedative, hypnotic	Low	Low	Yes	4-8	Oral			
Methaqualone I	Quaalude	Sedative, hypnotic	High	High	Yes	4-8	Oral			
Glutethimide III	Doriden	Sedative, hypnotic	High	Moderate	Yes	4-8	Oral			
Other Depressants III IV	Equanil, Miltown, Noludar, Placidyl, Valmid	Antianxiety, sedative, hypnotic	Moderate	Moderate	Yes	4-8	Oral			
STIMULANTS										
Cocaine[1] II	Coke, Flake, Snow, Crack	Local anesthetic	Possible	High	Yes	1-2	Sniffed, smoked, injected	Increased alertness, excitation, euphoria, increased pulse rate & blood pressure, insomnia, loss of appetite	Agitation, increase in body temperature, hallucinations, convulsions, possible death	Apathy, long periods of sleep, irritability, depression, disorientation
Amphetamines II	Biphetamine, Delcobese, Desoxyn, Dexedrine, Obetrol	Attention deficit disorders, narcolepsy, weight control	Possible	High	Yes	2-4	Oral, injected			
Phenmetrazine II	Preludin	Weight control	Possible	High	Yes	2-4	Oral, injected			
Methylphenidate II	Ritalin	Attention deficit disorders, narcolepsy	Possible	Moderate	Yes	2-4	Oral, injected			
Other Stimulants III IV	Adipex, Cylert, Didrex, Ionamin, Melfiat, Plegine, Sanorex, Tenuate, Tepanil, Prelu-2	Weight control	Possible	High	Yes	2-4	Oral, injected			
HALLUCINOGENS										
LSD I	Acid, Microdot	None	None	Unknown	Yes	8-12	Oral	Illusions and hallucinations, poor perception of time and distance	Longer, more intense "trip" episodes, psychosis, possible death	Withdrawal syndrome not reported
Mescaline and Peyote I	Mexc, Buttons, Cactus	None	None	Unknown	Yes	8-12	Oral			
Amphetamine Variants I	2,5-DMA, PMA, STP, MDA, MDMA, TMA, DOM, DOB	None	Unknown	Unknown	Yes	Variable	Oral, injected			
Phencyclidine II	PCP, Angel Dust, Hog	None	Unknown	High	Yes	Days	Smoked, oral, injected			
Phencyclidine Analogues I	PCE, PCPy, TCP	None	Unknown	High	Yes	Days	Smoked, oral, injected			
Other Hallucinogens I	Bufotenine, Ibogaine, DMT, DET, Psilocybin, Psilocyn	None	None	Unknown	Possible	Variable	Smoked, oral, injected, sniffed			
CANNABIS										
Marijuana I	Pot, Acapulco Gold, Grass, Reefer, Sinsemilla, Thai Sticks	None	Unknown	Moderate	Yes	2-4	Smoked, oral	Euphoria, relaxed inhibitions, increased appetite, disoriented behavior	Fatigue, paranoia, possible psychosis	Insomnia, hyperactivity, and decreased appetite occasionally reported
Tetrahydrocannabinol I II	THC, Marinol	Cancer chemotherapy antinauseant	Unknown	Moderate	Yes	2-4	Smoked, oral			
Hashish I	Hash	None	Unknown	Moderate	Yes	2-4	Smoked, oral			
Hashish Oil I	Hash Oil	None	Unknown	Moderate	Yes	2-4	Smoked, oral			

[1] Designated a narcotic under the CSA. [2] Not designated a narcotic under the CSA.

Federal Trafficking Penalties

As of November 18, 1988

CSA	PENALTY 2nd Offense	PENALTY 1st Offense	Quantity	DRUG	Quantity	PENALTY 1st Offense	PENALTY 2nd Offense
I and II	Not less than 10 years. Not more than life. If death or serious injury, not less than life. Fine of not more than $4 million individual, $10 million other than individual.	Not less than 5 years. Not more than 40 years. If death or serious injury, not less than 20 years. Not more than life. Fine of not more than $2 million individual, $5 million other than individual.	10-99 gm or 100-999 gm mixture	METHAMPHETAMINE	100 gm or more or 1 kg* or more mixture	Not less than 10 years. Not more than life. If death or serious injury, not less than 20 years. Not more than life. Fine of not more than $4 million individual, $10 million other than individual.	Not less than 20 years. Not more than life. If death or serious injury, not less than life. Fine of not more than $8 million individual, $20 million other than individual.
			100-999 gm mixture	HEROIN	1 kg or more mixture		
			500-4,999 gm mixture	COCAINE	5 kg or more mixture		
			5-49 gm mixture	COCAINE BASE	50 gm or more mixture		
			10-99 gm or 100-999 gm mixture	PCP	100 gm or more or 1 kg or more mixture		
			1-10 gm mixture	LSD	10 gm or more mixture		
			40-399 gm mixture	FENTANYL	400 gm or more mixture		
			10-99 gm mixture	FENTANYL ANALOGUE	100 gm or more mixture		

	Drug	Quantity	First Offense	Second Offense
	Others[2]	Any	Not more than 20 years. If death or serious injury, not less than 20 years, not more than life. Fine $1 million individual, $5 million not individual.	Not more than 30 years. If death or serious injury, life. Fine $2 million individual, $10 million not individual.
III	All	Any	Not more than 5 years. Fine not more than $250,000 individual, $1 million not individual.	Not more than 10 years. Fine not more than $500,000 individual, $2 million not individual.
IV	All	Any	Not more than 3 years. Fine not more than $250,000 individual, $1 million not individual.	Not more than 6 years. Fine not more than $500,000 individual, $2 million not individual.
V	All	Any	Not more than 1 year. Fine not more than $100,000 individual, $250,000 not individual.	Not more than 2 years. Fine not more than $200,000 individual, $500,000 not individual.

*Law as originally enacted states 100 gm. Congress requested to make technical correction to 1 kg.

[2]Does not include marijuana, hashish, or hash oil. (See separate chart.)

Federal Trafficking Penalties - Marijuana

As of November 18, 1988

Quantity	Description	First Offense	Second Offense
1,000 kg or more; or 1,000 or more plants	**Marijuana** Mixture containing detectable quantity*	Not less than 10 years, not more than life. If death or serious injury, not less than 20 years, not more than life. Fine not more than $4 million individual, $10 million other than individual.	Not less than 20 years, not more than life. If death or serious injury, not less than life. Fine not more than $8 million individual, $20 million other than individual.
100 kg to 1,000 kg; or 100-999 plants	**Marijuana** Mixture containing detectable quantity*	Not less than 5 years, not more than 40 years. If death or serious injury, not less than 20 years, not more than life. Fine not more than $2 million individual, $5 million other than individual.	Not less than 10 years, not more than life. If death or serious injury, not less than life. Fine not more than $4 million individual, $10 million other than individual.
50 to 100 kg	**Marijuana**	Not more than 20 years. If death or serious injury, not less than 20 years, not more than life. Fine $1 million individual, $5 million other than individual.	Not more than 30 years. If death or serious injury, life. Fine $2 million individual, $10 million other than individual.
10 to 100 kg	**Hashish**		
1 to 100 kg	**Hashish Oil**		
50-99 plants	**Marijuana**		
Less than 50 kg	**Marijuana**	Not more than 5 years. Fine not more than $250,000, $1 million other than individual.	Not more than 10 years. Fine $500,000 individual, $2 million other than individual
Less than 10 kg	**Hashish**		
Less than 1 kg	**Hashish Oil**		

*Includes Hashish and Hashish Oil

(Marijuana is a Schedule I Controlled Substance)

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

Student Health Services
Telephone: 388-7946, ext. 14

Clinic Hours: 8 a.m. - 4 p.m., Monday - Friday
10 a.m. - 4 p.m., Saturday & Sunday

Middlebury College offers health services through the Cornwall Clinic, Parton Health Center, and The Center for Counseling and Human Relations. On the Bread Loaf campus, a registered nurse is on campus from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m., Monday thru Friday and 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. on Saturday and Sunday. A nurse practitioner is available by appointment for intermediate health care intervention.

The following health services are available to students:

* Assessment and treatment of injuries and illnesses;
* Consultation regarding chronic health problems;
* Allergy injections;
* Health education;
* Referrals to medical or counseling resources for care beyond the scope provided by Middlebury College;
* Inpatient accomodations when necessary;
* A one-day supply of basic medications and certain laboratory tests;
* Psychological counseling (see below)

EMERGENCIES AFTER-HOURS: After hours, students may go directly to the Emergency Room at Porter Medical Center in Middlebury if treatment cannot wait until the Cornwall Clinic reopens. A physician is always on duty at the Emergency Room. Depending on the situation, there may be charges for the Emergency Room and related professional services. There is always a charge for laboratory tests, x-rays, hospital admission and actual medical emergencies.

SERIOUS EMERGENCIES: In situations perceived as life threatening or serious medical emergencies such as difficulty in breathing, significant loss of blood, unconsciousness, or back and neck injuries, call the Middlebury Volunteer Ambulance Service at 388-3333. PERSONS WITH NECK OR SPINAL INJURIES SHOULD NEVER BE MOVED.

PSYCHOLOGICAL COUNSELING

The Center for Counseling and Human Relations is located in Carr Hall on the Middlebury College campus. Three psychological counselors are available for crisis intervention, for short-term counseling and for making referrals to local therapists for students wishing more intensive or long-term summer help. For appointments call 388-3711, ext. 5141 between 8 a.m. and 2:30 p.m.

If you need to speak to a counselor after-hours, contact Counseling Service of Addison County at 388-6751 or 388-7641.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE

Middlebury College DOES NOT provide sickness insurance, but does automatically provide accident insurance for students while they are enrolled in the summer session. Walter Sussenguth and Associates will pay for the expense of treating injuries up to a total of $2,000 for any one accident. The company will cover the first $100 of an accident. Claims in excess of $100 will be paid only if they are not payable under the terms of other policies covering the student. Covered treatment includes x-rays, laboratory tests, surgery, physician's visits, nursing care, hospital care and treatment, and prescription drugs. The expense for dental treatment of injuries to sound natural teeth is limited to $1,000.

Claims should be reported within 30 days from the date of the accident and applicable medical bills must be submitted within 90 days to:

Boston Mutual Life Insurance Company
Student Health Claims
120 Royall Street
Canton, Massachusetts 02021

You should be aware of the limitations and exclusions of this plan before making a claim for benefits. You may obtain claim forms at the Cornwall Building. If you have any questions, please contact the company at the above address or use the toll free number: 1-800-669-2668

CONFIDENTIALITY

The College health services maintain confidentiality of your records, appointments and conversations. Ordinarily, no information of a personal nature is transmitted to anyone without your written consent. Exceptions are made when there is a clear and present danger to you or the life of another person. In such cases, deans, family, Security and/or professional personnel may be notified. An attempt is made to contact the person named on the confidential health form, if a student is unconscious, critically ill, seriously injured or about to undergo emergency surgery. In such situations, College health care personnel reserve the right to notify the director or dean of the school.

In cases of assault, health care staff will urge that in the interests of personal and community safety, you report or allow staff to report, anonymous information about the occurrence to Campus Security and the Director of the Bread Loaf School of English. This report, however, is your decision and will be made only with your permission.

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK FOR NEW YORK TIMES

Since some of you may want to keep in touch with the outside world, you can subscribe to all the news that's fit to print in the New York Times. Check below the kind of subscription you want, if any; payment in full will be due when you pick up your first copy at the front desk. Subscriptions will be from Wednesday, June 30 to Wednesday, August 11.

CHECK ONE

_____ Daily only	$31.00
_____ Sunday only	$15.00
_____ Daily and Sunday	$45.00

YOUR NAME _____
(Please print)

Please do not send payment in the mail. Bring it with you to Bread Loaf.

Please return this form, if you are subscribing, by June 15, 1993, to the Bread Loaf office.

Nu-Way Linen
68 South Main Street
Port Henry, New York 12974

Nu Way Linen Port Henry, New York

BREAD LOAF

Name _____

Last First

Address _____

Street

_____

City State Zip

6 week session $41.50

Nu-Way Linen
68 South Main Street
Port Henry, New York 12974

Telephone 518-546-7666

Dear Student:

Nu-Way Linen has been selected to provide linen service for students attending Middlebury College's Bread Loaf School of English for the 1993 Summer Session. A weekly linen service includes 2 sheets, 1 pillow case and 3 bath towels. The price for this six week service is $41.50 and includes a deposit of $10.00 which will be refunded when a complete set of linen is returned at the end of the session. An order form and return envelope is enclosed for your convenience. Please make checks payable to Nu-Way Linen.

Thank you and good luck this Summer.

Sincerely yours,

William Joyce

BREAD LOAF

I will arrive by bus at the Middlebury Bus Station ☐

I will arrive by private car at Bread Loaf ☐

at..... on.....
hour of day day of week and month

Name.....

In order to facilitate transportation arrangements, please return this card before.....JUN 15 1993..... .

PLACE
STAMP
HERE

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VT 05753

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753-6131
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

May 1993

Dear Bread Loaf Relatives and Friends,

I want to welcome all relatives and friends of Bread Loaf students to our campus in Vermont. Bread Loaf is much more than a School; it is a community with shared intellectual, social and recreational interests.

You who are not enrolled students are cordially invited to join in as many on-campus activities as you wish. This includes attending the evening lectures or panel discussions, faculty and student readings, and receptions. There is also a school-wide picnic at the Frost Farm. We also offer films, plays, and dances. You are welcome to use the tennis and volleyball courts, Johnson Pond, and the Snack Bar in the Barn. You may purchase meal tickets at the Front Desk whenever you'd like to join on-campus Bread Loaf students for a meal. I'm sorry, but we are unable to accommodate children of students at meals. If you'd like to audit an occasional class, you may do so after checking with the Bread Loaf Office to see whether the instructor permits auditors. It has been a tradition since 1920 to pay the School $1.00 a class hour to help the Bread Loaf office meet their routine office expenses in providing services to classes (photocopying, etc.). You are encouraged to try out for a part in our major play, Chekhov's **Uncle Vanya**, or our other productions.

There are also a few restrictions, which I hope you'll find understandable. Dogs must not be brought on campus because they create a serious nuisance by barking outside open classroom windows, by annoying students and faculty in the Barn, or worse, being left unattended in cars. We also ask that children not be allowed to play in the area of the Barn during class hours (8:30 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.)

Bread Loaf offers an informal weekday child-care program, Croutons, for all our off-campus youngsters. You can make arrangements by completing the enclosed Croutons form and sending it to the Bread Loaf office by June 15. The fees are minimal and the program terrific. Croutons can always use a helping hand, so if you have some free time, stop in and get acquainted with the program. The Crouton Director will also be planning one or two social gatherings, so off-campus students and families may get to know each other.

I hope we can make the summer a truly enjoyable one for you and your family.

Cordially,

James Maddox

James H. Maddox
Director

JHM/elh

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753-6131
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

May 1993

Dear Bread Loaf Parents,

Attending classes at the Bread Loaf School of English is hard enough. Attending classes while at the same time attempting to provide for the needs of a young child can be harrowing.

For the past several years, a child-care program called "Croutons" has lessened the burden on students, faculty and staff who bring their children to Vermont. Starting out as a play group furnished with a few paintbrushes, Croutons has grown to such proportions that the School now provides facilities complete with a playground at Dragon's Den, less than a mile from the School.

Depending on the ages of the children in attendance, some of the activities offered may include creative writing, dramatics, cooking, music, reading, swimming, art, games, a field trip (possibly), and lots and lots of fun.

Hours are set for 8:15 to 5:15. Supervision during the lunch hour (12:45 - 1:45) is not provided. The rates below are for the first child in each family. The cost for each additional child from the same family will be one-half the stated rates.

AGES: Two to 8

Full day $7.50
Morning only (8:15 - 12:45) 4.50
Afternoon only (1:45 - 5:15) 3.00

AGES: 9 and above

Full day $5.50
Morning only (8:15 - 12:45) 3.00
Afternoon only (1:45 - 5:15) 2.50

All children of students, faculty, and staff staying at Croutons do need to pay for the service. The older children get paid a modest rebate--perhaps to use as their own spending money during the summer--if they choose to be "Croutoneers" and assist the Crouton staff.

Children 9-11 are paid $.25 an hour
Children 12 and above are paid $.50 an hour.

Children under the age of two will be supervised only during actual class hours. Additional supervision may be arranged with the Crouton Director, but will depend on how much help is available. The charge for infant care is $2.00 per hour. The very young children will be accepted if their parents can provide a playpen (or something similar) in which the baby can be safely tended.

Children frequently like to bring special things to share with their friends at Croutons, and also take home special things they have made. Please provide him/her with a fairly sturdy plastic bag with handles that can also be used to hold a change of clothing, an old shirt or smock for painting days, swim suits, towels, diapers, bottles, blankets, toys, etc.

It would be helpful to have an idea of how many children may be in attendance this summer. If you are planning on having a child cared for on a regular basis, please send the attached registration form by June 15 to the Bread Loaf office.

We would also like to suggest that if you have a couple of spare hours a day, you might think about helping out at Croutons and seeing what the program is all about.

Sincerely,

James Maddox

James H. Maddox
Director

JHM/elh

CROUTONS

Please mail this form by June 15 to:

The Bread Loaf School of English
Sunderland 220
Middlebury College
Middlebury VT 05753

Children's names and ages

1._____

2._____

3._____

4._____

Parent's name and home address

_____

_____

_____

27 June 1993

Dear Bread Loaf Parents;

Welcome to Croutons!

****CROUTONS OPENS****
We're gearing up for a great summer all beginning this Wednesday, June 30th, at 8:15 AM. Crouton hours are set from 8:15AM to 5:15PM with a lunch break from 12:45PM to 1:45PM. Please pick up your children for the lunch hour as supervision is not provided during this time.

****CROUTONS OPEN HOUSE****
To register your child before Wednesday and avoid any delays Wednesday, please stop down to the Crouton Open House this Tuesday from 3:00PM to 5:00PM. If you are unable to attend this open house please allot a little extra time when dropping off your child for the first time to complete release forms and to inform us of any special instructions.

****HOURS AND FEES****
Children may attend Croutons for full days, half days or any portion of the day. Rates are as follows:

AGES 2 and UNDER
$2.00/Hour

AGES 2 to 8
Full day $7.50
AM only (8:15 - 12:45) $4.50
PM only (1:45 - 5:15) $3.00
$1.00/Hour

AGES 9 and ABOVE
Full day $5.50
AM only (8:15 - 12:45) $3.00
PM only (1:45 - 5:15) $2.50
$.75/Hour

All Children of students, faculty and staff staying at Croutons do need to pay for Croutons child care. Payment for care will be accepted on the Friday of each week. The rates above are for the first child in each family. The cost for each additional child attending at the same time will be one-half the stated rates. The older children are paid a modest rebate -- perhaps to use as their own spending money -- if they choose to be a "Croutoneer."

ETC.

Please make certain your children are outfitted for creek, rain and art play. Some suggested items are: a change of clothing, an old shirt or smock, swim suits, towels, creek shoes, raingear, sunscreen, diapers, bottles, blankets and toys. Please also label your children's possessions to avoid any mix-ups that may occur.

If you need to get in touch with us during the day, the crouton telephone number is 388-4163.

See you all very soon,

Chuck E. Foltz

Chuck E. Foltz
Director of Croutons

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753-6131
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

May 24, 1993

Dear 1993 Wait Staff:

Let me start this note off with a heartfelt thank you for agreeing to be on the 1993 Bread Loaf Wait Staff. Your acceptance has helped with the planning to make sure that the School has a smooth beginning by starting off on the right foot.

This year there will be a team of head waiters. Patricia Phaneuf has agreed to be half of the team. We are currently waiting word from the second member of the team.

Enclosed is a handout of guidelines for being a waiter. Please read them over before you come and bring them with you for reference. There will be a meeting for waiters either Monday night or early Tuesday morning. You will begin waiting tables with lunch on Tuesday.

The Financial Aid Office would like me to remind each of you that if you haven't turned in the aid offer form to please do so immediately so your bill can be properly credited. No aid award is final until this has been received.

We look forward to welcoming you on the Mountain on Monday, June 28th for the start of a wonderful summer.

Cordially,

Elaine

Elaine Hall
Administrative Secretary

elh

INFORMATION FOR WAITERS

THE GOLDEN RULE

Attendance. A former Bread Loaf head waiter is fond of quoting Woody Allen's observation that "90% of life is showing up." The School assumes that in accepting a waitership contract you plan to wait at every meal for which you are scheduled. If for any special reason you must have a meal off, see the head waiter team. Every week each waiter normally receives one full day free from his or her waiting duties in addition to receiving the breakfast of the following day off. Near the end of each week waiters should sign up for time off for the next week. The head waiter will post a days off sheet. Occasionally a waiter may need to hire someone to work in his or her place. Each waiter must assume responsibility for hiring and paying his or her substitute. A list of substitutes will be available.

Being courteous is just as important as "showing up." Try to remember these suggestions:

- Waiters should lend each other a hand whenever possible, particularly toward the end of the meal. Everyone occasionally falls behind schedule; waiter cooperation will help everyone finish more quickly.

- When you have your station completely set up, you may need to help someone else set his station.

- Courtesy, patience, and efficiency are extremely important to a smoothly run dining hall.

- The head waiters will be glad to help in any way they can with problems pertaining to the job. But do not expect the head waiters (or any other waiter) to overlook the unsatisfactory performance of a waiter. A waiter who fails to do his or her job jeopardizes not only his or her position, but also the morale and cooperative spirit of a traditionally close-knit and mutually supportive group.

- Treat the kitchen staff courteously and cooperate with them completely.

- Remember: Do not seek efficiency at the expense of dining hall etiquette, regardless of the conduct and etiquette of the people you serve. If you have a problem with a customer, discuss it with the head waiters and they will do their best to alleviate the problem.

- In the past, waiters have adopted different styles of waiting. Courtesy is most important. Trying too hard to be efficient can produce unwanted results ranging from the mildly embarrassing plight of having extra drinks on your hands to the uncomfortable awareness that you have been rude to a fellow member of the Bread Loaf community.

THE LOGISTICAL INFORMATION ABOUT THE DINING HALL AT BREAD LOAF

- The door of the dining hall is kept open for fifteen minutes after the start of each meal (thirty minutes at breakfast) during which time guests are permitted. After the door closes, no guests are normally admitted.

- Each waiter will serve two tables of six or three tables of four each.

- Stations will be changed periodically so that no one will have easier posts than others for any length of time.

- Those waiting at the faculty table and the children's table should go to the head of the serving line in the kitchen.

- Any visitors eating in the dining hall must buy a meal ticket at the Inn desk, and give it to the head waiter at the door.

- The dining hall is to be run as an inn: it is not a college cafeteria. There is no guest menu, but meals are individually served and should be served properly. The customer is always right. If you do not think so, tell the head waiters, not the diner.

- While you are eating, the head waiters will announce the stations for the meal. They will post the assignment sheet so that you may check it in case you miss the announcement.

A QUICK GUIDE TO WAITING ON TABLES, FOR THOSE WHO HAVE NEVER DONE IT BEFORE

- Serve food from the left; beverages from the right. Remove plates from the left. Some tables are very close together and hard to squeeze between, but try not to lean across guests to reach the plates.

- Wait until all guests at a given table are finished with a course before bringing the next one unless some of these at the table were very late arrivals or a guest requests to be served before the others.

- Do not remove silverware or slide dishes from a guest's place until he or she is finished with that course. Wait a moment before taking the plate, rather than snatching it away the minute the fork is set down.

- Be sure to ask whether anyone would like seconds. (After checking with servers in the kitchen.) At the end of the main course clear bread, butter, jam, etc. Guests may have seconds on beverages. Hot coffee seconds are normally served by pitcher.

- At the end of the meal you may clear the place of the individual as soon as he or she is finished eating completely. If the person wishes to linger over a beverage, that is fine, but you may continue to clear the rest if he or she is finished. Never clear while people are still eating unless they are nearly finished, for others at the table may well feel rushed.

- If there is a question in your mind about what someone wants, ask the guest.

- Do not allow dishes and garbage to stack up on trays. Remove them quickly to the kitchen so that dishwashers can finish their work more quickly.

- Scrape and stack dishes according to size. Separate silverware on the tray to save time.

WAITING DUTIES SPECIFIC TO BREAD LOAF, FOR THOSE WHO HAVE WAITED BEFORE, BUT NOT AT BREAD LOAF

- Try to keep your waiting jacket clean. You will change jackets twice each week (Wednesday and Sunday). Do not take someone else's jacket if you misplace yours or if someone accidentally takes yours.

- It is a good idea to keep in your jacket a small pad and pen for taking breakfast and beverage orders.

- After you have eaten and returned your dishes to the kitchen, you should put on your waiter's jacket and check the menu posted in the kitchen to see that you have put out the correct settings for the meal. (Waiters occasionally enjoy a broader fare than regular diners. Also, last minute changes may be made in the menu.)

- Following each meal, waiters should set places for the next meal. Tables should be thoroughly wiped with damp sponges or clothes. Place a fresh paper place mat at the center of each table. Each table should have reasonably full salt and pepper shakers, a bowl of sugar, a sugar spoon, a table lamp, an ask tray, napkins, and silverware. Put out dinner napkins at dinner only.

- Be sure to put out butter, catsup, relish, jelly, crackers, etc. when they are offered. You may need to put out serving spoons. Make sure there is a tray stand near your table. Make sure you have a pen and paper with which to take orders.

- The waiters serving as busers for the meal are responsible for pouring drinks in the kitchen while other waiters are setting stations.

- A few minutes before bell time the head waiters will let you know that you should have your station set up. When they announces that it is bell time you should be at your station. Light oil lamps for dinner a few minutes before bell time.

- Make sure windows are propped open and fans are on during warm weather.

- Waiters sometimes forget that they are expected to wait for the graduation banquet which takes place the evening of the day following final exams (Saturday). Waiters must spend several hours the morning of the banquet preparing the dining hall for the dinner. If you plan to leave prior to the banquet let the head waiters know and plan to hire a substitute. Waiters who leave prior to the banquet forfeit tips.

- Be sure to empty liquids into the sink before putting dirty glasses and cups on the rack.

- You will need to wipe off your tray with a sponge or cloth after returning dirty dishes to the kitchen. Keep your tray clean. Blobs of jelly, lumps of gravy, and

streams of milk not only mar the aesthetic appeal of your shiny tray, but also make for an unreliable grip on a trayful of fragile dishes.

-Be sure to put silverware in the appropriately labeled soaking basins. Do not throw silverware at the water. Splashing the dishwasher is forbidden. Occasionally waiters may have to fill in for dishwashers.

- Busers will assist waiters in returning dirty dishes, but each waiter is primarily responsible for busing his or her own station.

- Do not put untouched food, clean plates, or clean silver on the same tray with dirty dishes.

- No seconds on dessert will be served. Before bringing desserts from the kitchen, ask the people at your tables how many wish dessert. Bring only that number. Use underliners with small dessert dishes and with the dishes in which boiled eggs are served.

- Containers for unused butter, catsup, crackers, pickles, etc. will be on a counter in the kitchen. Please do not throw out unused condiments.

- After a meal has been served, tables cleared and reset, check to make sure there is nothing further to do before you leave. Make sure no trays have been left on stands in the dining hall. Trays are to be cleaned and stacked in the kitchen. Check to see whether you can help someone set his or her station. No waiters are to leave the dining hall until <u>all</u> stations are in order. If you have a class immediately following a meal, you may leave in time to get to class. It is not always necessary to leave the dining hall early in order to make it to class on time.

- Be sure to hang your jacket in the proper room. Do not leave it draped over a chair in the dining hall.

- Do not leave extra silverware, napkins, cloths, sponges, etc. at stations between meals. Do not "hoard" silverware.

- At breakfast, serve beverages right away. A buser will help serve refills of coffee.

- All food and beverages should be brought from the kitchen on a tray. If you have a small order (one cup of coffee), you may want to use one of the small trays. Return small trays to the kitchen so that others may use them. Do not accumulate trays at your station. You will usually have two tray stands. You should have no more than two trays.

THERE ARE A FEW THINGS WAITERS SHOULD NOT DO....

- No smoking in the dining hall or kitchen.

- No drinking before serving tables.

- Do not run in the dining hall or kitchen.

- There is no tipping until the end of the session. All tips will be divided evenly among the waiters.

- Waiters and guests may not use kitchen facilities for their personal use. Do not ask to do so. (Ice, for example, is for meal time use only. You may purchase ice at the snack bar in the Barn.)

- Never leave books, food, plates, glasses, or eating utensils in the waiters' dining area. Try to keep the back tables reserved for waiters and kitchen staff clean. Do not expect someone else to do the job for you.

- Do not cluster in groups or sit down while guests are eating. Do not retire to the waiters' table to eat. Stay by your station. If there is a lull during a meal, it saves time to get your napkins and silver for the next meal.

JOB DESCRIPTION FOR COMPUTER ROOM ASSISTANTS

1. Computer room assistants work twenty hours per week for full room and board. Hours will be assigned by the Computer Room Director, Caroline Eisner. Hours will be worked around the students classes, but will include at least one weekend shift.

2. Assistants should arrive at Bread Loaf by Monday lunch, the day before the session begins. They should be prepared to work Monday afternoon, evening and all day Tuesday unpacking computers and assisting with inventory.

3. Assistants should be prepared to stay through Saturday at the end of the session and to put in six hours of packing around their final exam schedules.

4. Daily shift duties will be explained and updated as needed by the Computer Room Director. Duties will include the following:

MORNING

a. Unlock doors and open windows.
b. Empty dehumidifier.
c. Tally previous days user hours and put forms in file.
d. Put out new user count forms.
e. Plug in machines.
f. Load Appleworks in Apple IIe's.
g. Turn on IBM file server and load network diskettes in PS2/25's.
h. Turn on CD ROM and load Microsoft Bookshelf.

ALL SHIFTS

a. Answer students' questions.
b Write down any problems and post on bulletin board.
c. Write down questions you can't answer and post on bulletin board.
d. Tally user hours at the end of your shift.
e. Keep sign up sheets accurate. Ask stayers to re-sign, or write their names down yourself.
f. Answer phone and take messages.
g. Nudge users off machines if new users are waiting.
h. Lock doors at lunch and supper breaks.
i. Warn users to save often, especially when storms approach.
j. During severe electrical storms, turn off and unplug machines.

k. Replace paper as necessary and ribbons as they get too light. Put stickers on printers indicating when ribbons were changed.
l. Arrange for an approved substitute if you can't cover your shift. will be responsible for paying the sub with cash or traded hours.

CLOSING (Midnight)
a. Close and lock windows.
b. Turn off machines.
c. Shut down IBM network according to instructions posted by file server.
d. Unplug all machines.
e. Empty dehumidifier if necessary.
f. Collect Appleworks and place in box on bookcase.
g. Collect network boot diskettes from IBM's (and other IBM diskettes) and place in diskette box on IBM shelf.
h. Lock both doors.

Computer Survey - 1993

Name_____

1. Do you own your own computer?

Yes ❑
No ❑

2. What kind of computer do you own?

Macintosh ❑
IBM (or clone)❑
Apple II(e, c, gs)❑
Other ❑_____

3. What kind(s) of computers do your students most often use at school?

Macintosh ❑
IBM (or clone)❑
Apple II(e, c, gs)❑
Other ❑_____
None ❑
I am not a teacher ❑

4. Do you have a computer on campus or at your off-campus housing?

Yes ❑
No ❑

5. Do you plan to use the Bread Loaf computer room this summer?

Yes ❑
No ❑
Unsure❑

Just to print?

Yes❑ No❑

6. If you use the computer room, what kind of computer would you prefer to use?

Macintosh ❑ Apple II(e, c, gs)❑
IBM (or clone)❑
Other ❑_____

7. Do you use a modem or electronic networks (e-mail)?

Yes ❑ Internet e-mail address: _____
No ❑

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753-6131
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

June 7, 1993

Dear Fellow Computer Users,

Spring has finally come to Vermont after a long cool spell and summer is right around the corner. This means the opening of School of English for the summer is only a couple of weeks away. As detail after detail is reviewed and completed, another one or two pop up in its place. My next challenge is to get the computer equipment that has been lent out returned and redistributed for the summer. For this task, I asking for your cooperation.

Enclosed is a list of the equipment loaned to you at the end of last summer and this will serve as your packing list. I am also enclosing some general guidelines for boxing and shipping the computers back to Bread Loaf. Please be sure to include all manuals, software, modems and cords when you pack.

You should ship all materials back via UPS or some other reputable company. If you are planning to drive the equipment to Bread Loaf, please let me know. We would like to have all equipment and accessories back to Bread Loaf by June 23rd. This will also give us time to inspect, clean and inventory the equipment before the session begins. We will willingly accept any computer back at any time between the receipt of this letter and the 23rd of June.

I have also included a table of insurance rates which can be used when shipping the equipment. The figures will vary according to what type of equipment and accessories you are sending back.

In a separate letter from the packed boxes, please list exactly what you are returning and if there are any problems with the equipment, i.e. disk drive is broken. It would also be helpful to know how many boxes you are sending back.

If you have any questions, please give me a call at 802-388-3711, Ext. 5360. I look forward to receiving your packages.

Cordially,

Elaine Hall
Administrative Secretary

Rates at Which to Insure Equipment

Apple IIe Equipment

CUP (keyboard) and 3 cards	$1,400
Monitor (color add $350)	700
Duodisk Drive	700
Software	300
Books and Manuals	200
Printer (dot matrix)	1000
Modem	300

Macintosh Equipment

Macintosh LC Hard Drive	$2,500
Apple keyboard	130
Macintosh 12" RGB Display	600
Memory Expansion Kit	225
Apple IIe Card for Mac LC	200
Apple Modem 2400	350
Laser Writer II Printer	2,175
Local Talk Locking Connector	75
Apple Sys Peripheral-8 Cable	30

I don't have specifics on IBM equipment, please use the Macintosh as a guideline.

Guidelines for Packing Up the Computers

Here are some guidelines for taking apart and packing up the computers. By now, some of you are old hands at this. If this is your first time doing it, don't worry -it's much easier than putting the computers together. Allow yourself plenty of time, though, so you don't feel frazzled or rushed. Remember to send back not only the computer (and printer, if necessary), but also all the manuals and software that you have on loan from Bread Loaf. Be sure to send a special list of EVERYTHING that is being sent so we will know if anything doesn't arrive.

These instructions presume that you still have the original boxes to ship the computers back in. If you don't you should check with your local UPS office regarding packing procedures. The steps listed will depend on the type of machine you are packing.

1. LABELS. Check to make sure that each piece (box) is labelled with your name. If you have more than one computer, each should also have a number on the label. If the labels are missing, please put a stick-on lable on each piece.

2. PACKING MATERIAL. It is also assumed that you have the original packing foam the computer came in. If this is badly damaged, it will need to be supplemented with other packing material. ***Be sure to wrap the pieces in the plastic bags to insure that dust and pieces of foam do not get into the computer and cause damage.*** This is especially critical if foam peanuts are used. Newspaper is not an appropriate packing material because of the dust and it just doesn't protect the machines.

3. CLEANING. We hope that all the computers will arrive back at the Mountain in good condition. You can clean the monitor screens with Windex, and the keyboard with a little 409 or Fantastik. Just be sure to spray the cleaner on a cloth, not the computer itself.

4. MONITOR. Unplug the monitor cord (the thin one) and pack it in the box with the monitor.

5. DISK DRIVE. Unscrew the heavy gray cord that connects it to the CPU, tape the screws securely to the top of the disk drive, and pack it in this box. Close the doors of the disk drive to prevent anything from finding its way inside.

6. CPU (Keyboard). You don't need to remove the cards from inside the CPU. If your computer is connected to a printer or modem, unscrew these connections. Please screw the screws back in, so that they hold that part of the connections in place. Pack the CPU securely, and tuck in the CPU cord where it won't rattle around.

7. PRINTER. These are heavy, but otherwise not hard to pack. Take the paper out and wipe the machine off. Disconnect the cord that connected it to the CPU (if you don't already do that in 6 above) and make sure the screws are all there. Then secure the printer in its styrofoam and tuck in the cord. For laser printers, the toner cartridge **must** be removed and sent back separately in its box.

8. MANUALS. These should also be labelled; initials will do. If they fit in the boxes with the computer components, you can pack them there. Otherwise, just box them up separately.

9. SOFTWARE. It's especially important for us to know exactly what software is being returned. Make sure you include it in your list to Bread Loaf. Disks should be in paper sleeves so they don't get scratched. Pack disks either in cardboard sleeves or disk box if you have one. If you don't have either, just put them between cardboard in a sturdy envelope.

If you have ANY trouble taking things apart, don't hesitate to call the Bread Loaf office. Good Luck!

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753-6131
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

June 3, 1993

Dear

Once again this summer we're looking for a few of the friendliest, most outgoing, and just all-around plain wonderful people ever to grace the campus of Bread Loaf to serve as guides and helpers to those who have, until now, been less fortunate. With that in mind, I am asking if you would be willing to serve as a Green Ribbon Greeter for the School of English on Opening Day, June 29. In return for sharing your infinite knowledge and abundant good will, the School will pay you a small honorarium of $25.

To accept or decline this most honored position, please either give me a call at the Bread Loaf office (x. 5360). I have enclosed a W-9 form which the Accounting needs to process your check.

If you are able to help us out, it would be best if you could arrive somewhat early (Monday would be best) and check in with the office on your arrival. It is probable that we will have a short meeting Monday afternoon or evening to go over a few things before Registration Day.

Thank you very much for your help in making this summer begin on a smooth and pleasant note. I look forward very much to welcoming you back to Bread Loaf in just a few weeks.

Gratefully,

Elaine Hall
Administrative Secretary

A SEMI-COMPLETE GUIDE TO FOOD, FUN, FRIVOLITY, FRUGALITY, ETC. IN MIDDLEBURY AND SURROUNDING AREAS

We hope that this little publication will be helpful to new and returning Bread Loaf students and their families. The listing is certainly not comprehensive, but perhaps will serve as a jumping-off point.

Happy exploring from the Bread Loaf Office,

Elaine Hall
Marilyn DeLaney

FOOD

A & W - Drive-up outdoor service from the 50's. Try a cold root beer float in a frosted mug.

Amigos Mexican Restaurant - Mild, hot, or incendiary. (4 Merchants Row, Middlebury) 388-3624

Bakery Lane - Delicious baked goods. (Across the street from the Grand Union, Middlebury)

Blueberry Hill Inn - Elegant, secluded dining. Reservations required. Fixed menu. (Ripton/Goshen Road, Goshen) 247-6535

Calvi's - Soup and sandwich specials, wonderful homemade ice cream treats. Stop by when exploring Middlebury's shops. (Main Street, Middlebury)

Cubbers Restaurant - Spaghetti, subs, pizza. (Main Street, Bristol) 453-2400

Dog Team Tavern - Lots of down-home style food at reasonable prices. Wonderful sticky buns with all meals. (Dog Team Road, 3 miles north of Middlebury) 388-7651

Emperor's Garden - Great Chinese cuisine. Reasonable luncheons. (Marble Works Complex, Middlebury) 388-3020

Fire and Ice - Fantastic "all you can eat" shrimp, salad and bread bar, children's menu. (26 Seymour Street, Middlebury) 388-7166

Lee Zachary's Pizza - Good subs, pizza, pasta and calzones - located in the Marble Works Complex, Middlebury 388-0008

Lyon's Place - Small shop specializing in subs, Ben and Jerry's ice cream and creemies. They are also a small grocery store which sells most major East Coast newspapers. A word to the wise - order a small creemie unless you want to be eating it the rest of the day. (6 College Street, Middlebury)

Mary's Restaurant - *Yankee* Magazine's "Favorite Restaurant in All of Vermont." A very special dining experience. Country atmosphere - like eating in a greenhouse. Wickedly delicious Sunday brunch. (11 Main Street, Bristol) 453-2432

McDonald's - Sure to squelch your mid-summer Big Mac Attack. (Route 7 South, Middlebury)

Middlebury Inn - Pleasant dining. Delightful and relaxed Sunday buffet brunch. (On the Green, Middlebury) 388-4961

Mill Street News and Brews - This shop features teas, coffees, etc., along with pastries, in a peaceful setting. (Frog Hollow Mill on the banks of Otter Creek) 388-7424

Mister Ups - Ask for a table on the deck overlooking the Otter Creek. We recommend the Club Midd, nachos and fajitas. (Bakery Lane, Middlebury) 388-6724

Noonies - Huge, thick sandwiches served on homemade bread. Baked goods. (Marble Works Complex, Middlebury) 388-0014

Otter Creek Bakery - Great muffins, breads, and specialty desserts. (Corner of Main and College Streets, Middlebury)

Pizza Cellar - Great pizza and Italian fare, all tucked under the Baptist Church on Merchants Row in Middlebury. 388-6774

Rosie's - Good local color restaurant/diner. Inexpensive breakfast/brunch. (Route 7 South, Middlebury) 388-7052

Steve's Park Diner - Old fashioned breakfasts. Small-town diner setting. (Merchants Row, Middlebury)

Swift House Inn - elegant dining. Thursday through Monday 5:30-9:30. Reservations please. (North Pleasant Street (Rt. 7), Middlebury) 388-9925

Vermont Country Kitchen - Pleasant gourmet sandwich shop. Also a store to meet all your gourmet cooking needs. (Park Street, Middlebury)

Waybury Inn - More elegant dining. Fine Sunday brunch. New England Inn atmosphere (featured on The Bob Newhart Show). Reservations recommended. (Route 125, East Middlebury) 388-4015

Woody's - Nice atmosphere. Ask for seating on the deck overlooking the Otter Creek. Try the spring rolls and Amaretto cheese cake. (5 Bakery Lane, Middlebury) 388-4182

Zachary's Pizza House, Inc. - Fantastic pizza, calzones and hot subs. (now sharing quarters with Bakery Lane Bakery, across from the Middlebury Grand Union on Washington St.) 388-3164

BICYCLE RENTALS

Bike and Ski Touring Center
74 Main Street, Middlebury VT 05753 (802) 388-6666

Bicycle Holidays
Munger Street, Middlebury VT 05753 (802) 388-2453

BOOK SHOPS

The Alley Beat - Alternative books and music, new and used. (Frog Hollow, Middlebury) 388-2743

Otter Creek Old and Rare Books - 20 Main Street, Middlebury 388-3241

The Vermont Book Shop - Old time flavor book shop complete with creaky wooden floors. Records, tapes and CD's - expansive jazz collection. (38 Main Street, Middlebury) 388-2061

SPECIAL EVENTS

Festival on the Green - Early July. Details will be posted at Bread Loaf when they become available.

Addison County Field Days - New Haven. A Vermont Country Fair held in early August. Dates will be posted at Bread Loaf.

Champlain Valley Folk Arts Festival - Button Bay State Park, near Basin Harbor. Beginning of August. Dates will be posted at Bread Loaf.

MOVIE THEATERS

Burlington Theaters - Lots of first-run movies. Check the *Burlington Free Press*

Dana Auditorium and Twilight 101 Theater - Foreign films listed in "This Week at Middlebury" (Middlebury College, Sunderland Building and Twilight Hall)

Ilsley Library Kid Series - Check the *Addison Independent* or the *Valley Voice.*

Marquis Theater - Main Street, Middlebury 388-4841

FRIVOLITY

Antique Shops - Dotted across the Vermont countryside. Fun to explore.

Ben and Jerry's Factory Store - Ice Cream factory. Tours every hour. "Udderly" incredible gift shop. (Route 100, Waterbury)

Burlington, Vermont - Population 40,000. Largest city in the state. Home of the University of Vermont. Explore the Church Street walking mall, have a picnic on the shores of Lake Champlain.

Contra Dancing - Second and fourth Fridays. Check the *Valley Voice* for times and locations.

Frog Hollow Craft Center - All Vermont crafts. Exhibits, demonstrations, classes. (Frog Hollow, Middlebury) 388-3177

Kidspace - A must for the children and the young-at-heart. Giant wooden structure with swings, slides, catwalks, etc. (Mary Hogan School, Court Street, Middlebury)

Ilsley Library - Fine community library. Excellent children's collection. $15.00 non-resident fee which is refunded when you leave. (Main Street, Middlebury) 388-4095

Marble Works Complex - Several small shops and restaurants down behind Main Street. (Middlebury)

Middlebury Recreation Department - Swimming pool, tennis courts, fitness trail. Summer classes (ballet, tennis, swimming, etc.) Court Street, Middlebury 388-4041. Register for courses at the Municipal Building 8:30-5:00 M-F.

Rutland, Vermont - Population 20,000. Second largest city in the state. Look for the dog statue sculpted by Mia Farrow's brother.

Vintage Comforts and Busy Acres - Collectables and dried flowers - Frog Hollow Alley

Woodware/HarvestHills/Busy Acres - Wood products, dried flower shop, unique foods. Great gift ideas. (Route 7 South, Middlebury)

MUSEUMS

Basin Harbor Maritime Museum - Dedicated to the preservation and exploration of Lake Champlain heritage. (Basin Harbor) 475-2317

Vermont Folklife Center - Wonderful displays of Vermont folklife and art. Gamaliel Painter House (Court Street, Middlebury) 388-4964 Weekdays 9-5; Sat. 12-4. Ask to view the videos.

Shelburne Museum - Fantastic replica of early American community. Covers many acres. Plan to spend the whole day. Expensive at $14.00 adult, $6.00 child, but well worth it. (Route 7 North, Shelburne - 40 minutes north of Middlebury) 9-5 every day, 985-3344

Sheldon Museum - Local history. Henry Sheldon House as it was in the mid-1800's. Fine early Middlebury portraits, furniture, clocks and carpenter's workshop. Gift shop. (Park Street, Middlebury) Mon. - Sat. 10-5, Admission $2.50 adult, .50 child. Groups $2.00 per person. 388-2117

SERVICES

Banks

Bank of Vermont (1 Creek Road, Middlebury) 388-4031

Chittenden Bank (Court Street, Middlebury) 388-6316
Lobby Hours - Mon, - Thurs. 9-3, Fri. 9-6
Drive-Up - Mon. - Thurs 8-5, Fri. 8-6

National Bank of Middlebury (Main Street, Middlebury) 388-4982
Lobby Hours - Mon. - Thurs. 9-3, Fri, 9-6
Drive-Up - Mon. - Thurs. 9-4, Fri. 9-6 (Located next to Fire Station on Seymour Street)

Proctor Bank (7 Merchants Row, Middlebury) 388-6329

Vermont Federal Bank (Rt. 7 South, Middlebury) 388-6791

Inns and Motels

Blueberry Hill Inn (Ripton/Goshen Road, Goshen) 247-6535
Blue Spruce Motel (Rt. 7, South, Middlebury) 388-4091
By-the-Way Bed and Breakfast (Route 125, East Middlebury) 388-6291
Greystone Motel (Route 7 South, Middlebury) 388-4935
Horn Farnsworth House (Route 7 North, Middlebury) 388-2300
Maple Manor Motel (Route 7 South, Middlebury) 388-3166
Middlebury Inn (Route 7 on the Green, Middlebury) 388-4961
New Haven Motor Inn (Route 7 North, New Haven) 877-2956
October Pumpkin Bed and Breakfast (Route 125, East Middlebury) 388-9525
Sugar House Motor Inn (Route 7 North, Middlebury) 388-2770
The Annex (Route 125, East Middlebury) 388-3233
Waybury Inn (Route 125, East Middlebury) 388-4015

Grocery Stores

A&P, Middlebury Plaza (Route 7 South) - open 24 hours
Grand Union (Washington Street Plaza) - open 24 hours
Greg's Meat Market (Seymour Street)
IGA, Village Court (Route 7 in town)
Middlebury Natural Food Co-Op (Washington Street)
Luigi's Fresh Fish Market (Main Street)

Hair Cuts

Brett's Making Waves (2 Maple Street) 388-7849
Bud's Barber Style Shop (Merchants Row) 388-6887
Carousel Cuts (Washington Street) 388-9668
Heads Up Hairstyling (34 North Pleasant Street) 388-7815
Joe's Barbershop (Route 7, South, in the old Highland Press Bldg., near bowling alley) 388-2741
Lady Fair (34 Main Street) 388-2557
Le Salon de Vie (Court Street) 388-6113
O'Brien's Beauty Salon (57 Main Street) 388-2350
Pauline's Hair Fashions (388-6636)
Undercuts, Inc (86 Main Street) 388-2027

Copy Services

Main Street Stationery
Middlebury Print and Copy (9 College Street)
Middlebury College Library

DryCleaning/Laundromats

Desabrais Laundry (Village Court, Court Street)

Post Offices

East Middlebury - Route 125 - Mon. - Fri. 7:30-12:30, 2:30-5:30, Sat. 8:30-11:30
Middlebury - Main Street - Mon. - Fri. 8-5, Sat. 9:30-12:30
Ripton - Route 125 - Mon. - Fri. 7:30-11:00, 2:30-5, Sat. 7:30-11:00

Therapeutic Massage

Pat Schmitter - Swedish/Esalen Massage (Le Salon de Vie, 42 Court Street) 388-6113

Jo Anne Davies (New Mexico licensed and nationally certified)- Jin Shin Do Acupressure, Integrative Message, Energy Field and Chakra work.
(202 Battell Bldg., Merchants Row) 388-0254

Margaret Hutchinson-Betts, M.A., - Integrative Bodywork and Psychotherapy - Professional counselor, working in association with Jo Anne Davies. (See listing above.) (202 Battell Bldg., Merchants Row) 388-0254

FRUGALITY

Ben Franklin 5&10 (Main Street)
Bass Shoe Factory Outlet (Burlington and Rutland)
Danform Shoe Factory Outlet (Burlington)
Dexter Shoe Factory Outlet (Burlington and Rutland)
Timberland Shoe Factory Outlet (Burlington and Rutland)
Cheese Factory Outlet (Pine Street, Burlington)
Peg's Thrift Shop (Merchants Row)
Neat Repeats Thrift Shop (Bakery Lane)
Round Robin Thrift Shop (Park Street)
Woody Jackson's "Holy Cow" Shop - check out the seconds area for T-shirts. (Seymour Street)

The Bread Loaf School of English
of Middlebury College
is pleased to announce the

1993 GATES FOUNDATION SCHOLARSHIPS

for secondary-school teachers of English from Colorado

FIVE GRANTS, COVERING 100% OF NEED, TO ATTEND THE BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH AT THE BREAD LOAF CAMPUS IN VERMONT (JUNE 29-AUGUST 14) OR AT ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO (JUNE 29-AUGUST 12)

Gates Scholars will enroll in one course in writing or the teaching of writing and one course in literature. Credits earned through the Bread Loaf School of English can be applied toward the Master of Arts degree in English at the Bread Loaf School and are generally transferable to other institutions. Financial assistance is also available for subsequent summers of study at the School of English in Vermont, Oxford, or New Mexico.

Gates Scholars will also be eligible to apply for mini-grants of $300 each, to participate in Bread Loaf's telecommunications network, BreadNet.

The amount of each Gates Scholar's award will be equivalent to 100% of the applicant's demonstrated need, as determined by formulae used for all applicants by the Office of Financial Aid at Middlebury College.

The Gates Scholarships are underwritten by a generous grant from the Gates Foundation, Denver, Colorado. In the event that a Gates Scholar's demonstrated need exceeds the amount donated by the Gates Foundation, the additional amount will be provided by Middlebury College.

For a detailed description of the Bread Loaf programs and application materials for the Gates Scholarships, please write or call:

The Bread Loaf School of English--GF
Sunderland 220
Middlebury College
Middlebury, Vermont 05753-6131
Phone: (802) 388-3711, ext. 5418
FAX: (802) 388-0927

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753-6131
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

July 9, 1993

Dear New Bread Loaf Student:

Since you are spending your first summer at the Bread Loaf School of English, it might be helpful to inform you, as I have the faculty, what grades are alleged to mean at Bread Loaf. We use a grading system similar to that used at most graduate schools.

Grade	Description
A+, A	An extraordinary or even superlative achievement.
A-	A distinguished performance at the Master's level. Excellent work.
B+	Very good work.
B	Good, competent achievement.
B-	Passing work.
C	An unsatisfactory performance.
F	Work that fails to complete requirements of the course or fails to respond to the opportunity and responsibility of membership in class.

If for whatever reason you are disappointed with the results of your first papers, please don't get discouraged. See your instructor. As a second-best choice, see the Director.

Just as important as the grade is the assessment each instructor will place in your file. These detailed comments will become part of a Bread Loaf letter of recommendation, should you ever request one from the School. Please note that certain faculty members will on occasion withhold this written assessment if you do now waive your right to read the comments. Many faculty members, however, write these assessments regardless of whether or not you sign the waiver. The decision whether or not to sign the waiver form is of course your own.

Sincerely,

Jim Maddox

James H. Maddox
Director

JHM/elh

PLACEMENT AND READMISSION RECORDS

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

The policy of Middlebury College and the Bread Loaf School of English regarding the Family Educational Rights and Privacy Act of 1974 is as follows:

Students or former students have the right to inspect and review all Placement, Admission, and Readmission Records placed in their files after 1 January, 1975, unless they sign the Student's Waiver Statement attached. Placement Records are letters of recommendation written by the Director of the School of English. Admission letters are the letters submitted by your references at the time of your acceptance at the School. Readmission Records are comments submitted each summer by your instructors regarding your performance. These comments are used by me for determining readmission and for preparing letters of recommendation.

If the Student's Waiver Statement is not signed, your instructors will be advised that comments they may submit cannot be held confidential. The School will defer to the wishes of any instructor who does not submit an evaluation under those circumstances. In such cases, letters written on your behalf may be considerably more sparse in this content, and readmission will be determined only on the basis of your grades.

Please sign the blue waiver form on the appropriate line and return it to the Bread Loaf Office immediately. Feel free to stop by with any questions or concerns you may have as well.

Jim Maddox

James H. Maddox
Director

STUDENT'S WAIVER STATEMENT

I hereby waive my rights to review materials placed in my file after 1 January, 1975, with the understanding that:

1. Letters of recommendation containing evaluations from my instructors at Bread Loaf will be forwarded to an institution, organization, or private party only upon my request. The institution, organization, or private part receiving this letter of recommendation will be instructed not to permit any other part to have access to the information without my written consent.

2. This waiver will remain in effect until I notify, in writing, the Office of the Director of the Bread Loaf School of English, at which time letters of recommendation will be removed from my file.

Date: _____ Signature: _____

DECLARATION NOT TO WAIVE MY RIGHTS

I hereby decline to waive my right to inspect and review materials placed in my file after 1 January, 1975.

Date: _____ Signature: _____

BREAD LOAF THEATRE -- 1993

This promises to be a very special summer for Bread Loaf theatre. The major production will be Chekhov's masterpiece, UNCLE VANYA. To complement it the Acting Ensemble will also present three evenings of theatre drawn from Chekhov's short stories and letters. We hope that by the end of the session you will have entered the world of this great artist and shared his vision.

There will also be two student one-acts presented in the Earthworm Barn. They are: THE LOVER by Harold Pinter (directed by Cathy Plourde) and the first long scene from Caryl Churchill's play TOP GIRLS (directed by Janet Field-Pickering).

Finally, the Directing Workshop and the Shakespeare Acting Workshop will present final scenes in the theatre during exam week.

None of this will happen without you. First, we want you to be an active audience... come see rehearsals of VANYA, try to attend the special performances of his short stories, work backstage or in the shops, and, of course, audition.

Auditions for VANYA (two roles for women, one for a man), for THE LOVER (two men, one woman) and TOP GIRLS (six women) will be held Wednesday night at 7:30. Please come try out -- or at least come watch. For more information, see The Crumb.

Bread Loaf audiences are the greatest in the world. This is because they care, they love the theatre and they truly share in the process of putting together a play. Whether this means chatting with the actors at meals, watching one or twenty-one rehearsals, or being a part of the production on or back stage, your role is as vital as ours. Please join us for what we hope will be a wonderful summer of theatre.

CALENDAR

June 30	Auditions (7:30)	
July 7	Chekhov Stories - Program 1 (7:30)	
July 14	Chekhov Stories - Program 2 (7:30)	
July 21	Chekhov Love Letters (7:30)	
July 27-30	THE LOVER and Scene 1 from TOP GIRLS	(8:30, Earthworm Barn)
August 5-8	UNCLE VANYA (8:00)	
August 10-11	Scenes from the Directing and Acting Workshops	

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

June 1993

To Faculty, Staff, and Students at the Bread Loaf School of English:

We write to you concerning the Human Immunodeficiency Virus (HIV) which causes the Acquired Immunodeficiency Syndrome (AIDS). Recent statistics show a significant increase nationally in the number of AIDS cases reported in the past year. In addition, recent statistics from the Center for Disease Control indicate that over 253,448 Americans now have AIDS and that many more have been infected by the virus (HIV). Most of these people do not know they are carriers. The AIDS epidemic continues to be of concern nationally and, therefore, it must also concern each of us at Middlebury. Members of our community have received treatment for the virus which causes AIDS.

We believe it is important that you understand what resources are available on campus in the areas of education, diagnosis, treatment, and support. We also believe it is important that we inform you of the policy guidelines at Middlebury.

The American College Health Association (ACHA) provides a series of guidelines for college policy based on facts from the best recent medical data available. Middlebury College has used those guidelines and adapted them to our particular needs.

ACHA recommends that colleges not adopt blanket policies concerning individuals with AIDS or AIDS-related conditions. Rather, it suggests that certain guidelines be followed and that the college analyze and respond to each case individually. Middlebury College has established a committee of three people whose responsibility it is to do this. For the 1993 school year these individuals are:

1) Ruth K. Grant, M.D., College Physician
2) Gary Margolis, Ph.D., Director of Counseling and Human Relations
3) Kathleen Ready,MSN, Head Nurse

In order to provide essential medical support, appropriate health and hygiene counseling and related assistance, any member of the community who has tested positive for HIV or who has AIDS or an AIDS-related condition are strongly recommended to consult with either the College Health Center or their own physician. In addition, individuals who are HIV positive or who have AIDS, are asked to consult with one of the

individuals named above. Responses to such occurrences will be guided both by Middlebury's commitment to the protection of individual rights, including confidentiality, and by necessary consideration of the community public health interest.

If you think you may have been exposed to AIDS or have symptoms of AIDS, we strongly urge you to make contact with the college Health Center. Through the Health Center you will receive information, evaluation, counseling and support, and education regarding testing options. Confidentiality is maintained in accordance with laws governing the privacy of medical information.

It is important that we all be acquainted with the latest information concerning AIDS. We strongly urge each of you to read the enclosed handout which contains guidelines for handling blood and body fluids, and information on HIV, which everyone needs to know. Additional information phamplets, such as AIDS...What Everyone Should Know and Make Sex Safer pamphlets, and free condoms are available to all members of the community at the Parton Health Center in the waiting room, and in the stairwell on the east end of Carr Hall and at Cornwall Infirmry.If you have any questions regarding AIDS or HIV, we encourage you to speak to a nurse at the Cornwall Infirmy. Or if you prefer to speak with a resource outside of the College, we encourage you to call the toll-free hotline at the Vermont Health Department (1-800-882-AIDS). This information is free and calls are confidential.

Remember studies and guidelines from the Center for Disease Control and the Public Health Service indicate that individuals with AIDS or AIDS-related conditions do not pose a health risk to others through casual contact. Available evidence indicates that AIDS is transmitted only by intimate sexual contact or by exposure to contaminated blood.

Sincerely,

Yonna McShane MEd.

Yonna McShane , MEd.
Health Educator
Counseling and Human Relations

Ruth K. Grant

Ruth K. Grant, M.D.
Medical Center Director
Parton Health Center

Kathleen Ready

Kathleen Ready. MSN
Head Nurse
Parton Health Center

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE HIV TASK FORCE
GUIDELINES FOR HANDLING BLOOD AND BODY FLUIDS

"Guidelines for Handling Blood and Body Fluids" refers to the "Universal Precautions" measures one takes to prevent the transmission of bloodborne diseases such as hepatitis B and HIV. They are called universal because they are recommended whenever there is potential exposure to blood or body fluids of another individual whose infection status is most likely unknown.

Bloodborne diseases can be transmitted from an infected individual to another when there is sufficient contact between the infected individual's blood, semen, vaginal secretions, or blood-containing fluid and another's non-intact skin or mucous membranes. These diseases can also be transmitted through a puncture wound with a contaminated needle or sharp object. Middlebury College therefore recommends the following for the handling of blood and body fluids:

1. Barrier methods such as gloves are strongly recommended whenever someone is at risk for direct exposure to another individual's blood or body fluids. The Health Center will provide gloves to anyone who requests them, free of charge. Members of the custodial staff should wear latex gloves when cleaning bathrooms. The custodial staff should disinfect reuseable gloves after contact with blood or body fluids.

2. Good handwashing is important after any potential contact with blood or body fluids, even if gloves are worn. If you get blood or body fluids on your skin, wash well with copious amounts of soap and water. If you come into direct contact with blood or body fluids, we recommend speaking with a nurse at the Health Center.

3. Procedures for the decontamination of environmental surfaces and objects soiled by blood or body fluids should be adopted and implemented. The Public Health Service recommends the cleaning of contaminated surfaces with a household bleach (Clorox) and freshly diluted 1:10 - 1:100 in water.

   Students should contact the custodial staff at ext. 5243 to clean any blood spills, rather than attempting to clean it themselves. If it is after-hours or on the weekend, Campus Security should be contacted.

4. Extreme caution should be exercised in disposing of needles. Students and employees may obtain an infectious waste container from the Health Center, if needed.

5. Laboratory courses requiring exposure to blood such as finger pricks for blood typing or examination should use disposable equipment. No lancets or blood-letting devices should be reused or shared.

6. No student is required to obtain or process the blood of others.

7. Implements that may become contaminated with blood such as razors, toothbrushes, or tweezers should never be shared by individuals.

Rev. 3/92

AIDS AND HIV - WHAT WE ALL NEED TO KNOW

AIDS and the HIV infection does not discriminate based on sex, sexual orientation, race, socio-economic class, etc. Many men and women who are HIV positive do not realize that they are carrying the virus because it is not unusual for individuals to remain symptom free for many years. However, people who have the HIV infection can transmit the virus to others even if they have no symptoms. HIV can be transmitted by semen, blood, blood products, and vaginal and cervical secretions. Theoretically , the virus is contained in other body fluids, however, whether or not it is present in sufficient amount to transmit the infection is unclear. You can reduce your risks of being infected by HIV if you:

1. Make well informed and safe choices about sexual activity. If you do <u>not</u> have vaginal, anal, or oral sexual intercourse, you will be providing yourself with excellent protection against the sexual transmission of HIV.

2. <u>Always</u> use safe sex practices if you are engaging in sexual activity involving intercourse and take precautions with every partner. Communicate assertively with your sexual partner and always use latex condoms when engaging in intercourse. Spermicides containing nonoxynal-9 may increase the protection provided by a condom. Latex squares or dental dams are rubber devices that may be used during oral intercourse. The level of protection this practice provides is not known, but it is logical to assume that this may reduce the risk of acquiring HIV if they are used properly and consistently.

3. Separate alcohol and drug use from sexual activity. Having sex when you are drunk or drugged, often results in not practicing safer sex. Alcohol and drugs impair cognitive function, making adequate decision making more difficult. They also make communicating more difficult.

4. Never share needles or engage in any other activity which may result in exposure to blood. (see the other side of this handout for more information on blood precautions).

Remember your behavior determines your risk for acquiring HIV. If you do not engage in risky behavior, you greatly reduce your risk of infection.

Remember studies and guidelines from the Center for Disease Control and the Public Health Service indicate that individuals with the HIV infection or AIDS do not pose a health risk to others through casual contact.

Health Education 4/92

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753-6131
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

7 July 1993

To: All Members of the Bread Loaf Community

From: Jim Maddox Jim

In the age of HIV, it is essential that all of us take precautions for our own safety and for the safety of others; the entire community needs to be especially sensitive to the safety and the concerns of the housekeeping staff.

Please dispose of all soiled linens and paper products in an appropriate way.

All soiled linens should be bundled up and placed in a pillow case. All soiled or bloody paper products which are considered flushable should be flushed. Those that cannot be flushed should be wrapped in paper, put in a "nap-sack" (available in bathrooms), and placed in the trash can.

If you use syringes for medical purposes, please pick up a hazardous waste container at Cornwall Infirmary for proper, safe disposal.

Any other materials containing bodily secretions should be carefully discarded in an equally hygienic manner.

Thank you for your strict attention to these matters and your courtesy toward the housekeeping staff. Any questions or concerns should be directed to Leo Hotte (Ext. 42) or the Cornwall Clinic (Ext. 14).

THE BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

is pleased to announce:

THE BREAD LOAF POETRY PRIZE

(funded by a gift from Robert Haiduke)

$300 to be awarded

for one or two poems, a maximum of
three pages total manuscript

Contest Rules:

1. The submission must not exceed the two-poem, three-page limit.

2. All work must be previously unpublished and must not have received any other prize.

3. The poems may be on any subject, in any form.

4. The poems must be typed or word-processed on 8 1/2 by 11 white paper.

5. The author's name must not appear on any page of the manuscript.

6. Staple to the manuscript a sealed envelope containing the title(s) of your work, your name, and your Bread Loaf box number.

7. Leave your work in the Bread Loaf Office.

8. The deadline for all submissions is Monday, July 26, 1993 at noon. The community will be notified of the results on Friday, August 6, 1993.

9. Manuscripts will not be returned.

1993

Bread Loaf Poetry Contest

Winning Poems

The Country Store

"THESE COLORS DON'T RUN!"
His starred and striped bicep warns,
Flexed atop the counter--
Behind him, shirts and hats:
"GOD LOVES THE NRA!" "NUKE IRAQ!"
Hang like trophies, or slaughtered pigs,
Above jarred beef jerky strips
And pickled eggs;

I creak down wooden floors
That announce my progress,
Past girly magazines worn
From browsing, dusty shelves
Holding dried milk, canned soup,
Past the small deli:
Ham, roast beef,
Pigs' feet, head cheese,

But he is there, waiting
At every turn, leaning
Forward against the counter,
Massive black-haired arms
Thrusting out of a plain black,
Sweat-spotted, too-small T-shirt,
Impatient, though I know
We are the only two in the store--

'I, too, am American,' I think
As I lay my Snapple and trail mix
Like a peace offering before him--
But his body tells me
I'm the enemy as he punches
Numbers on the register, stuffs
Food in a bag, shames me toward the door
With the look of a loaded gun.

- by Timothy Pratt

A Lesson in Farming

1

My mother is a farmer,
And farmers are paid to kill.

So each November,
When the last trace of fall

Has been ceremonially raked
Into a dry heap, the last apple pressed

Into cider, the last pie baked,
And the orchard finally rests,

She sends the pigs to slaughter.
My mother is not a cold woman,

But the pigs she's named hers:
Wilbur and Moana, Chico and the Man,

Fenway and Frank, Oscar and Mayer,
All must die. Their fates

Are sealed, flanks forced into cold wire
Cages. She slams the gates.

2

The November wind wails,
And I retreat to the kitchen fire.

Behind me, truck wheels
Spin on frozen mud, sear

Small ruts in the road. The kitchen door,
Rusty hinges cawing like crows,

Bangs shut. I am not a farmer. I prefer
Neatly sliced bacon from unnamed sows

To thick slabs of family, warm
Books to frozen ground. I thaw my hands

By the fire as winter storms
In the stove-pipe, shakes the window behind.

I rise, wipe steam from glass, peer out to her.
No, I decide, my mother is not cold,

As I watch her rake leaves that aren't there
From the hill beside the empty fold.

- by Timothy Pratt

Old Woman Plans Her Burial At Sea

At the island tip facing the Cumberland cliffs
The channel sweeps sea-life in on flow-tides,
A surging river-mouth gaping wide and open
To the silty, murked Atlantic. The sand is lipped
And tongued by waters coming and going
Around the beachhead, backed by soft dunes,

Scraggly sea-oats clumping, holding fiercely
To shifty grains of sand, clinging to the land.
Someone told her as a child that islands floated.
Yes, floating masses of ground stone and silt, gnarled
Roots, marshy bogs that sprouted all the green and
Living: oaks sculptured by steady streaming winds,

Road-side clover, mosses in side-walk cracks.
Islands collected life to them, she was told, forced
Life to hold tight or be exiled out to sea, banished
From the family of other life, never to make
The earthly connection that binds grain to grain,
Hand to hand. The island had its limits; she knew

All that, standing at the water's edge, imagining
Her final cast-away from this seeping mass, this rooted
Living. Then she saw a humped, rolling porpoise ride
The ebbing tide, his back gleaming wet with the
Reflection of the sun. She could almost feel her fingers
Clasp the fin, as if he bore her body from the land,

Bore her to the widening sea, as her lips offered
Up the secret whispered plan: *Here they can leave*
My dust, scatter the ashes of my flamed-out life.
Pour me into this stream and carry me out to sea
On the dolphin's back, far into these warm waters,
This deep dark, this mouth into the black.

- by Talmadge Birdsey

Fluorescent Ceiling Stars

In the sudden switched-off dark: oblivion.
A crack of light beneath the door, a glow
Behind the curtain, but general extended
Darkness. Everything around is still. My
Niece is put to sleep, angels watching over her.
Above my bed, a field of scattered stars
Make themselves known, spread across
The ceiling like handfuls of bright seed
Glowing white around a scoop of moon.
Some hand has put them there above me, this
Whole arc of heaven doming the room, a universe
Collapsed among these books and quilts,
These pillows, these family photos on the walls;
An entire solar-system gathered in close by
To provide open eyes with wonder, star-grist
For awakened minds.
Suddenly, to take off
And whirl through this space unmoored,
Sent frictionless and racing into expanding
Night with each star at the finger-tips
And the hope that light from gaseous
Suns can be gathered simply, like pebbles,
To make the world seem small and therefore
Negotiable. How deeply does the mind alter
The illumined objects of its terrifying quest?
What is seen? Tiny explosions? One thousand
Fireflies winging weakly towards apocalypse?
An expanse of black specked with camp-fires
Where circles of children release their songs to
The edge of doom? Or that these glowing spots
Were markers in the pathless gloom of human
Sleep - the archer's steady arrow pointing
Towards the door of morning.
It is still dark
And the mind is wearied by so many travels.
Then from another pocket of dark comes a cry
For light. This piercing of the darkness
Is my niece's quavering, dry-throated cry
For her mother, for water, for the comfort of
Another pair of shining eyes to look upon.
So I am brought back to this clear confined
Stratosphere where small objects--books,
photo-albums, our manner of cleating
Ourselves to this earth-bound space--
Are so plain, dog-eared, dull, as simple and dear
As my sleeping wife's warm breath beside me.
Here is nothing like the zoom through light years
Or the roar of first creation: but the fear of falling,
The fear of spinning into nothingness,
Is obliterated. The stars of heaven bring us
Home again, into the family of light,
To this dark house where soon the sun shall rise.

- by Talmadge Birdsey

29 June 1993

To All First-Year Bread Loaf Students

Here is some information compiled for you by the Bread Loaf staff, who are eager to help you get acquainted with all the services that Bread Loaf offers. Read over the information below. If you have any questions, either go directly to the relevant staff folks, or ask your question at the front Desk or in the Bread Loaf office; or ask me.

This sheet is also an invitation to all first-year students to come to a (very informal) reception in your honor at Earthworm Manor, the first white frame house on the right, directly on Route 125, as you leave the campus heading for Middlebury. The reception will be held on Thursday, July 1, from 5:00 to 6:00. Please come if you can. Spouses and children are welcome. In case of rain, the reception will be held in Treman Cottage.

I hope to welcome you at Earthworm Manor on July 1.

Jim Maddox

Jim Maddox
Director

***The Bread Loaf Office (Elaine Hall and Marilyn DeLaney)**

The Bread Loaf office is open from 8:00 to 4:00, Monday through Friday, and offers a variety of services, including scheduling meetings with the Director.

The office accepts materials for photocopying between 8:00 and 3:30, Monday through Friday. We ask that you try to give us a 2-hour turn-around time. The charge for photocopying is 10 cents a page. There is no charge for photocopying that a professor requires (for handouts, etc.). All copying will be two-sided unless otherwise requested. Each side is counted as one page.

The office has a FAX machine, available for important communications. There is no charge for a reasonable number of incoming FAXes (which will be delivered to your box); outgoing FAXes carry a charge of $1 per page. The machine is available only during office hours.

Family members may, with the professor's permission, audit a course. We have an honor system for this contingency: please pay at the office $1 per class attended.

The Bread Loaf office also handles all scheduling matters for the School--meetings, rehearsals, room-use, etc. **It is very important that you not schedule any event without consulting the office.**

Elaine and Marilyn wish to stress that you should never hesitate to come to them with questions.

***Front Desk (Edward and Victoria Brown)**

The Front Desk is open Monday-Saturday, 8 a.m. until 8 p.m. and Sunday from 9 a.m. until 8 p.m. During those hours the desk has limited U.S. postal mailing services, UPS pick up, check cashing (up to $50 per day) and change for the laundry.

The switchboard is open Monday-Saturday, 8 a.m. until 11 p.m. and Sunday, 9 a.m. until 1 p.m. and 5 p.m. until 11 p.m. Dial "0" to make a long distance call and dial "9" for a local call. A shuttle service, at no cost, into Middlebury is offered three times a week: Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, leaving at 2 p.m. and returning at 4:30 p.m.

All problems relating to the physical plant of the campus should be referred to the Front Desk. Finally, the Front Desk is a great resource for local info: churches, restaurants, bed and breakfasts, and outdoor activities.

***Davison Library (Judy Watts, Brent Goeres, Barbara Lynch, Krystal Sewell, Chris Brady)**

The librarians want you to be aware that what is not among the 4,000 titles in the collection, or the 1,000 books brought up to the Reserve collection, is available through the request system set up for you. The Davison staff will do whatever is possible to answer your questions and to secure material for your study. Davison is a small collection which works because its readers abide by the procedures to make materials available for all. Read the handout that will appear in your mailboxes.

***Computer Center (Caroline Eisner)**

The Apple Cellar is Bread Loaf's computer center. Open seven days a week, from morning to midnight, except on Saturdays, when it closes after dinner, the Cellar houses Macintoshes, IBMs, and Apple IIEs.

In the next two weeks, we will hold classes in Microsoft Works and Word, Word Perfect, Dos, IBM basics, and Macintosh basics.

Copies on the laser printer cost 10 cents a page.

Even if you have brought your own computer to campus, please feel free to come down to the Apple Cellar.

***BreadNet (Bill Wright)**

BreadNet is Bread Loaf's telecommunications network. If you have a computer and a modem, you can use electronic mail to share ideas with other teachers during the school year. You can also take part in computer conferences on various topics that range from alternative assessment to how to set up a computer lab. We also offer well-organized projects so that your students can work on computer networks with other students.

This summer we will give everyone on campus a temporary account on the new system we are setting up. If you are interested, you should come to the introduction-to-BreadNet meeting, which will be announced in **The Crumb**. After that, you can sign up for a lesson in the Apple Cellar and try it out. You should use the network all you want this summer at no charge. We will leave accounts in place until September 30th. Those who want to keep using the network after that will need to send the BreadNet office a small ($25) subscription fee. Stay tuned for meetings this summer about telecomputing. Some of the country's leading experts will be on campus July 8-10.

***Sports (Woody Woodsum, Mark Wright, Steve Duffy--all of whom take care of many things besides sports)**

There are many possibilities for sports at Bread Loaf.

Co-ed ultimate frisbee, for people at all skill-levels, is the fastest-growing sport at Bread Loaf. An informational meeting and/or a sign-up sheet will be mentioned soon in **The Crumb**; after all players' schedules are considered, playing times will be announced.

Softball games are played Sunday afternoons at 2 p.m. Often, local players from Ripton come up to play the Bread Loaf team. We have extra gloves.

There are three clay tennis courts (which will be in better shape very soon) next to the library, and there are two public courts in East Middlebury, ten or fifteen minutes west of Bread Loaf via car. Innkeeper Ed Brown has offered to organize a Bread Loaf tennis tournament. See Ed for details.

There are many athletic facilities at Middlebury College. Bring your student I.D. Hours for the College facilities will be printed in the first issue of **The Crumb** and are available at the Front Desk. The Athletic Department can be reached by dialing 9-388-3711 on any campus phone.

Many times in the past, students have come forward to organize soccer games here on campus--and we encourage anyone who would like to do so again.

There is a swimming hole--Johnson Pond--behind the Barn.

Hiking suggestions and a guide to the Long Trail are available at the front Desk. A croquet set, a soccer ball, and a volleyball are also available there.

The following is a special note from Woody Woodsum: It is an annual tradition for the incoming students each year to use their design, mathematical, and architectural skills, as well as their muscles, to move the large rock in the hayfield at least one rod further to the West. As you look at the hayfield from the Inn, the rock is on the far left side. All students involved in this ancient Druidic honorable rite must sign liability waivers.

***Cornwall Infirmary (Sandy Brutkoski, Kathy Heitkamp, Alison Parker)**

The Cornwall Clinic (across Route 125 from the Inn) is open from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. Monday through Friday, and 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. on weekends.

The Parton Health Center downtown will be open from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. Monday through Friday, and 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. on weekends. There will be an M.D. or N.P. available Monday through Friday who will see students referred by the nurses. Students can be seen at Porter Hospital's emergency department when the Health Center is closed, or in case of an emergency.

In case of emergencies, contact the Front Desk immediately. The number for an ambulance is 388-3333.

A free supply of condoms is available in a container in the laundry room.

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

August 2, 1993

Dear Off-Campus Bread Loaf Student:

As you know, we try hard tomaintain a responsible off-campus housing list for your convenience. Some owners are wonderfully cooperative and fair, but we have discovered others who are less user-friendly. We'd like your help in evaluating the local rental properties.

Would you please return this evaluation of your accommodations to assist next year's Bread Loaf students who wish to live off campus?

1. Please identify and describe your accommodations.

   a. Owner:

   b. Description of Location of house or apartment:

   c. Rental fee:

   d. Distance from School:

2. Will you be renting this place in 1994?

3. Please evaluate your accommodations:

   a. What were the advantages and drawbacks?

   b. Would you recommend that we list this place again? (Since there are so few places available, does coming to Bread Loaf outweigh the disadvantages of the place? Or would you recommend that we simply not list the place?)

Please turn over--

4. Comments, complaints, compliments:

Many thanks,

Jim Maddox

James Maddox
Director

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

July 30, 1993

Dear Bread Loaf Student:

I'd very much appreciate your assessment of Bread Loaf 1993: the program, the faculty, and life on the Mountain. Please mention what went well and what did not; perhaps most importantly, give a frank assessment of the faculty and your courses. Use the back of this sheet if necessary.

Sincerely,

James Maddox

1. Evaluation of literature, writing, and theater faculty and courses:

(over, please)

3. What are your assessments of the non-academic aspects of this summer's experience (social, domestic, etc.)?

4. Recommendations:

Name (optional)_____

ENTERTAINMENT

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
SUMMER CALENDAR 1993

Friday, July 2	Film: "Educating Rita"	Barn, 8:00 p.m.
Saturday, July 3	Square Dance	Barn, 9:00 p.m.
Monday, July 5	Faculty Reading: Carole Oles	Barn, 7:30 p.m.
Tuesday, July 6	The Elizabeth Drew Memorial Lecture: Jacqueline Jones Royster, Director of the University Writing Center and Associate Professor of English, Ohio State University "Eat, Drink, and be Merry, for Tomorrow you Teach"	Burgess Meredith Little Theater, 7:30 p.m.
Wednesday, July 7	An Evening of Chekhov: Dramatizations of "An Avenger," "Sleepy," and "Heartache"	Burgess Meredith Little Theater, 7:30 p.m.
Thursday, July 8	Telecommunications Panel	Barn A, 7:30 p.m.
Friday, July 9	Film: "Howards End"	Barn, 8:00 p.m.
Wednesday, July 14	An Evening of Chekhov: Dramatizations of "A Play" and "The Witch"	Burgess Meredith Little Theater, 7:30 p.m.
Friday, July 16	Film: "Barton Fink"	Barn, 8:00 p.m.
Saturday, July 17	Telecommunications Panel	Davison Library Conference Room 9:00 a.m.
Monday, July 19	Faculty Reading: David Huddle	Barn, 7:30 p.m.
Wednesday, July 21	Guest Lecturer: Peter Elbow	Barn, 8:00 p.m.
Wednesday, July 21	An Evening of Chekhov: A Dramatic Reading of Correspondence between Chekhov and Olga Knipper	Barn, 7:30 p.m.
Friday, July 23	Film: "Daughters of the Dust"	Barn, 8:00 p.m.
Monday, July 26	Faculty Reading: Edward Lueders	Barn, 7:30 p.m.
Tuesday, July 27	Guest Lecturer: Richard Harmston	Barn, 8:00 p.m.

INTRODUCTION

ELIZABETH DREW MEMORIAL LECTURE

6 JULY 1993

I was talking last Saturday to a student here for the first year, who said that the thing she had found to like most so far this summer was that there wasn't a constant bemoaning of the fate of teachers, as she usually found at teachers' meetings; there was instead, she said, a celebration of the possibilities of teaching.

I think that that comment is especially relevant for this evening. This evening's lecture is named for a great teacher, Elizabeth Drew. She taught first at Cambridge University and then at Smith College; and, while she was on the faculty of those two institutions, she taught in the summers at the Bread Loaf School of English; she was here, with several gaps, from 1941 through 1964. She was famous at Bread Loaf for her courses on Victorian fiction and modern poetry, and she was most well-known in colleges throughout America, during the time when people of my generation were undergraduates, for her book **T.S. Eliot: The Design of His Poetry**, on which all of us cut our modernist teeth.

I confess that I find it appropriate at Bread Loaf to honor the memory of a teacher years and years after her last Bread Loaf student graduated. For, to use George Eliot's phrase, the life of a great teacher is "incalculably diffusive," and, in however roundabout and mediated a form, you are **still** feeling the effects

of Elizabeth Drew in your own classrooms.

Jacqueline Jones Royster, the Elizabeth Drew Memorial Lecturer this summer, has been one of the most electrifying presences on the Bread Loaf campus since she first joined the faculty here in the summer of 1991.

Jackie Royster is nationally known both for her scholarship in literacy studies and for her writing on the intellectual, vocational, and rhetorical traditions of African American women. One might at first be tempted to emphasize the disparate pursuits that Jackie Royster follows, but I think it more accurate to emphasize the unified field theory of her work, and to see it as approaching the same constellation of subjects from different angles. The titles of the two courses she taught here in 1991 and 1992 reflect the different directions of her scholarship: "The Essayist Tradition among African American Women" and "Theory and Practice in Writing across the Curriculum." But the seemingly **different** directions of these pursuits are revealed not to be very different at all when one reflects upon their confluence in the title that Jackie originated with Dixie Goswami in the course they are team-teaching this summer, "Writing for Advocacy and Social Action." That title in fact points toward the very heart of what seems to me to animate Jackie Royster's scholarship and teaching: a deep concern with writing and expression as the most powerful instruments for the understanding of social and political realities and for formulating and implementing social and political change.

A considerable part of Jackie Royster's scholarship is related to what many current scholars of literature and history would describe as the major effort of their generation; the effort to rescue, to resuscitate, the histories of people and peoples whose stories until now have been silenced and unwritten: Jackie Royster has been interested in reviving the histories not only of activists, but also of nurses and missionaries, culture-bearers and community-builders. It turns out that Jackie Royster is interested in the very kind of concealed history that George Eliot was talking about in that phrase that I quoted a moment ago. Let me quote, with tiny changes, the whole sentence of which that phrase is a part--the last sentence of **Middlemarch**, which does in fact sum up the kinds of historical concerns that motivate Jackie Royster.

> But the effect of their being on those around them was incalculably diffusive: for the growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been, is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life and rest in unvisited tombs.

Jackie's scholarship is about people--and usually women--who have used writing as a community-building implement. I think, though, that Jacqueline Jones Royster does most honor to that idea of using writing as a community-building implement, not so much through describing it in her own impressive scholarship, as by **embodying** it in her own person and career.

After trying to point out what I find heroic about Jackie Royster's scholarship, I must now add that her title tonight sounds frankly hedonistic. It is "Eat, Drink, and Be Merry, For Tomorrow You Teach." I am proud to introduce to you Jacqueline Jones Royster.

Eat, Drink, and Be Merry, for Tomorrow You Teach

Jacqueline Jones Royster
The Ohio State University

Elizabeth Drew Lecture
Bread Loaf School of English
Tuesday--July 12, 1993
The Burgess Meredith Little Theatre
7:30 p.m.

For the last two summers here at Bread Loaf in the company of others who have been, not only willing, but particularly able to engage in intense dialogue and debate, I have taken the rather freewheeling opportunity that this place offers to shake out my thoughts and beliefs as we have examined rather closely the ways and means of English Studies in light of contemporary conditions and constraints. Of specific concern has been the reading, teaching, and valuing of literature, and especially what is becoming increasing problematic, American literature. Our dialogues have questioned in provocative ways the history, context, and boundaries of what we do and don't do, and our debates have mirrored the comparably intense debates that are generally acting themselves out in academic environments across the country and around the world.

In my opinion, carrying on these conversations here at Bread Loaf is not just a popular thing to do, but a critically important thing to do. I believe that, in particular, those of us who teach, at whatever level, owe this intense thought and talk to our students back home whose learning we are shaping and whose understanding we are helping to direct. I consider this collective responsibility of ours to be one to which we must bring the fullness of our personal and professional integrity, so you might well imagine that over the last few months, I have had considerable difficulty in trying not to feel too concretely the burden of the Drew lecture, a talk that in my experience here at Bread Loaf, has so clearly become each summer a rather foundational experience for us all.

I haven't been altogether successful at keeping the burden unnoticed, since at least fifty people have reminded me of the prestige of the lecture and their expectations for insight, humor, and just a general showcasing of wonder and delight. While I'd like very much to be considered a woman of mystery whose rhetorical prowess leaves one thunderstruck and whose personal aura lingers as some sort of ephemeral and somewhat omniscient presence, I think that it's probably safer to be earthbound and ask instead for your indulgence and good will.

My title is "Eat, Drink, and Be Merry, for Tomorrow You Teach." My

task is straightforward. I claim this space and the honor and privilege of using this forum, the Elizabeth Drew Lecture, to think aloud with you and to encourage you to think again with me about things that seem to be of mutual interest to us both. What I genuinely hope to do is to add productively if not provocatively to the swirl of perspectives and insights that constitute the intellectual vitality that helps to make Bread Loaf the kind of place that it is.

I am a woman of African descent who joyfully embraces Black southern culture because I find such richness there. I consider myself to be a rather metaphorical person who simply delights in the notion that things like symbols and metaphors exist in the world. I say occasionally that I think in pictures, but whether I really do or not, I do appreciate a good image, and the South, Black and otherwise, is filled with sayings that trigger for me good images. Let me begin by sharing one. When I was growing up, I remember hearing people say, "I woke up this morning in my right mind." Over the years, I've come to appreciate the meaning of this statement much more deeply than I ever imagined as a child, understanding now that it's really rather difficult sometimes to wake up in your right mind. For the last ten years or so, I've counted myself lucky in this regard. My research has centered on the public discourse of

African American women, and I can clearly attribute many of my feelings of right-mindedness to the escalating sense of identity that I have found with these writers. They speak to my head. They speak to my heart. They speak to my soul. They are "dark spinners of word magic," and I rejoice in my knowing of them as I continue to be amazed that others do not.

In this instance, as I participate in yet another Bread Loaf tradition, in addition to their usual spiritual sustenance, these women have also provided me with a sense of relief in that I recognize an historical resonance between the rhetorical events that they created and participated in and my task this evening, such that despite my bouts with anxiety, I have managed, I think, to suspend the occasional moments of panic long enough to allow my felt sense of what is important to me in this conversation to seep through to the light of day.

As evidenced by much in African American women's rhetorical and literary history, my foremothers and contemporary sisters seem to have perceived, as I believe that I do, a certain inevitability about our stations in life, whether we see those stations as constructed, or assumed, or assigned, or a little bit of all of this and more. Because, most often, the positions from which we think and speak tend to be the way that they are, i.e., at best non-supportive, and because within these contexts we tend to

be the way that we are, i.e., defiant and outrageous, there seems to prevail in our public lives at least the notion that each moment at the podium is worth treating as the only moment.

I hear the voice of Audre Lorde as she speaks in "Litany for Survival":

For those of us who live at the shoreline
standing upon the constant edges of decision
crucial and alone
for those of us who cannot indulge
the passing dreams of choice
who love in doorways coming and going
in the hours between dawns
looking inward and outward
at once before and after
seeking a now that can breed
futures
like bread in our children's mouths
so their dreams will not reflect
the death of ours.

For those of us

who were imprinted with fear

like a faint line in the center of our foreheads

learning to be afraid with our mother's milk

for by this weapon

this illusion of some safety to be found

the heavy-footed hoped to silence us

For all of us

this instant and this triumph

We were never meant to survive.

And when the sun rises we are afraid

it might not remain

when the sun sets we are afraid

it might not rise in the morning

when our stomachs are full we are afraid

of indigestion

when our stomachs are empty we are afraid

we may never eat again

when we are loved we are afraid

love will vanish

when we are alone we are afraid

love will never return

and when we speak we are afraid

our words will not be heard

nor welcomed

but when we are silent

we are still afraid.

So it is better to speak

remembering

we were never meant to survive.

On November 16, 1992, Audre Lorde died after many years during which her cancer did not win. I mourn for what the world has lost.

Often the sense of urgency for African American women writers is such that we can perceive no opportunity to be heard as expendable. So, when Alice Walker, for example, makes a seemingly simple statement in Living by the Word, I sense an urgency. In this collection of essays, she

discusses her relationships with both human and non-human beings. At the end of the collection, she says:

> The Universe responds. What you ask of it, it gives. . .Teach yourself peace. Pass it on. (192-3)

My experience with African American women writers tells me that this statement is not a casual remark intended to be just an interesting, and somewhat mystical turn of phrase. I understand that in Living by the Word, Alice Walker woke up in her right mind, filled her pages with passion, thoughtfulness, and urgency and that this statement is a message from a "two-headed woman" (1) who lives by the word and walks on.

Sometimes, there seems to exist among African American women, perhaps in our bone marrow, a deeply encoded message that encourages us to try as we are able to make every opportunity count, and we tend to do so with passion. In 1831, Maria Stewart said:

> I have never taken one step, my friends, with a design to raise myself in your esteem, or to gain applause. But what I have done, has been done with an eye single to the glory of God, and to promote the good of souls. I have neither kindred nor

friends. I stand alone in your midst, exposed to the fiery darts of the devil, and to the assaults of wicked men. But though all the powers of earth and hell were to combine against me, though all nature should sink into decay, still I would trust in the Lord, and joy in the God of my salvation. For I am full persuaded that he will bring me off conqueror, yea, more than conqueror, through him who hath loved me and given himself for me" (Richardson 41).

Over one hundred and fifty years later, in Feminist Theory: From Margin to Center (1984), bell hooks articulates provocatively how the effort to act typically begins with vision, the ability to see what is and is not and what should be instead. Hooks says:

> To be in the margin is to be part of the whole but outside the main body. . .Living as we did--on the edge--we developed a particular way of seeing reality. We looked both from the outside in and from the inside out. We focused our attention on the center as well as on the margin. We understood both. This mode of seeing reminded us of the existence of a whole universe, a main body made up of both margin and center. Our survival depended on an ongoing public awareness of the

separation between margin and center and an ongoing private acknowledgment that we were a necessary, vital part of that whole.

> This sense of wholeness, impressed upon our consciousness by the structure of our daily lives, provided us an oppositional world view--a mode of seeing unknown to most of our oppressors, that sustained us, aided us in our struggle to transcend poverty and despair, strengthened our sense of self and our solidarity. (Preface)

In a subsequent collection, hooks goes on to reaffirm that having the vision to come to voice is important, that doing so empowers, especially in the company of others, and that these efforts are acts of defiance and liberation that move us from object to subject and to a liberated voice (Talking Back 1989, 9). Most essentially, this sense of liberation helps people whom society sets at the periphery to place themselves at the center of their own lives and experiences, refusing to allow others to claim central territory as theirs alone. Hooks says:

> My placement of black women at the center was not an action to exclude others but rather an invitation, a challenge to those who would hear us speak, to shift paradigms rather than

appropriate, to have all readers listen to the voice of a black woman speaking as subject and not as underprivileged other. (Talking Back, 16)

How pleased I am that I have available to me these women's words, the ways in which they articulate their lives and visions, the ways in which they strum both the joy and pain of my soul, the ways in which they sing my life in their songs. They help me to feel that I have the capacity to wake up in my right mind and to help other people to try to do that as well.

Like Stewart, feeling a deep solemnity in my soul, I too stand alone in your midst (41), fired with passion about writers who are too easily defined out of places like canons. I stand alone in your midst cloaked with a sense of mission to speak out in the interest of a sense and sensibility that should not be ignored, regardless of whether it happens to emerge from a history, a set of experiences, and a community of discourse that have been marginalized. I stand alone in your midst, but I am protected by the spirits and words of my mothers and sisters who speak better for themselves than I could ever speak for them. I breathe them in. I am wholly inspired, so I am not alone, and I can tell you without apology about the wonders that I have beheld in death-defying classrooms that have the

good sense to actively resist hierarchies, polarities, margins, and centers.

Those of you who have been around for awhile will recognize that the core of what I am meandering through this evening is the same core that I presented on the Gender Panel two years ago and on the Continuing the Conversation Panel last year. In fact, I admit that sometimes I actually feel, like it or not, that these issues have taken possession of a certain number of my brain cells and just won't let go. In my most optimistic of moods, I say that the reading, teaching, and valuing of literature constitute a core of what has come to be for me ongoing challenges, interests and beliefs that seem to surface and resurface in all sorts of ways as I move or find myself confronted in this academic arena as teacher, scholar, and active member of the profession of English Studies.

At other, less optimistic times I feel beseiged when people automatically assume, not only that I have a substantive opinion about all dimensions of a terribly complex dilemma--which I usually do, but also that I have answers that might actually translate into a magic set of tried and true solutions that will most certainly work for them--which I know that nobody that I know really does. When I'm not feeling beseiged, I sometimes feel haunted by thoughts that just seem to linger and linger in

one form or another in my heart and in my consciousness, and that is when I come up with titles like:

Eat, Drink, and Be Merry, for Tomorrow You Teach.

In keeping with yet another African American tradition, I could consider these words conjure words and ask that you open yourselves to the possibilities of the images that the conjuring spirits might evoke.

Let's consider Bread Loaf to be a training ground in pretty much the same way that the nation state of Sparta had for its warriors a training ground. Each summer Bread Loaf electrifies the Vermont soil, trees, and air to create a space, filled with much, though not all, that might nurture minds, hearts, and English major bodies and spirits. It becomes a place where we experiment with ourselves, pushing to the edges of our strengths so that we can determine more clearly what we know and don't, what we can do and can't. It is a place in which there is the constant reminder that we really should leave our arrogance behind and get down to the real business of teaching and learning. It becomes a place from which we can emerge like warriors who have honed our craft, refined our art, and steeled our hearts and backs so that we can do our jobs well--on our own.

We recognize, as in Spartan days, that battles rage around us. There are camps here and there, vying for truth, authority, and control. We

understand the importance of preparation because the stakes are very high, the lives and futures of our children, the sanity of us all. We prepare to rise to our greatest challenges, helping our neighbors to understand academic freedom and what it means to lead a life of the mind, helping our colleagues to feel resilient when conditions are unfavorable, helping ourselves to cross the threshholds of our classrooms when what we want is to bring the joy of learning but what we get is a loss of faith in teachers and American education, kindergarten through university.

Within such turmoil, I find it useful to keep myself keenly aware of the challenges that are raging, just to remind myself that apathy kills. Then, I go in search of coalitions, such as this one here at Bread Loaf where I can find like-minded people who care and want to make the world a better place. Then, driven by yet another symbol from my African American culture, I imagine that my conspirators, the people who are breathing with me, and I are seated around a quilting frame, with each of us identifying our particular patch. I try for a small and manageable piece as I ask myself questions like:

> Given all the hoopla about literary canons and such, what in the world are we supposed to do with our students when we call ourselves teaching something

named literature?

When we read, analyze, assess, teach, and value literature, what are we really trying to do? Not just what is the focus of our efforts (as in which texts) or even the nature of the work (as Dick Brodhead spoke last year about the ways in which the "work" of our discipline has ebbed and flowed in one direction or another over time), but what are the terms of the engagement? What are the principles by which we live as a nation, as a people, as human beings in the presence of other human beings that would make, or perhaps should make, it reasonable to select, arrange, and preserve the pieces that we do in the ways that we do?

Imbedded in these questions is the notion that in carving out the space that we will call literature; in naming what will be our canons, the bodies of appropriate work that will command our attention; in going through canon formation and text selection processes, somehow we seem

to be operating at step two or three or four in the scheme of things without having taken into account the maze of steps that might bring us to a particular point in terms of how classrooms and curricula get made and how learning becomes engaged. My sense has always been that our attention in all of this ruckus over what we will read, analyze, and value is really in the wrong place. It seems to me that we're being distracted by symtoms of our dilemma and not paying enough attention to the sources of it. My intuition (which through many long discussions with my psychologist friends, I've come to view as the "overdrive mode" by which we operate based on the coalescing of our experiences), my intuition tells me that there should be something happening and something acknowledged before these concerns.

Continuing in this intuitive mode, the voice that I hear so persistently in my head is Anna Julia Cooper's voice. In 1892 in a collection of essays entitled A Voice from the South by a Black Woman of the South, Cooper says:

> Our money, our schools, our governments, our free institutions, our systems of religion and forms of creeds are all first and last to be judged by this standard: what sort of men and women do they grow? How are men and women being shaped

> and molded by this system of training, under this or that form of government, by this or that standard of moral action? You propose a new theory of education: what sort of men does it turn out? [emphasis mine]. . .I care not for the theoretical symmetry and impregnable logic of your moral code, I care not for the hoary respectability and traditional mysticisms of your theological institutions, I care not for the beauty and solemnity of your rituals and religious ceremonies, I care not even for the reasonableness and unimpeachable fairness of your social ethics,--if it does not give us a sounder, healthier, more reliable product from this great factory of men [her emphasis, not mine]--I will have none of it. I shall not try to test your logic, but weigh your results--and that test is the measure of the stature of the fullness of a man [again, her emphasis, not mine]. (282-283)

On several occasions the echoes and reverberations of this quote have pushed me to consider, much more directly than my training in English Studies has encouraged, the question of what sort of human beings I would ideally want to see our choices of curricula, pedagogy,

content, and assessment to produce.

My training did not encourage me to include such questions in my definition of quality or value or excellence in the teaching, learning, and valuing of literature. The model that I experienced fits more comfortably into a mode that privileges subject matter, not people. My training encouraged me to consider the center of the enterprise to be the literature, and not just any literature, but literature that has stood some ill-defined test of time. My job was to find creative ways to convince all kinds of students from all kinds of backgrounds that literature and the liberal arts in general are essentially to be loved, appreciated, embraced pretty much for their own sake, as a sign of culture and achievement, and used perhaps to sooth a savage breast, but not necessarily for such mundane things as the possibility that teaching and learning are about people or that the teaching and learning of literature has residual effects in terms of the sort of people that are left in the wake of whatever the formal teaching and learning have been.

In my formal education, I was not primed to take into account the impact of my choices, only the glory of them. I was not sensitized to the idea that literature, as a product of hearts, minds, and souls is by default also a mechanism by which hearts, minds, and souls can be touched,

expanded, changed, and encouraged to break through the boundaries of their own personal histories and even their known and unknown potential. I was not encouraged to notice the authority, power, and responsibility that rest in the hands of teachers, scholars, and educational policymakers as we really do influence for good and ill the making and shaping of human beings and human potential. I was not alerted even to the notion that teaching and learning are in direct response to the world in which we live and in direct service of the needs that our society has determined that schools, colleges, and universities as socio-cultural institutions will meet. Nor, heaven forbid, was I ever encouraged to even guess that there might ever be the notion that a term like "American literature" is in essence a deeply rooted socio-cultural construction that, in effect, as Dick illustrated last year, we have been re-inventing in each generation since we started thinking about such a thing.

Cooper's words, though, suggest to me that the center of the academic enterprise, with the reading, teaching, and valuing of texts as one dimension of it, is not texts at all or even institutional mandates. The center of the enterprise is people, and the ways in which we nurture and sustain them as they are enabled to gain access to information, to process and use that information variously, and to articulate, interpret,

reinterpret and render for themselves visions, lives, history, and culture. The ongoing task is trying to figure out the uses to be made of resources, tools, and strategies in the interest of human beings who should be able to develop to the fullest of their possibilities.

The challenge is not in choosing to canonize texts for a living, not even the ones that I particularly care for. The challenge is in choosing to find ways by which the richly endowed varieties of text that are available to us around the globe, throughout the literate world might mediate in our quest to understand and maximize human potential as these humans might find ways to continue leaving behind legacies of achievement by which others like and unlike themselves might learn and be inspired, legacies that are quite likely to add to the frustrations of future educators who might have to make choices that are even more difficult than our own.

For me, then, the very first, perhaps the only, and certainly the most critical term of engagement in the reading, teaching, and valuing of literature is that human beings, not books, are at the center of the enterprise. What this means to me is that everything keys to this principle, so that the first act of teaching and learning for me is to acknowledge who the human beings are (students and teacher) who are engaged in this process and to offer tickets of admission into my

classroom to as many of these individual distinctions as I can, as I make and remake my courses.

June Jordan, in a collection of essays entitled, Technical Difficulties: African American Notes on the State of the Union (1992), helps me to articulate the layers of my resistance and desire. One message in her collection is that we should rethink what she names the "American illusion of autonomy" and "delusions of individuality." After having isolated herself for several months in what she called a "coastal wilderness," she says:

> I am waking up in the middle of some American dreams that have tormented most of us throughout most of our American history!. . .I look forward to my return to this new American dream, this dream of the civilized metropolis that will validate the democratic state. There I will have less time for theory (and which American one of us is somebody theoretical?). . . There, in our American city, I am less likely to stare, like a retarded barbarian, at somebody who is an Arab or someone who is Filipino, or someone who speaks Spanish. As I awaken from my misbegotten dreams, I am planning to

> stop my American habits of genteel make-believe: I will not pretend that I do not understand terror, or terrorism. I will not pretend that it is privacy and fame and quiet that I want when what I need is a sanitary, safe and reliable subway or public bus system, an attractive apartment that I can afford to rent, a clean and welcoming community Laundromat, a local and inexpensive, crowded restaurant, and other different hundreds and thousands of unknown but knowable Americans always around me. And then, as often as possible, at night, I want and I need an ostensible stranger who will lie beside me becoming someone I love at least as much as I love myself.
>
> I do not believe that these new American dreams of mine mark me as special, or different. In these longings, and in this faith, I do not believe that I am living alone in America. But you will have to let me know: Am I?

My answer is that Jordan is not living alone in America. There are at least two of us. I believe that in this country we speak very glibly about such notions as individuality and autonomy, but our very glibness seems to render differences invisible, to situate our notions of autonomy within

acts of disconsciousness, and to make acts of power, authority, and entitlement, like the reading, teaching, analyzing, and *writing* of literature the domain of a privileged few. The result, too often, is that we talk about students, Americans, human beings, and literature as if there were a generic variety instead of the exceedingly rich range of choices that there are. In my opinion, our habits make it virtually impossible for us to make any sense at all out of what we call our national literature. If we can not see and accept the reality of who in the flesh the "people" of the United States are, then how can we even begin to draw appropriate parameters for what might constitute a core experience of American literature, even when we try to view this core as dynamic and flexible rather than static. In a nation that prides itself in words like justice, rights, and equity, classrooms should not be places where those values are placed outside of the door. In my mind, students should have the right to see and to demonstrate what a singular mind, heart, eye, and soul might say or do within the context of a particular community but then have the expectation to have to imagine what other worlds might be like and how those within those worlds have represented such places. As Toni Morrison says:

> As a reader (before becoming a writer) I read as I had been

> taught to do. But books revealed themselves rather differently to me as a writer. In that capacity I have to place enormous trust in my ability to imagine others and my willingness to project consciously into the danger zones such others may represent for me. . .imagining is not merely looking or looking at; nor is it taking oneself intact into the other. It is, for the purposes of the work, *becoming.* (Playing in the Dark 3-4)

In my opinion, our work, like Morrison's work is high risk. We structure activities that take us and our students through all kinds of zones that have within them danger, the danger of growth, the danger of intellectual development, the danger of learning, the danger of seeing that human beings in all of their variety are after all quite human. A basic challenge is to find ways to encourage people to develop their powers of imagination and then to use them so that they are able to operate as learners with the expectation of surviving the inevitable chaos of it all and still managing to find their own rewards. My dream is to see a world in which people have the courage and compassion to imagine themselves in better worlds and the commitment to work relentlessly to make it so.

As Anna Julia Cooper suggests, for a little while anyway, why can't

we substitute the development of human potential for our obsessions for drawing lines and circles and reimagine the place that literature might hold within this process. We might engage in a number of classroom inquiries that still might seem familiar, but let's recast them so that the people are there. We might engage, for example, in a search to understand ourselves more fully, which I believe to be a fundamental advantage in the study of literature; or a search to understand our connections to knowledge, i.e., to the known and the knowable more fully, which I believe to be an advantage of having cultural variety in literature; or a search to transmit what we understand to our young more meaningfully and more productively, which I believe to be more likely with a dialectical vision. What I believe that we will always find is that teaching in our world demands conscious thought and that there will be an everpresent need to think more flexibly about what we want a course or a curriculum to do and why we want it to do that; based on which and whose assessment of needs; in response to what demands; in keeping with what visions, values, attitudes; on what intellectual authority; toward what ends, outcomes, expectations. These are questions about vision, values, attitudes, and expectations, all of which inform how and why we shape and direct our teaching and constitute the genesis of intellectual power, authority, and

also responsibility.

The voice that stands out for me at this point belongs to the Ghanaian-born poet, Abena Busia (Testimonies of Exile, 1990). I believe that whatever we do with theory, with practice, with literature in our classrooms should not leave us as Busia says:

> stranded on the shores of Saxon seas ("and I am a woman," 5)

The warning is to move with care, recognizing, as Busia says, that:

> this razor's edge of human choice is all we have ever had
>
> ("Sermon from Riverside," 74)

On our shoulders is the responsibility of deciding well, not just in good faith, but in good conscience with good information and considerable thought. We must think beyond the singularity of the teaching of literature, or developing literacy, or making curricula. We must act with the courage of our well-deliberated convictions, with compassion that underscores a recognition of our interconnectedness with others, with a desire to talk and to listen well, with an understanding that survival is a cooperative venture, and that teaching and learning are a human enterprise.

So, again, remember this metaphor, eat of the food of Bread Loaf, drink from the nectar of Vermont, rejoice in the company of your

conspirators, and ready yourselves, for tomorrow you teach, and if we are lucky our students will learn and so will we all.

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
PRESENTS

THE LOVER

by Harold Pinter

Directed by Cathy M. Plourde

and

TOP GIRLS

by Caryl Churchill

Directed by Janet Field-Pickering

JULY 27-30, 1993

THE LOVER

by Harold Pinter

Directed by Cathy M. Plourde

CAST

Sarah.....Teri West

Richard.....Daniel Robb

John.....Michael Chirco

Stage Manager.....Mary Heers

Advisor.....David Keith

Thanks to Alan MacVey and Greg.

There will be a 10 minute intermission between the plays.

For your convenience, a bathroom facility is placed outside the barn. Please refrain from using Earthworm Manor.

TOP GIRLS

(1st scene)

by Caryl Churchill

Directed by Janet Field-Pickering

CAST

Marlene.....Ann DiBiasi

Waitress.....Anne Barton

Isabella Bird Bishop.....Susan Hawley

Lady Nijo.....Jenifer Fox

Dull Gret.....Julie Chase

Pope Joan.....Lucia Kendall

Patient Griselda.....Ellen Temple

Stage Managers.....Sandra Porter
and Patty Phaneuf

Assistant Stage Manager.....Anne Barton

Advisor.....Anne Scurria

Special thanks to Patrick Horgan
and Alan MacVey.

TECHNICAL CREW

Technical Director.....John Pomeroy
Lighting Designer.....Susan Terrano
Light Operator.....Rich Mullins
Sound Designer.....James Dougherty
Theater Associate.....Walter Boswell
Theater Assistants.....Tal Birdsey,
Elizabeth Marshall,
and John Woodworth
Theater Technicians.....Karen Marks
and Rafael Stepto
Property Master.....Drayton Foltz
Costume Design *The Lover*..Jenny Fulton
Costume Design *Top Girls*....Alex Sargent
Stitchers.....Hope Burwell
and Kelly Yann

Special thanks to the American
Repertory Theatre.

Bread Loaf School of English

presents

UNCLE VANYA

by

Anton Chekhov

translated by Pam Gems

Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday

August 5, 6,7, 8 1993

Burgess Meredith Little Theater

8:30 p.m.

CAST

Marina.....Janet Atkins

*Mihail Lvovich Astrov.....Bruce Vieira

+Ivan Petrovich Voynitsky.....Brian McEleney
(Uncle Vanya)

+Aleksandr Vladimirovich.....Warren David Keith
Serebryakov

*Yelena Andreyevna.....Vanessa Marshall

+Sofya Aleksandrovna (Sonya) .....Cindy Rosenthal

+Ilya Ilyich Telygin (Waffle).....Stephen Berenson

*Marya Vassilyevna.....Carol MacVey

Yefim.....Blair Holmes

*Members of the Bread Loaf Acting Ensemble
+Ensemble Members who appear courtesy of Actor's Equity
The understudies for this evenings performance are Barry Press and Anne Scurria.

The play takes place at a country estate in Russia, about 1896.

Act I - Early summer
Act II - Mid summer
Acts III & IV - September

THE ACTING ENSEMBLE was founded at Princeton University in 1977 by Daniel Seltzer and Alan Mokler MacVey. After three years it was discontinued but was reestablished at Bread Loaf in 1986. The idea behind it is simple: professional actors can be a valuable resource to a university community. Members of the Ensemble bring their talents to classes in literature, poetry, writing and theater. They help professors and students explore texts by finding the specific voices inherent in any piece of literature. They lead improvisations, work one-on-one with students, and assist small groups that are developing dramatic material. They also do their own work as artists as they present a major p roduction and other work.

STEPHEN BERENSON is an actor, director, playwright and teacher. He is a member of the Trinity Rep Acting Company and co-director of the Trinity Rep Conservatory in Providence, Rhode Island. This is his seventh summer at Bread Loaf.

WALTER CLAY BOSWELL this year celebrates his fifteenth summer as the scenic and lighting designer for Bread Loaf Theater. Walter lives in Cleveland, where he works in educational theater and does free lance design.

WARREN DAVID KEITH is pleased to return to Bread Loaf where he was last seen in Red Noses by Peter Barnes. He has worked in regional theaters throughout the country, appeared in several films including Raising Arizona and The ManhattanProject, and last year directed productions at Yale University, The New School for Social Research and LaMama ETC in New York City.

ALAN MOKLER MacVEY is Director of the Acting Ensemble and Supervisor of the Theater Program at Bread Loaf. In his eighteen summers at Bread Loaf he has directed sixteen productions, including The Seagull and The Cherry Orchard by Chekhov. He is also Chair of the Theater Arts Department at the University of Iowa.

CAROL MacVEY, along with fellow Bread Loaf student, Betty Bailey, ran props for the 1972 Bread Loaf production of Uncle Vanya. 1993 marks Carol's twenty-first summer on the mountain. She teaches acting here and at the University of Iowa

VANESSA MARSHALL is currently earning a Master's Degree in acting at New York University. She received her Bachelor's degree in English at Princeton University. This is her second summer at Bread Loaf.

BRIAN McELENEY is a member of the acting company at Trinity Rep in Providence, Rhode Island, where he most recently played Malvolio in Twelfth Night, the role which first brought him to Bread Loaf in 1984. He is also Co-director of the Trinity Rep Conservatory, a two-year professional training program for actors, directors and playwrights.

CINDY ROSENTHAL is enjoying her sixth summer as a member of the Bread Loaf Acting Ensemble. She lives in New York City where she works as an actor, director and teacher. She is currently completing a PhD in Performance Studies at New York University.

BRUCE VIEIRA has trained both at the professional training program at Circle in the Square in New York City and the University of Iowa. He is currently a member of the Public Trust Theater Company in Chicago where he will be directing a stage adaptation of Charles Dicken's Hard Times.

THEATER STAFF

Director.....Alan MacVey
Scenic & Lighting Designer.....Walter Clay Boswell
Costume Designer.....Ellen McCartney
Properties Master/Asst. to Designer.....Drayton Foltz
Technical Director.....John Pomeroy
Production Stage Manager.....Suzanne Keith

Master Electrician.....Susan Terrano
Shop Foreman/Sound Operator.....James G. Dougherty
Carpenters.....Karen Marks
Richard Mullins
Assistant to the Lighting Designer.....Elizabeth Marshall
Theater Assistants.....Tal Birdsey
Elizabeth Marshall
Gabriel Stepto
Rafael Stepto
John Woodworth
Stage Hand.....Jordan Adair

Costume Shop Manager.....Jenny Fulton
Head Draper/Wigs.....Gail Buckley
First Hand.....Alexandra Sargent
Costume Shop Assistants.....Hope Burwell
Kelly Yann
Theater Manager.....Teri West

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

American Repertory Theater
Shawna Boll & The Madrigalists
A.D. Carson
Cleveland Playhouse
Ann DiBiasi
Rose Ferraro
The Friendly Folk at the Front Desk
Dick Foreman
Elaine Hall & Marilyn Delaney
Jason Hassell
Leo Hotte & His Crew
Lynn Jeffery
Cindy Lee
Pittsburgh Public Theater
Allison Rimmer
Monique Walker
Jeff Webster
Woody, Steve & Mark
University of Iowa Theater Arts Department

The performance lasts about 2 hours and 40 minutes
including one 10 minute intermission

STATISTICS

1993 First Year Students

Vermont Campus, Andover Writing Workshop, Piney Woods Workshop

Mark Aiken
Ralph Allen
Kathrin Ankermuller
Asha Appel
Greg Applestein
Janet Atkins
Mark Bailey
Sylvia Barlow
Nelson Barnes
Anne Barton
Kimberley Benedict
Betsey Bowers (Andover)
Jacqueline Brewer (Piney Woods)
Mary Burnham
Anne Burridge
Chase Byron
Jane Caldwell
Barb Callow (Andover)
Anna Catone
Scott Christian
Jennifer Clapp
Pam Clark (Andover)
Ray Collins (Andover)
Mamie Crockett (Piney Woods)
Liza Crowley (Andover)
Suzanna Dali (Andover)
Otis Dampeer (Piney Woods)
Gwendolyn Dawkins (Piney Woods)
Carolyn Deering
Jane Donnelly
Mary DuBose
Tracy Edwards
Ann Eilert
Betsy Etchells
Barbara Everson
Pauline Evon
Leslie Fortier
Chad Graff
Eve Grubin
Ben Hale
Carolyn Hardy
Jane Harvey
Grant Healey
Mary Heers
Barbara Holland (Piney Woods)
William Blair Holmes
Allison Holsten
Patrick Horgan
John Horner
Walter Ingebritson
Bruce Ingersoll
Doris Ivy (Piney Woods)
Marilyn Jennerjohn
Annie Johnson (Piney Woods)
Cora Jones (Piney Woods)
Doris Jones (Piney Woods)
Jeffrey Kohen
Kelly Kwiatkowski
Julie Letellier (Andover)
Kathy Loughlin (Andover)
Karen Loutzenheiser (Andover)
Catharine Lynch
Sukane Mao (Andover)
Eloise Martin
Carlotta Martza
Robin McConnell
Barbara Kernan-McCullough
James Mason (Piney Woods)
Janice McBride (Piney Woods)
Steven Mentz
Phyllis Milder (Andover)
Susan Miera
Karen Mitchell
Margaret Montgomery
John Morse
Myyon (Andover)
Janet Olson
Patricia Parrish
Edward Parsons
Leigh Partridge (Piney Woods)
Margaret Poole (Piney Woods)
Sondra Porter
Bobbi Randall (Andover)
Stan Renfro
Elizabeth Rice
William Rich
Ray Rothermel
James Schmitz
Roland Schweighofer
Mary Seed (Andover)
Pamela Self (Piney Woods)
Suzanne Senn
Norma Sheff
Betty Ann Sleslinger
Sarah Smith
Lisa Snook
Lori Song
Cynthia Stefanik (Andover)
Joyce Summerlin
Leslie Talmadge

Iris Teipelke
Ellen Temple
Linda Thomas (Piney Woods)
Loretta Thomas (Andover)
Joyce Thurman (Andover)
Betsy Trask (Andover)
Laura Trimmings (Andover)
Peggy Turner
Yolanda Underwood (Piney Woods)
Cheryl Vann
Sadi Vincent (Andover)
Scott Wagy
Jeffery Walker
Maxine Whiting (Andover)
Katherine Williams (Piney Woods)
Pearl Wilson (Piney Woods)
Douglas Wood
John Woodworth
Rosemary Woullard (Piney Woods)
Kelly Yann

1993 Bread Loaf School of English, Vermont

Scholarships for Rural Teachers of English

First Year (5)

Greg Applestein	West Rockport, Maine
Anne Barton	Orwigsburg, Pennsylvania
Jane Caldwell	Bolton Landing, New York
Carolyn Deering	Kyle, South Dakota
Mary Heers	Mendon, Utah

Second Year (4)

Garrett Andrews	Keaau, Hawaii
Michael Browne	St. Paul Island, Alaska
Michael Chirco	Penn Yan, New York
Rebecca Cummins	Potomac, Illinois

Third Year (1)

Josie Seymour	Brunswick, Maine

Fourth Year (5)

Hope Burwell	Dundee, Iowa
Laura Cook	Fresno, California
Cathy Harris	St. Francis, South Dakota
Sandra Robey	Traverse City, Michigan
William Wiles	Rutland, Vermont

Fifth Year (3)

Margaret Cintorino	Castleton, Vermont
Andrew Green	Shoreham, Vermont
Karen Wessel	Homer, Alaska

Total: 18

Gates Scholarships

First Year (1)

William Holmes	Vail, Colorado

Total: 1

1993 Bread Loaf School of English, Vermont

DeWitt Wallace/Reader's Digest Scholars

First Year (30)

Janet Atkins	Brunson, South Carolina
Sylvia Barlow	Chinle, Arizona
Mary Burnham	Newbury, Vermont
Scott Christian	Kenai, Alaska
Mary DuBose	Pawleys Island, South Carolina
Ann Eilert	Los Alamos, New Mexico
Barbara Everson	Honea Path, South Carolina
Pauline Evon	Kwethluk, Alaska
Leslie Fortier	Collins, Mississippi
Chad Graff	Kayenta, Arizona
Carolyn Hardy	Laurel, Mississippi
Jane Harvey	West Chesterfield, New Hampshire (teaches in Vermont)
Grant Healey	Huntington, Vermont
Allison Holsten	Palmer, Alaska
Carlotta Martza	Santa Fe, New Mexico
Robin McConnell	Abbeville, South Carolina
Susan Miera	Santa Fe, New Mexico
Karen Mitchell	Douglas, Alaska
John Morse	Brevig Mission, Alaska
Janet Olson	Many Farms, Arizona
Patricia Parrish	Hattiesburg, Mississippi
Sandra Porter	Trapper Creek, Alaska
Stan Renfro	Fort Wingate, New Mexico
William Rich	Montpelier, Vermont
James Schmitz	Keams Canyon, Arizona
Norma Sheff	Chama, New Mexico
Betty Ann Slesinger	Columbia, South Carolina
Joyce Summerlin	Dudley, North Carolina
Ellen Temple	South Burlington, Vermont
Peggy Turner	Tupelo, Mississippi

1993 Named Scholarships in Vermont

The Hazel Haseltine Adkins Scholarship - Talmadge Birdsey

The Lillian Becker Scholarship - Kelly Neal

The Challenger Award - Jean LeBlanc

The Reginald and Juanita Cook Scholarship - Ellen Pearson

The Kathleen Downey Memorial Scholarship - Hope Burwell

The Margaret Fielders Scholarship - Marjorie Kleinneiur

The Laurence Holland Memorial Scholarship - Douglas Kilmister

The John M. Kirk, Jr. Memorial Scholarship - Laura Cook

The Charles Orr Memorial Scholarship - Patricia Travis

The Dulcie Scott Memorial Scholarship - Susan Fine

The William Sempreora Memorial Scholarship - Susan Campbell

The Wylie and Lucy Sypher Scholarship - Laura Dickerman

The Clemson/Bread Loaf Writing Awards -
- Greg Applestein
- Elizabeth Rice
- Norma Sheff
- Douglas Wood
- Sally Zitzmann

The Bread Loaf Teacher-Research Awards -
- Garrett Andrews
- Robert Baroz
- Phyllis Bivins
- Rebecca Cummins
- Suzanne Price

The Robert Frost Chair Professorship - Carole Oles

The Frank and Eleanor Griffiths Chair Professorship - Annabel Patterson

The Ruth and Lillian Marino Professorship - Ken Macrorie

AWARDS NIGHT, 1993

Bread Loaf School of English, Vermont

Tonight is Awards Night, when we recognize just a few of the people among us for the excellence of their work at Bread Loaf.

I'm pleased first to name the recipients of what are known as the named scholarships, the scholarships which have been established in memory of former Bread Loaf faculty, staff, and students. The recipients of the named scholarships have already, months ago, been informed of the amount of the financial grant they have received this summer; tonight's occasion only gives the name to those awards and singles out these people for particular recognition for academic excellence and for other contributions to the community.

I'll ask each recipient to stand and then be seated and let the rest of us clap our hands.

The newest scholarship is the Hazel Haseltine Adkins Scholarship, established on the evening of commencement in 1991 by Mrs. Adkins of the Middlebury College class of 1916, in honor of her grandson John Platt who was graduating with his Bread Loaf class that night. One of your nicer graduation presents. I'm very happy to award this scholarship to Tal Birdsey.

Lillian Becker was the Bread Loaf secretary for over 20 years, famous, in Joseph Battell fashion, for resolutely shutting down the office when she wanted to attend the class she had chosen for herself that summer. I'm happy to award the scholarship in her honor to another old Bread Loaf hand, Kelly Neal.

Reginald Cook, or "Doc" Cook was one of the legendary directors of Bread Loaf. His widow, Juanita Cook, still lives in Middlebury and takes an active interest in the School. The scholarship named in honor of Reginald and Juanita Cook goes this year to Ellen Pearson.

The Kathleen Downey Scholarship was established in memory of a Bread Loaf alumna who died just as she was beginning a career in teaching. Her family and friends have continued to contribute to the fund in her memory every year. This year' recipient is Hope Burwell.

Margaret Fielders is a living Bread Loaf legend, at work, at this point, on her fourth Bread Loaf degree. The most unusual thing about this summer is that Margaret is taking the summer off. She will be pleased to know of the recipient of this year's scholarship, Marjorie Kleinneiur.

The Laurence Holland Scholarship is named for a great scholar and teacher remembered with admiration and love by many people in the room tonight. He was known as one of the most brilliant of Bread Loaf teachers, and the scholarship is given each year to someone with those same qualities. This year's recipient is Doug Kilmister.

John M. Kirk, Jr. was a Middlebury and Bread Loaf graduate who died young while pursuing yet another degree at Oxford. His parents, some of the most munificent of Bread Loaf's benefactors, added a scholarship in his name to their many other gifts to Middlebury and Bread Loaf. The John M. Kirk, Jr. Scholar for this summer is Laura Cook.

Mr. Anthony Penale was a man who came to Middlebury as a student during the Depression. Financial difficulties forced him to withdraw before he was able to complete his degree, but he established an award at Bread Loaf to ensure that students in the future would be able to make their way through. His gift, named in honor of Christa McAuliffe, is called the Challenger Award. This year's recipient is Jean LeBlanc.

I myself arrived at Bread Loaf only in the last years of one of the School's most beloved and saltiest neighbors, Dulcie Scott. The Scott family came to Joseph Battell's Bread Loaf, and

they eventually bought some property which, before so many trees grew up, looked down upon Bread Loaf from the East. Dulcie herself was well-known for her intense sociability at her house with the widest and most hospitable porch in Vermont and equally well-known for her defiance of porcupines and coyotes, whom she was likely to treat in highly politically incorrect ways. Upon her death, her friends contributed to a fund in her name. This year's recipient of the Dulcie Scott Scholarship is Susan Fine.

Another name that is still familiar to many Bread Loaf people is Bill Sempreora, a great lover of Bread Loaf at Oxford who died while he was still pursuing his M.Litt. there. This scholarship was established in his name by his wife Meg and his many friends. This year's recipient is Sue Campbell.

Wylie Sypher was one of the most celebrated of Bread Loaf teachers, a teacher who like Elizabeth Drew, had students who wished to memorialize him so that his name would be mentioned and honored even when only one or two were left at Bread Loaf who remembered him. The scholarship established in his name and that of his wife Lucy is awarded this year to Laura Dickerman.

Another young Bread Loaf student who died at an appallingly early age was Charlie Orr, memorialized in the small garden in back of the Inn as well as in the annual Charlie Orr Run. I'm happy to award the Charlie Orr Award to someone as central to the life of Bread Loaf as Charlie was: Trysh Travis.

Clemson/Bread Loaf Grants:

Thanks mainly to the indefatigable efforts of Dixie Goswami, Bread Loaf is able to award each summer a number of grants of $2,500 each for teachers to involve their classrooms in projects funded by the program called Clemson Writing in the Schools. The awards to students at Bread Loaf/Vermont this year go to: Greg Applestein, Elizabeth Rice, Norma Sheff, Douglas Wood, and Sally Zitzmann.

Bread Loaf Teacher-Research Awards:

Middlebury College and the Bread Loaf School have made additional funds available for teacher-research projects, with awards of $500 each. The Vermont winners of the Bread Loaf Teacher-Research awards are: Garrett Andrews, Robert Baroz, Phyllis Bivins, Rebecca Cummins, and Suzanne Price.

Finally, the Bread Loaf Professorships.

The Ruth and Lillian Marino Professorship was founded in 1990, as a result of the largest alumnae gift in the history of the School. Tonight's recipient is the fourth Bread Loaf faculty member to be appointed to the Chair. He is certainly among the half-dozen writers and thinkers who have had the most impact upon an entire generation of teachers of writing in American schools. Possibly, more people have attended the Bread Loaf School specifically to study with him than with any other faculty member in recent memory. A few years ago, an Alaska teacher told me that she had come all the way across the continent to Vermont to take his course, and perhaps pick up a second course from someone else while she was here. His students already know his books, such as **Writing to be Read** and **Twenty Teachers**, long before they have ever met him. He has spent the last two summers in Santa Fe, where he helped to inaugurate our new program there. He is now back in Vermont, and we're glad to welcome him back as the Marino Professor: Ken Macrorie.

The Robert Frost Chair was originally established by friends of the poet to honor his forty-two summers of lecturing at Bread Loaf. The Chair has been held by some of the most distinguished members of the Bread Loaf faculty over the years, and this year's recipient adds another famous name to that august list. She has been practicing poetry among us for six years and encouraging the writing of poetry in a long succession of workshops famous equally for

their attentiveness to the needs of the young poets in the workshop and for the poetic talent of the workshop leader herself. You know that talent firsthand, since you heard her read just last night. And soon you will be living under her benevolent rule as interim director. One of her most well-known poems, "In Time, with Holsteins," from her 1991 volume, **The Deed**, shows a familiarity with cows and their effluvia perhaps unsurpassed by any other poet. We are therefore happy that she is the Bread Loaf resident poet in this, the Wood Jackson Cow State. Carole Oles.

The Frank and Eleanor Griffiths Chair was established by David B. Griffiths, of the Bread Loaf class of 1967, in honor of his parents. This year's Griffiths Professor is that most admirable of professors who shakes her students into attention by the rigor and high standards of her expectations, which some of them at first despair of meeting, and who then shows them how to draw upon their own native stuff to exceed those expectations. She is, to say the least, an immensely prolific scholar, having written widely, brilliantly, and influentially on the literature of the Early Modern period. She is as well someone eager to discuss her own critical practice, precisely because she is deeply concerned about the critical practices of all educators, and their implications, both good and bad. She is also one of the people I had foremost in mind when I mentioned on opening night that there are some Bread Loaf professors who have themselves been marked and changed by their experience of teaching Bread Loaf students. She is the bracing and witty and tough-minded Annabel Patterson.

I'll see you again, in just a little while, at the Elizabeth Drew Memorial Lecture.

1993 Bread Loaf School of English

General Statistics

Vermont Campus, BL/Andover Workshop, BL/Piney Woods Workshop

Student Attendance by states:
(according to applications)
41 states; 8 foreign countries

Alabama	18
Alaska	8
Arizona	4
California	15
Colorado	5
Delaware	3
District of Columbia	1
Florida	1
Georgia	7
Hawaii	3
Idaho	1
Illinois	1
Indiana	1
Iowa	1
Louisiana	4
Maine	4
Maryland	8
Massachusetts	26
Massachusetts (Andover)	9
Michigan	3
Minnesota	2
Mississippi	6
Mississippi (Piney Woods)	19
Missouri	3
Nebraska	1
New Hampshire	7
New Jersey	15
New Jersey (Andover)	7
New Mexico	6
New York	22
North Carolina	1
Ohio	1
Ohio (Andover)	3
Pennsylvania	13
Rhode Island	2
South Carolina	8
South Dakota	2
South Dakota (Andover)	2
Tennessee	2
Texas	3
Utah	3
Vermont	20
Virginia	8
Washington	3
Wisconsin	3
Columbia	1
Germany	3
Japan	2
Kenya	1
Kuwait	1
Spain	1
Sri Lanka	1
Switzerland	1

Vermont Student Enrollment	250
Men	97
Women	153
BL/Andover Student Enrollment	21
Men	2
Women	19
BL/Piney Woods Enrollment	19
Men	2
Women	17
Total Student Enrollment	290
Total Men	101
Total Women	189
Former Students (all 3 sites)	170
New Students (all 3 sites)	120
Vermont Campus ONLY	
Number of Courses	33
Total Number of Faculty	26
Faculty teaching one course	17
Cancellations	81
1993 M.A. Degrees, Vermont	38
1993 M.A. Oxford	4
1993 M.A. Santa Fe	3
1993 M.Litt. Degrees, Vermont	3
1993 M.Litt. Oxford	2
1993 M.Litt. Santa Fe	0
Vermont, Financial Aid Students	144

Candidates for M.A.	217
Candidates for M.Litt.	7
Candidates for M.M.L.	1
Undergraduates	1
Continuing Education	24
Undesignated	0
Auditor	0
Off-campus students	67
Pre-1988 B.A. or B.S. degree	165
Average age of students	33
Median age of students	30
Students under 21	0
Students 21-25	39
Students 26-30	89
Students 31-35	36
Students 36-40	26
Students 41-50	46
Students 51 & over	12
Private School Teachers	98
Public School Teachers	81
College & Jr. College Teachers	8
Undergraduates	1
Graduate Students	6
Ph.D. Students	3
Unemployed	13
Other Occupations	40
Students Taking 3 Courses	7
Students Taking 2 Courses	234
Students Taking 1 Course	9
Auditors	0

APPENDIX A

Profile Comparisons of the Bread Loaf School of English
New Mexico, Oxford, and Vermont - 1993

	New Mexico	Oxford	Vermont
Enrollment	59	54	250
Student Average Age	35	35	33
States Represented	24	22	41
Foreign Countries Represented	4	8	8
Student/Faculty Ratio	8:1	5:1	10:1

Occupations	New Mexico		Oxford		Vermont	
	#	%	#	%	#	%
Private School Teachers	20	34	23	42	98	39
Public School Teachers	14	24	13	24	81	33
College & Jr. College Teachers	3	5	6	11	8	3
Undergraduate Students	1	2	0	0	1	1
Graduate Students	4	6	2	4	6	2
Ph.D. Students	0	0	0	0	3	1
Unemployed	3	5	3	6	13	5
Other Occupations	14	24	7	13	40	16

1993 Bread Loaf School of English: **Faculty Load**

Faculty	Total	Breakdown
Armstrong, Isobel	40	21 + 18 + 1 IWP
Armstrong, Michael	16	15 + 1 ISP
Babb, Valerie	14	14
Benston, Kim	14	14
Clubb, Dare	10	10
Elder, John	10	10
Goswami, Dixie	15	15
Huddle, David	32	12 + 19 + 1 IWP
Jaskoski, Helen	12	12
Lezra, Jacques	18	17 + 1 IWP
Lueders, Edward	13	13
Luftig, Victor	32	20 + 12
Lunsford, Andrea	25	13 + 12
Macrorie, Ken	15	14 + 1 IWP
MacVey, Alan	10	8 + 2 ISP
MacVey, Carol	19	12 + 7
Oles, Carole	12	12
Pack, Robert	17	16 + 1 IWP
Patterson, Annabel	26	11 + 15
Patterson, Lee	35	15 + 20
Sabin, Margery	17	17
Sadoff, Dianne	17	17
Sponsler, Claire	25	15 + 10
Stepto, Robert	21	19 + 2 IWP
Wofford, Suzanne	17	17
Andover Workshop	21	21
Piney Woods Workshop	19	19

1993 Bread Loaf School of English: **Course Enrollments**

2. Writing and Editing Prose Non-Fiction	Macrorie	14
5. Poetry Writing	Oles	12
6. Fiction Writing	Huddle	12
11. Power and the Sublime in Romantic Poetry	Armstrong, I.	21
13. Literature, Law, and Censorship	Patterson, A.	11
17. History and Theories of Writing	Lunsford	13
18. Playwriting	Clubb	10
19. Chaucer	Patterson, L.	15
28. Shakespearean Tragedy	Wofford	17
32. Milton and His Contemporaries	Patterson, A.	15
34. Nineteenth-Century Narrative	Sadoff	17
39. Contemporary American Short Story	Huddle	19
44. Conflict and Community: Shaping English Identity	Sponsler	15
58. Autobiography in America	Stepto	19
86. Stories and Essays: Writing for Advocacy and Social Action	Goswami	15
98. Modernist Literature in England and Ireland	Luftig	20
104. The Epic: From Classical to Christian	Patterson, L.	20
108. Contemporary Irish Literature	Luftig	12
109. Fiction of Empire and the Break Up of Empire	Sabin	17
110. Women's Writing From the Margins	Armstrong, I.	18
121. Topics in Arican-American Literature	Benston	14
124. Acting II: Shakespearean Texts	MacVey, C.	7
125. Independent Summer Reading Project	Staff	3
126. Independent Winter Reading Project	Staff	7
129. Acting Workshop	MacVey, C.	12
137. Racial Perceptions and the Creation of Nineteenth-Century American Literature	Babb	14
139. Directing Workshop	MacVey, A.	8

149. Gender, Ethnicity, and Teacher Research	Lunsford	12
172. Practice of Narrative From Infancy to Adulthood	Armstrong, M.	15
195. The Poetry of Robert Frost and Wallace Stevens	Pack	16
200. A Worksohp in Nature Writing	Lueders	13
208. Cultural Theory	Sponsler	10
209. Bread Loaf/Andover Writing Worksop	Bernieri	19
211. Native American Literature	Jaskoski	12
222. The Fictions of Latin America	Lezra	17
223. Stories on the Trail	Elder	10
225. Bread Loaf/Piney Woods Workshop	Staff	19

Bread Loaf School of English: **Enrollment Figures**

1920	51
1921	84
1922	102
1923	112
1924	100
1925	105
1926	106
1927	130
1928	115
1929	116
1930	129
1931	111
1932	103
1933	62
1934	74
1935	163
1936	179
1938	175
1939	173
1940	225
1941	237
1942	137
1943	63
1944	72
1945	97
1946	135
1947	173
1948	194
1949	207
1950	188
1951	165
1952	146
1953	115
1954	139
1955	121
1956	121
1957	122
1958	130
1959	161
1960	192
1961	192
1962	195
1963	206
1964	211
1965	225
1966	222
1967	224
1968	208
1969	213
1970	224
1971	219
1972	215
1973	200
1974	219
1975	197
1976	184
1977	206
1978 (VT)	200
1978 (OX)	59
1979 (VT)	197
1979 (OX)	53
1980 (VT)	212
1980 (OX)	58
1981 (VT)	242
1981 (OX)	64
1982 (VT)	254
1982 (OX)	64
1983 (VT)	243
1983 (OX)	83
1984 (VT)	233
1984 (OX)	72
1985 (VT)	243
1985 (OX)	79
1986 (VT)	258
1986 (OX)	83
1987 (VT)	249
1987 (OX)	80
1987 (AN)	8
1988 (VT)	245
1988 (OX)	78
1989 (VT)	247
1989 (OX)	72
1989 (AN)	16
1990 (VT)	241
1990 (OX)	74
1990 (AN)	16
1991 (VT)	236
1991 (OX)	51
1991 (NM)	66
1991 (AN)	12
1992 (VT)	241
1992 (OX)	57
1992 (NM)	79
1992 (AN)	17

VT = Vermont
OX = Oxford
NM = New Mexico
AN = Andover
PW = Piney Woods

1993 (VT)	250
1993 (OX)	54
1993 (NM)	59
1993 (AN)	21
1993 (PW)	19

Continuing Graduate Education Students

Ralph Allen
Janet Atkins
Mary Burnham
Alan Cattier
Carolyn Deering
Mary DuBose
Ann Eilert
Barbara Everson
Pauline Evon
Margaret Galvin-Scott
Chad Graff
Carolyn Hardy
Jane Harvey
William Holmes
Walter Ingebritson
Marilyn Jennerjohn
Marshall Messer
Stan Renfro
Elizabeth Rice
Betty Slesinger
Jane Strekalovsky
Ellen Temple
Cheryl Vann
Douglas Wood

Students Taking Three Courses

Phyllis Bivins
Kathleen Deviny
Susan Dibble
Marian Huntington
Edward Linton
Paul McAdam
Sally Zitzmann

Students Taking One Course

Caroline Eisner
Betsy Etchells
Mary DuBose
Julia Goodwin
Carol Hayes
Monica Matouk
Jane Strekalovsky
James Thompson
Teri West

Undergraduates

Chase Byron	Middlebury College

1993

Candidates for the Degree of Master of Arts

* CHARLES EATON BARAW, JR.
ROBERT P. BARSANTI
RALPH TALMADGE BIRDSEY, JR.
PHYLLIS GENEVA BIVINS
CHARLES WELLS BRITTON
MARTHA STUART BURCHENAL (*in absentia*)
HOPE ELIZABETH BURWELL
JAMES CACOS
JULIE MICHELLE CARMAN
MARGARET A. CINTORINO
LAURA CATHERINE COOK
SUSAN CAROL DIBBLE
LAURA DICKERMAN
SUSAN EMILY FINE
ANDREW M. GREEN
STEPHEN PATRICK GRUNDMEIER
MICHAEL STEVENS HENRIQUES
THOMAS R. HEROLD
KELLEHER JEWETT
* ELIZABETH A. KEUFFEL
DOUGLAS BRIGGS KILMISTER
MARJORIE M. KLEINNEIUR (*in absentia*)
KATHERINE CONE KNOPP
JEAN EVA LeBLANC
NICHOLAS E. LEFFERTS
* ANN REIKO LEW
JENNIFER ANN LISLE
ROBERT TEH-PIN LOW
JAN T. LOWMAN (*in absentia*)
MICHAEL YORK LYMAN
HEIDI LYNE
MONICA C. MATOUK
\+ REBECCA PASSMORE MOBBS
ANDREW BLAKE MULLIGAN
KELLY EARL NEAL
\+ ULRIKE NUESSLER
ELLEN LYN PEARSON
CRISTINE L. PRUCHA
JAMES TRUMAN REEVES, IV
MARY KATHLEEN ROSMUS
MELISSA GOSS SIMONDS
PATRICIA ANN TRAVIS
MICHAEL JAMES VACHOW
\+ JUDITH SWANSON WYLIE
*MICHAEL J. YOUMANS

Candidates for the Degree of Master of Letters

* THOMAS A. ANDREW
JANE SHERWOOD CADWELL
JULIA FIELD GOODWIN
CAROL TABER HAYES
* MARK HARDIN LAWHORN

**Graduated from the Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College, Oxford, August 14, 1993*

+Graduated from the Bread Loaf School of English at St. John's College, Santa Fe, August 12, 1993

1993 M.Litt Students (All Campuses)

New Mexico:

Matthew Fontis

Oxford:

Thomas Andrew
June Farkas
Mark Lawhorn
Irene Nicastro
Catherine O'Connell
Daniel Piquet
Bain Smith
Teri Vest

Vermont:

Jordan Adair
Opal Croke
Caroline Eisner
Elizabeth Marshall
Annie Smith
Carol Tracy
Teri West

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE ALUMNI AT BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

1993

Students

Andrea Baier
Robert Barsanti
Talmadge Birdsey
Douglas Burdett
Anne Bailey Burridge
Tracy Edwards
Betsy Etchells
David Gilbert
Laura Greco
Michael Henriques
Christopher Hiland
William Kirby
Alexandra Mahoney
Monica Matouk
Edward Parsons
Timothy Pratt
Daniel Robb
Paul Siewert
Jane Cram Strekalovsky
James Thompson

Staff

Edward Brown
Nathaniel Burt
Hugh Coyle
Steven Duffy
Alexandra Sargent
Douglas Woodsum

Decline to Waive Rights 1993

Vermont

New Students

Sylvia Ann Barlow
Jane Caldwell
Scott Christian
Mary G. DuBose
Tracy D. Edwards
Leslie R. Fortier
Chad Graff
Ben C. Hale
Carolyn Hardy
Grant Healey
Allison P. Holsten
Marilyn R. Jennerjohn
Carlotta Martza
Susan Miera
Elizabeth C. Rice
Joyce Summerlin
Ellen Temple
Peggy Ann Turner
Cheryl Vann
Douglas Wood

Returning Students

Hope Burwell
James Cacos
Diane Christian
Sam Intrator
Kelleher Jewett
Jean LaBlanc
Elizabeth Marshall
Paul McAdam
Marshall Messer
Cathy Plourde
Robert Rue
Laura Snyder
Keith Stumbaugh
Barbara Wilson

COMMENCEMENT

BREAD LOAF COMMENCEMENT - 1993

1. At 6:00 the graduates meet in the Blue Parlor, where they are joined by the faculty and School guests and are escorted into the dining room.

2. Immediately after the banquet, the President and the faculty robe in Treman, or in the Theater Office if it is raining; candidates for graduation in the Blue Parlor, or in the Costume Shop if it is raining.

3. The procession forms on the porch outside the Blue Parlor. Stephen Duffy and Mark Wright will assist in establishing the line of march. Faculty form behind President McCardell and Mr. Maddox. Graduates form in alphabetical order behind the marshals.

Marshal	Marshal
M.A. Barsanti through Knopp	M.A. LeBlanc through Vachow M.Litt. Cadwell through Hayes

4. As the graduates approach the seats, the marshals will stand by each row of chairs until it is filled, except for one seat at the end for the marshal. Both faculty and students remain standing until everyone has reached his or her seat. At Mr. Maddox's signal, everyone uncaps and is seated.

5. After the ceremony, faculty must return their rented regalia to Treman.

THE PROGRAM

1. Introduction of the Commencement Speaker.

2. The Commencement Address.

3. Introduction of the Hooder; introduction of the President.

4. Presentation of the M.A. candidates to President McCardell. The candidates for the degree will rise at the request of Mr. Maddox. The candidates cap.

5. President McCardell bestows the degree of Master of Arts upon the candidates. The candidates uncap and, as their names are called, individually mount the stage by the stairs at the back.

6. The candidate on stage faces President McCardell, who presents the diploma and congratulates him or her. During this time, the candidate is hooded. (It is important to stand still until the hood is properly in place.) Next the candidate turns toward the person who has hooded him or her and then to Mr. Maddox for their congratulations. The candidate leaves the thrust stage by the down-center stairs and returns to his or her seat. (Please see diagram.)

7. The procedure is then repeated for the conferral of the M.Litt. degrees.

8. Mr. Maddox and the Hooder return to their seats.

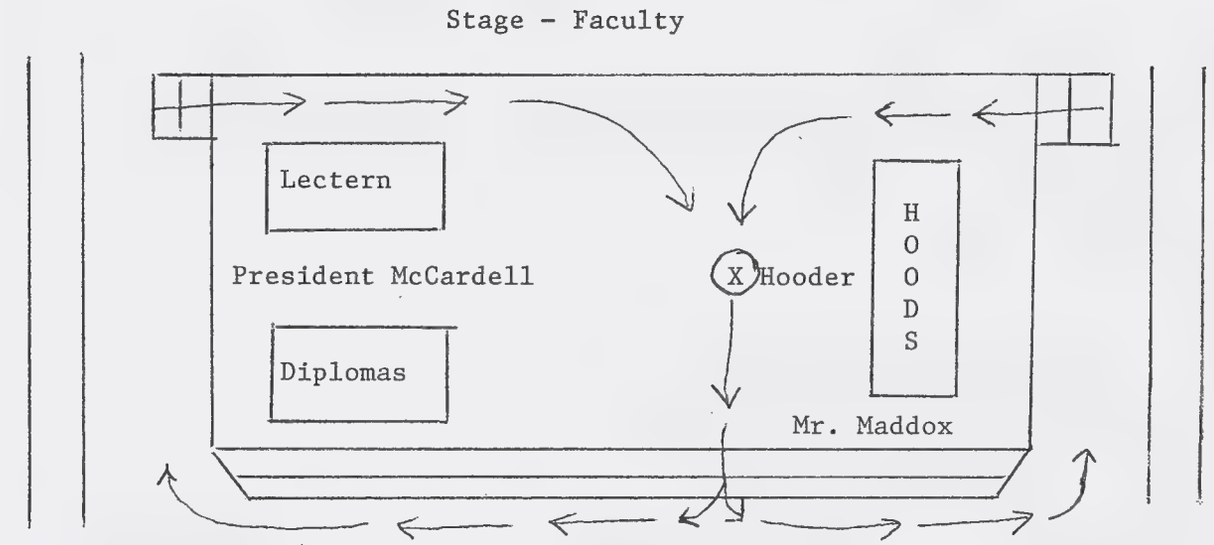
9. The President's remarks.

(over, please)

10. After President McCardell has returned to his seat, Shawna Boll will come forward to the thrust stage and invite the Madrigalists to join her.

11. With the playing of the recessional, all members of the academic procession rise and cap. President McCardell and Mr. Maddox lead the faculty and graduates out of the Burgess Meredith Little Theater onto the West Lawn, where ceremonies conclude with congratulations.

12. A reception will follow in the Barn.



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

The Bread Loaf School of English

SEVENTY-FOURTH SUMMER

Commencement Ceremony

THE BURGESS MEREDITH
LITTLE THEATER

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1993

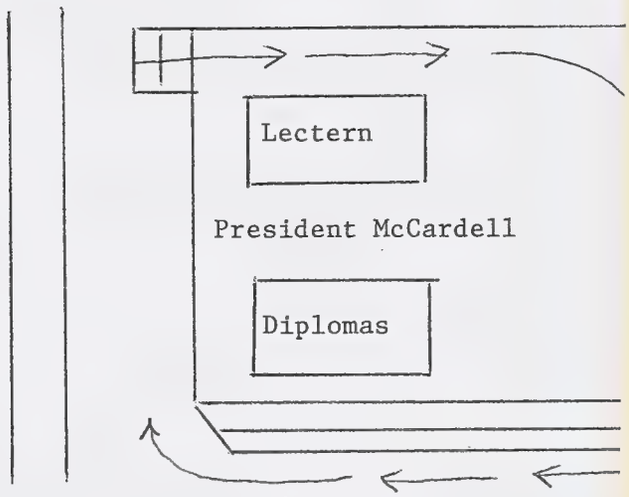
8:15 P.M.

10. After President McCardell has returned to hi
thrust stage and invite the Madrigalists to jo

11. With the playing of the recessional, all memb
President McCardell and Mr. Maddox lead the
Meredith Little Theater onto the West Lawn,
congratulations.

12. A reception will follow in the Barn.

Stage - Facul



Student stands at X to

M.A. L - V
M.Litt. C - H
Marshall

Processional

Introduction of the Commencement Speaker

Julia Field Goodwin

Commencement Address

James H. Maddox, B.A., M.A., Ph.D.

Professor of English, George Washington University

Director, Bread Loaf School of English

Conferring of the Degrees of

Master of Arts

Master of Letters

John McCardell

President, Middlebury College

Hooder

Mark Wright

The Bread Loaf Madrigalists

Recessional

1993

Candidates for the Degree of Master of Arts

* CHARLES EATON BARAW, JR.
ROBERT P. BARSANTI
RALPH TALMADGE BIRDSEY, JR.
PHYLLIS GENEVA BIVINS
CHARLES WELLS BRITTON
MARTHA STUART BURCHENAL (*in absentia*)
HOPE ELIZABETH BURWELL
JAMES CACOS
JULIE MICHELLE CARMAN
MARGARET A. CINTORINO
LAURA CATHERINE COOK
SUSAN CAROL DIBBLE
LAURA DICKERMAN
SUSAN EMILY FINE
ANDREW M. GREEN
STEPHEN PATRICK GRUNDMEIER
MICHAEL STEVENS HENRIQUES
THOMAS R. HEROLD
KELLEHER JEWETT
* ELIZABETH A. KEUFFEL
DOUGLAS BRIGGS KILMISTER
MARJORIE M. KLEINNEIUR (*in absentia*)
KATHERINE CONE KNOPP
JEAN EVA LEBLANC
NICHOLAS E. LEFFERTS
* ANN REIKO LEW
JENNIFER ANN LISLE
ROBERT TEH-PIN LOW
JAN T. LOWMAN (*in absentia*)
MICHAEL YORK LYMAN
HEIDI LYNE
MONICA C. MATOUK
\+ REBECCA PASSMORE MOBBS
ANDREW BLAKE MULLIGAN
KELLY EARL NEAL
\+ ULRIKE NUESSLER
ELLEN LYN PEARSON
CRISTINE L. PRUCHA
JAMES TRUMAN REEVES, IV
MARY KATHLEEN ROSMUS
MELISSA GOSS SIMONDS
PATRICIA ANN TRAVIS
MICHAEL JAMES VACHOW
\+ JUDITH SWANSON WYLIE
*MICHAEL J. YOUMANS

Candidates for the Degree of Master of Letters

* THOMAS A. ANDREW
JANE SHERWOOD CADWELL
JULIA FIELD GOODWIN
CAROL TABER HAYES
* MARK HARDIN LAWHORN

**Graduated from the Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College, Oxford, August 14, 1993*

+Graduated from the Bread Loaf School of English at St. John's College, Santa Fe, August 12, 1993

COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

14 AUGUST 1993

President McCardell, Members of the Faculty, Honored Guests, and, rather more importantly than anyone else this evening, Members of the Class of 1993:

My apologies that you're once again presented with the same old face up here. I rather have the feeling that this year's senior class unconsciously followed that injunction in the television cereal commercial that I think has passed into American folklore: Let's ask Jimmy; he'll give a speech on anything.

When you're Bread Loaf Director, you find that you must master that odd form, an example of which you have just heard from Julia Goodwin--that is, the introduction. If you're the Bread Loaf Director, you present people to the Bread Loaf community, and you try as hard as you can to find at least **something** nice to say about them. My mother, after all, always told me that if you can't find something nice to say about someone, you shouldn't say anything at all. But when I learned that I would be this year's commencement speaker and would have to be introduced myself, I reflected that some people find my mother's advice a little cautious and innocuous; I reflected, indeed, that some people agree more heartily with the sentiments of Alice Roosevelt Longworth, the famous Washington, D.C. hostess, who had, embroidered on a cushion, placed by her on the sofa in her sitting room, the words: **If you**

can't say something nice about somebody, come sit by me. So, mindful that others might share that opinion, I thought of keeping everything safe by, essentially, introducing myself. What an opportunity, virtually unique in a lifetime, for insinuating all those things I have always been secretly nettled that the world has not noticed!

It was then, though, that I recalled one of the most famous episodes in the early history of the English novel, in the 1740's: Henry Fielding's reaction to Samuel Richardson's **Pamela**. Richardson's **Pamela** is the story of a young serving maid, who has to fight off the rather clumsy advances of her master; then, once she has succeeded in defending herself and her virtue, her master falls into postures of admiration and proposes, and Pamela agrees to marry him. **Pamela** when it first appeared was an enormous success; Alexander Pope said that the book "will do more good than many volumes of sermons." Henry Fielding, however, was appalled by Richardson's novel, not simply because he found the book's sexual morality hypocritical, but also because Richardson, in all editions after the first, included, as prefatory material, pages and pages of praise of his own novel, often written by his closest friends. Richardson, that is to say, wrote his own introduction. It seemed to Fielding to be going a leetle bit over the top for Richardson to be laying on such praise of himself with a trowel. And so, when Fielding came to write his send-up of Richardson's novel, entitled **Shamela**, he singled out for mockery precisely this veiled self-adulation. In a short preface to **Shamela**, Fielding included the

following letter, supposedly written to the author:

> Dear Sir,
>
> However you came by the excellent **Shamela**, out with it, without fear or favour, Dedication and all; believe me, it will go through many editions, be translated into all languages, read in all nations and ages, and to say a bold word, it will do more good than the Clergy have done harm in the world.
>
> I am, Sir,
>
> Sincerely your well-wisher,
>
> Yourself

And so, knowing that Bread Loaf is teeming with Fieldings just itching to find a Richardson, in short, I decided not to introduce myself.

Deep thanks to Julia Goodwin. And deep, deep thanks to the senior class for this honor. There is no body of people I admire more than the students of Bread Loaf, and my highest conceit of attainable felicity is to address them as commencement speaker.

I fancy that a major reason I am speaking tonight is that I became Director at the same time that the majority of the seniors became Bread Loaf students. You seniors and I came in as callow greenhorns in 1989. Now that, five years later, we are such sophisticated men and women of the world, let me recall a few of the things that have happened in those five years. When we arrived

in 1989, there was a pestilence of mosquitoes so intense that it made the national network news; I remember remarking on opening night that year that the assembled audience appeared to me to be a gigantic sea-anemone, its arms waving to fight off the attacks of insects. In subsequent years, music began rivalling literature as the major art at Bread Loaf: a female singing group, the Sixpacks, swept the Bread Loaf charts; when an equivalent male group was started, it was suggested that they be called the Empties. At the end of your second year here, I was happy to be able to announce the opening of a new program at St. John's College, Santa Fe, and there we have continued to thrive ever since. Just this past year, one of our greatest teachers, Richard Brodhead, became Dean of Yale College, just as another Bread Loaf teacher, Bart Giamatti, not too many years before, became President of Yale University and then Commissioner of Baseball. When you've been in Vermont, you've seen Shakespeare and Brecht and Chekhov and Stein. Best of all, you have studied with some of the greatest teachers of our time. It wasn't bad coming here in 1989.

You are, you know, an extremely various group. We often say that this is a graduate school for secondary-school teachers; but that phrase compresses far too much variety into too small a compass. There are high-school and middle-school teachers attending Bread Loaf; there are also a number--even if only a small number--of elementary school teachers attending. There are large representations of both public and private school teachers here. There are some teachers still wet behind the ears, in their first

or second year of teaching; there are others who very likely taught Joseph Battell to read and write. There are teachers here in the profession for the long haul, happy at the prospect of engaging with their students until they drop. There are others who are using their Bread Loaf experience to test the waters, and to explore whether they want to leave off school teaching and make the plunge into Ph.D. programs. So at Bread Loaf we have a great array of American educators: there is a faculty assembled from colleges and universities in the United States and the United Kingdom, teaching students who are themselves teachers across the full K-12 spectrum, and who are also for the time being Master's candidates. Every element, every segment of American education is here.

One thing that we simply need to take more advantage of at Bread Loaf is precisely this presence of representatives of the entire spectrum of American educators. Each of us needs to learn more about what the others do, what the others consider their major priorities. Each level of educators needs to know what the demands will be among the next level of educators to whom their students will advance in a few years: high-school teachers need to be consistently aware of the expectations of colleges and universities, so that their students can succeed there. But, just as importantly, educators at the higher levels need to be more aware of what is happening at the lower levels. On my Bread Loaf recruiting travels this past year, for example, I walked into many classrooms, all across the K-12 spectrum; I was struck by the complete reorganization of many classrooms in recent years; and I

wondered how many of my college and university colleagues were really aware of how different classrooms look now, compared to when they, or even their children, were in those classrooms. I was particularly struck, for example, by how very common the multi-centered, student-centered classroom has become in K-12 education, with different groups of students doing quite different things simultaneously; and, as I say, I suspected that at least an appreciable number of college and university professors aren't quite fully aware of this--aware, that is, of how the students in their own classrooms in the coming years will have been molded by different educational experiences and different educational expectations. I was also struck by the manifestly true remark that an elementary-school teacher in Alaska made to me, the college professor, as I wandered, Yeats-like, among schoolchildren: "We know," she said, "what's really going to be happening in a new generation long before you do." My point here is exceedingly simple. We need more dialogue among ourselves, back and forth, simply so that the different parts of our segmented educational system are more intelligently aware of how they fit--or fail to fit--together.

But let me get back to my point about the mingling of levels of education at Bread Loaf. Many a Bread Loaf student over the years has mentioned to me one of the implications of this scenario of teachers teaching teachers: each Bread Loaf faculty member who enters a classroom is teaching in two ways: teaching the specific knowledge that the course is designed to impart, but also,

most often unconsciously, demonstrating through example his or her own way of engaging students, imparting knowledge, and receiving knowledge in turn.

We teach in different ways here: I confess that I have always been, not so much uncomfortable, as puzzled at the expression "the Bread Loaf way of teaching." Some classes operate on vertical models, others on horizontal models. I am saying this, while acknowledging that few, if any, Bread Loaf classrooms are pure versions of either. Classrooms that work on the vertical model are those in which the teacher is likely to establish a level of discourse that makes the students strain to encompass and fully understand it. The teacher is clearly the figure of authority in the classroom, and the students are obviously in the classroom because they know less about the subject than the teacher does, and they want to benefit from the teacher's explanations of the subject. The classrooms that work on a horizontal model are those in which a teacher goes further in the direction of establishing a community of learners, in which the teacher's authority, while still there, is less elevated above the students. I'll break the ice by admitting that I, like almost all teachers, tend to fall into one of these categories rather than the other--and my own category, for better or worse, is in fact the first one. One of Bread Loaf's most revered teachers, whom I won't name, but whom you'll probably recognize, seems to me a perfected model of the second category. When she rose to deliver the commencement address a year ago, I was certain that she was going to give a five-minute

address and then encourage her listeners to break up into small groups to discuss it and tell her whether it was any good or not.

Regardless of which model they follow, the one common denominator among all the great teachers I know is an ability to learn from their students. Every year, as everyone knows, the Bread Loaf faculty fill out comment cards on each student they teach. I have the occasion to read almost all of those comment cards, and I find that one of the most frequent mantras on them goes something like this:

> She did good work all summer, but I was frankly unprepared for her paper on Text X, which I have taught a dozen times and flatter myself I know backward and forward: she showed me things about it that I had never noticed in those dozen readings.

The great teachers are always prepared to be surprised, delighted, and instructed by something the student has taught them. I've said it before, and I'll say it again. The well-known Bread Loaf story is the story of what this faculty dispenses to the students. The great untold story is the story of what the faculty itself learns, the story of how individual faculty members are changed by teaching the remarkable people we find in our classrooms up here.

One of the most memorable things I learned this summer from a student came from reading a really powerful autobiographical fragment she passed along to me, a piece about parental alcoholism and abuse, one of those autobiographical pieces that make one ask:

how did she rescue herself, to become the person she is today, out of so awful, so harrowing a past? What I was eventually led to reflect upon was why the subject of autobiography and the entire autobiographical mode seem to be so prominent at Bread Loaf. Think of the courses in biography and autobiography that have been taught here in recent years, and think how enthusiastically they've been received, and then reflect with me on some of the reasons why: Robert Stepto's course on autobiography, Tilly Warnock's, Hertha Wong's in Santa Fe. Think of Charles Ferguson's course on biography, and Ken Macrorie's courses, and Michael Armstrong's preoccupation with narratives, including narratives about oneself, and courses by Dixie Goswami and James Britton. The final course that I taught at Bread Loaf, on first-person narrative, was called Making Yourself Up. Or, to conclude, there was the single most memorable Bread Loaf take-home assignment I have ever heard of. My first year here, David Huddle sent his fiction-writing class back to their rooms for the weekend, with the injunction to return to the next class the following week, with 50 pages of autobiography in hand, which they would proceed to mine for their stories for the rest of the summer.

Why is this? Why all this concern with autobiography? Well, I think I know at least one of the answers, although it takes a couple of minutes to explain. To begin answering, I have to ask another question. Why do people come to Bread Loaf--or, rather, why do they come **when** they come to Bread Loaf? It's my private feeling --and I suppose now it'll become my public feeling--that those are

the most interesting questions about this place. Why do people come, and why do they come **when** they come? Most people don't come for the same reason they went to college or even for the same reason they went to other graduate schools--because that seemed the next automatic step in their lives. No, coming to live on a blackfly-infested plateau in the Green Mountains--even if it does look like Paradise--and living with a roommate whose snores could wake the dead is not the next automatic step in **anyone's** life. It's my own sense of things that many--not all, but many--people come to Bread Loaf because they have reached some critical pass, some decision-making crisis in their lives. One reason why Bread Loaf is not a place for sissies is that the students here are often sitting in judgment upon their own lives, trying to decide what the verdict should be. Most often--by no means always, but most often--the judgement and the verdict involve the teaching that they have decided is their life's vocation. Whether teaching at a prestigious prep school, a small-town public school, an inner-city school, or a reservation school, they have found . . . well, they have found a lot of things. Sometimes they have found immovable school administrators opposed to anything that smacked of reform; or they have found their students caught up in the vices and illnesses that plague American life. As people strongly inclined toward a generosity of spirit, these teachers must sometimes ask themselves whether their efforts are not lost, wasted on the desert air. Do their efforts add up? Is there really something to justify the worst class-days, the bureaucratic frustrations, the low pay? These people, I would submit, are interested in autobiography. The

autobiographical effort is, depending upon your metaphysics, an attempt either to discover or to construct the sense of purpose and significance in one's life. That impulse is very strong indeed among many of the people who end up coming to this school with the strange name in Vermont. That impulse is the very opposite of a narcissistic activity for teachers, since a huge part of a teacher's efforts is really devoted to assisting students to discover or construct, in the largest sense, their own autobiographical narratives, by leading them to believe in the possibility of growth--and growth **toward** a goal.

It's for this reason, I think, that there is very often a doubleness of purpose in people's coming to Bread Loaf. One reason, the primary reason, has to be that people come out of a great love for literature, for reading and writing. The enthusiasm, the love, the passion for these subjects is the great foundation of the place--the great foundation, indeed, even as we continue to debate what we take literature and reading and writing to be. Out of this passion grows what I have always called the Bread Loaf Piranha Effect. I always used to find, in my own Bread Loaf classrooms, that something almost frightening happened when I asked the class the first question of the summer. I tossed the question out, and there was immediately a violent roiling of the waters as everyone attacked the question, and when the waters cleared, all that was left was the bones, picked clean. That was the passion of the Bread Loaf classroom--and that's the passion that keeps us all, students and faculty alike, coming back.

But the other great impulse for coming to Bread Loaf is the effort to retake one's bearings, to find once again one's place in relation to the profession, to what one thought one's teacherly life was going to be, and to the rather different idea that one now has of what it should be in the future.

One of the great efforts of virtually all the courses here at Bread Loaf is the effort to have teachers reflect upon their careers as teachers and to discover or to construct the narrative thread of their professional autobiographies.

So far I've said little more than that this is a place with an extremely diverse population of teachers, teachers at different levels, teachers in different sorts of institutions, teachers with different ideas of what goes on in classrooms. But diversity, in and of itself, buzzword though it is, is neither a vice nor a virtue. What advantage do we take of this diversity?

This summer, I think I've reflected, more than ever before, that we don't take enough advantage of our diversity. We don't talk enough, and openly enough, in ways that assist us to cross boundaries. This is true of the boundaries between our literature and writing and theater course; it's also true of the perceived boundaries between the interests and priorities of public and private school teachers. I have occasionally worried during my five summers as Director--and perhaps I've worried a bit more this summer than in the past--that these different segments, these

different interests among us, find themselves opposed rather than working to a common goal. Were this feeling to become widespread, it would be the greatest of tragedies for us, since this institution is so clearly **the** place, **the** place in the country, mind you, where mutually beneficial dialogue should be a major activity --and where, I resolve, it **will** be.

Maybe the oddest thing about this place is the double sense that one has of it, especially in the closing days, and above all on commencement night. The place is extraordinarily intense; but it is also as transient as a puff of smoke. Long before this time tomorrow, we'll all be gone. I touch upon the same doubleness of feeling when I say that the place is valuable to you only if and when you leave it. What you have gained in your four or five years here is valuable only insofar as it gives you more **power**, of personal, critical, and pedagogical sorts, to return to the flatland world. You will be doing that tomorrow; some of you will even set out on that journey tonight. Use what you have been given and what you have taken from here. Don't forget your Bread Loaf years, but don't embalm them either. Enact what you've learned. Thank you.

FUND RAISING LETTER

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

12 November 1992

Dear Friends of the Bread Loaf School:

I am writing to ask you to consider making a gift to Bread Loaf during our Annual Giving campaign. As the economic bad times are lingering on and on, I realize that gifts are harder than usual to come by. But, because of those hard times themselves, many Bread Loaf students are in more need of financial aid.

It has been one of Bread Loaf's glories that, throughout our history, we have considered as a special constituency teachers who work under conditions of hardship. If we are going to continue attracting those teachers, the School must be able to offer generous assistance. Bread Loaf students, graduates, faculty, staff, and friends have over the years displayed their own generosity in making gifts to the School; I am appealing once again to that generosity this year.

Please notice that there are two additional scholarship funds on the Annual Giving card this year. First, the Bread Loaf Class of 1967 gave a gift this past summer to help found a scholarship in memory of Beth Cubeta, who died in December, 1990. I am sure that the many friends of Beth who knew her at Bread Loaf during her almost quarter-century there will be happy to have the opportunity to contribute to a memorial in her name. I sent out word of Beth's death in last year's letter; but if by any chance you have not received word before and would like to write to Paul Cubeta, his address is: Woodley Park Towers, 2737 Devonshire Place, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20008.

The second scholarship listed for the first time is the Hazel Adkins Scholarship. Mrs. Adkins, a 1916 graduate of Middlebury, gave a very generous gift to Bread Loaf upon the occasion of her grandson John Platt's graduation in 1991; she then gave a second gift, matching the first, in 1992. Rick Commons was the first Hazel Adkins Scholar last summer.

I've come to regard this letter, over the years since I've become director, as a major means of conveying news to the entire Bread Loaf community--since this is my one chance during the year to write to all of you. So here's what's been happening and here are a few things that will be happening soon at the three Bread Loaf sites.

Bread Loaf/Vermont hosted a National Endowment for the Humanities Institute in Drama in 1992; we had twenty high-school teachers from across the country in attendance--all of whom may, if they wish, count the Institute as their first Bread Loaf summer and now return in pursuit of the M.A.

The Little Theatre is no longer called the Little Theatre. Burgess Meredith the actor gave a very sizable gift to Middlebury College this past year, and in his honor the site of our plays and Drew Lectures and other activities is now the Burgess Meredith Theater. I have invited Mr. Meredith to Vermont in 1993, and I hope that he will visit us in the newly named theater.

Those of you who attended Vermont in 1992 will be happy to hear that almost all of the first-year teachers in 1992 will be returning: Kim Benston, Margery Sabin, and Claire Sponsler. In addition, several old friends on the faculty who were not in Vermont in 1992 will be returning in 1993: Isobel Armstrong, Michael Armstrong, Jacques Lezra, Ed Lueders, Andrea Lunsford, Ken Macrorie, Lee Patterson, Dianne Sadoff, and Susanne Wofford.

For those of you who weren't in Vermont in 1992, you should know that we have a newly established Bread Loaf Poetry Prize--a gift from the estate of Robert Haiduke--henceforth to be awarded annually. This past summer, Carole Oles and Bob Pack chose co-winners from the huge number of submissions from the Bread Loaf population. The two winners were Julia Goodwin and Kristen Lindquist.

At Vermont in 1993, there will be a completely new and innovative course, to be taught by John Elder. Provisionally entitled "Stories on the Trail," its content will be the works of various writers on nature in New England. Its content, though, is not its unique feature. John and ten or twelve Bread Loaf students will hike 100 miles along the Long Trail, starting from Ritterbush Camp just south of the Canadian border and arriving at Bread Loaf in the last week of the School. The course will involve a daily hike over moderately rugged terrain; at the end of each day's hike, the participants will set up camp and hold seminars and writing sessions. Most of the reading will have to be done before the beginning of the hike, and there will be a major follow-up piece of writing. The tentative dates are July 23-August 8. The one disadvantage of the course is that anyone participating will be able to take only one Bread Loaf course in the summer of 1993. But, then, because the course will run for less than three weeks, there will be a substantially reduced tuition charge. John is right now preparing further information and a special questionnaire for those interested in applying for this course. If you would like further information on the course, write to Elaine Hall at the Bread Loaf office with your request. Because of its special nature, it will be possible to apply for this course ahead of other courses on the 1993 Bread Loaf curriculum.

Carol MacVey too will offer a course for which Bread Loaf

students may apply early: an advanced course in acting. If you would like to take this course, you must submit evidence of some previous formal training in acting (such as Carol's own Acting Workshop) in order to be considered. Elaine can send you additional information on this course too.

Both John Elder and Carol MacVey will make early decisions on the applicants to their courses, so that those who don't gain entrance won't be shut out of their fall-back choices.

Those of you headed for Oxford will be delighted to hear that Stephen Donadio has agreed to serve as director there. Appropriately, he will be teaching a course on American encounters with Europe. In addition, there will be two other new faculty members at Oxford, David Bradshaw of Worcester College, who will be teaching courses in modernism, and Robert Young of Wadham College, who will be teaching a course on Gothic Romanticism. There is one other piece of good news about the Oxford program: Middlebury College has agreed to my request that there be no rise in Bread Loaf fees there in 1993.

Bread Loaf will be back in New Mexico for the third summer in 1993. Several faculty affiliated with Vermont for longer or shorter periods will be teaching in Santa Fe this summer--among them Michael Cadden, John Warnock, and Tilly Warnock; Hertha Wong and Valerie Smith will also be returning to Santa Fe. The director of the Santa Fe program in 1993 will be Lucy Maddox.

On other matters, news has filtered through to us about several honors won by Bread Loaf people since the ending of the 1992 session. Among current Bread Loaf students, Rich Kent has been named Teacher of the Year in Maine, and Lois Rodgers has been named Teacher of the Year in Mississippi; former Bread Loaf student John Forsyth has been named Teacher of the Year in Montana. This is a quite extraordinary hat-trick for Bread Loaf teachers--and there are very likely even more Bread Loaf Teachers of the Year out there, whom we simply haven't heard from. Another honor: Laura Dickerman won the 1992 Ralph Nading Hill Literary Prize; her winning poem was published in the autumn 1992 issue of **Vermont Life** magazine. Congratulations to all.

Once again, I hope you will be able to consider a gift to Bread Loaf this year, so that others can attend our programs in Vermont, Oxford, and New Mexico. If you recall your own summers at Bread Loaf as the formative experiences they have been for so many people, I hope you will help some person now to undergo a similar experience. I look forward to seeing many of you next summer.

Best wishes,

Jim Maddox

James Maddox
Director

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Bread Loaf School of English Support Fund

I/We wish to support the Bread Loaf School of English.

Enclosed is my/our gift of $_____

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❑ Please check if you work for a matching gift company.

Checks should be made payable to Middlebury College, Gifts may also be made in securities by assignmewnt to Middlebury College. All gifts are tax-deductible. Our fiscal year ends June 30th.

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Please credit my gift to the following:

- ❑ The Annual Scholarship Fund
- ❑ The Endowment Fund in support of:
  - ❑ The Hazel L. Adkins Scholarship
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  - ❑ The Beth Cubeta Memorial Scholarship
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  - ❑ The Elizabeth Drew Memorial Lecture
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  - ❑ The William Sempreora Memorial Scholarship
  - ❑ The Wylie and Lucy Sypher Scholarship

THE CRUMB

THE YEAST



On the last day of some writing classes
writers are customarily asked
to give advice to newcomers.
Here are selected pieces from the past.

Some names have been changed or omitted
to protect against embarrassment or injury.

The writers speak for themselves,
not for the institution.

Bread Loaf School of English
Middlebury College
Middlebury, Vermont 05753

TAP YOURSELF

Good news: The most difficult thing you will have to do at Bread Loaf, you have already done. You got out of your car. Now, all you need to do is remember why. And now that you are here, be like a sponge. Absorb. There are so many pools of thought here to soak in and grow. Stimulating candlelight dinners are not a myth in this Camelot. Tap yourself like a Vermont sugar maple and let those juices flow.

ONE OF YOUR BEST DAYS

Just relax. Most of the people around you will probably be new, too. You've probably already witnessed several couples hugging within a few minutes of your arrival. Hopefully, one of those pairs will be me and someone I've always wanted to hug but never had the courage or excuse to do it. But really, just relax, because the people here, old and new, will take care of you.

You probably feel like a lot of college freshmen, but just think how ch more mature you are than back...whenever. If you find yourself standing in a line or alone in a room, my suggestion is to be somewhat socially aggresive. Smile and say, "Hi." You'll probably be relieving someone of the same anxiety that you're feeling.

If you happen to be alone in your room, then don't be alone. Go for a walk. It's not that big here. You won't get lost. And there will be people, Bread Loaf people, great people, somewhere close. Ask any question—it has to turn out right. If it is addressed to an old student, you'll have it answered and you'll know one more little thing about life on the Mountain. If you approach a new student, you'll both feel relief in knowing you're in the same boat. It may seem hard to believe right now, but this will be one of your best days. Make it happen.

SOME HANDY ADVICE

When you came around that curve in the road and saw the big blue sign that says "Caution! Students!" did you wonder who was being warned? The Bread Loaf students or the rest of the world? I did.

Actually, it was a good thing I slowed down when I saw that sign. Not only because Bread Loaf goes by in two seconds if you're cruising, but also because there were people hugging each other all over the place—on the sidewalk, in the road, on top of the stone wall. They were oblivious to everything. I wondered if someone was going to rush up and hug me when I stepped out of my car.

No one did. I felt a bit like an alien, being the only unhugged person in sight. So I got down on the ground and did some stretching exercises, both because I was tired from the long drive and because it gave me something physical to do. All the huggers were laughing and squealing.

But here was the real trick. It's hard not to feel overwhelmed in your first hours; everyone expects you to feel overwhelmed. But if you act as if you've been here before, strange things happen. When I gravitated toward the front desk, I was so dazed by everything that I must have seemed perfectly composed. Bob Handy shook my hand and said, "Hey! How have you been?" as if I was a Bread Loaf veteran.

"Fine, fine," I said, giving his hand the old squeeze. Then I had to ask questions which revealed me as a green rookie. "I could have sworn I knew you," Bob said. We laughed.

Whoever you are reading this, you green rookie, I'm sure you've seen that "green" is the color to be here at Bread Loaf—it's exalted, not lowly. People do everything to help you. And now, why don't you go up to Bob Handy, put out your hand, and say, "Hi Bob, how've you been?"

COMPANY

Ann started crying again. I told her that she might need vitamins or a diet change. I felt like leaving in the car to end the moment of goodbye. I either wanted to be there or go somewhere else.

I put on the tape player and drove off. I felt tired but like I wanted to floor it and get to Vermont fast. The mountains felt kind of generic; I remembered the way my stomach felt hollow last time, but no details of the specific mountains seemed interesting. Just green, lumpy, and hollow in my stomach.

Driving got exhausting and I relaxed my arms; I tried to use less muscle and just guide the car. Thought about pulling off and napping but I got coffee instead.

Crossing New York in the rain I felt like stopping, not going back or going ahead. I didn't want to go anywhere, just sit. I wanted to be in Vermont.

When I got into Vermont I stopped at a travel center. I really needed

to talk to the workers; I was starting to think of the car as company. But as I left there I began to picture Bread Loaf. It was starting to look like a place with people. My mannerisms and behavior would be seen; I was embarrassed.

ON THIS GREEN GROUND

First put two feet on the ground, this green ground, and try to leave behind the dogs, cats, horses, gardens, dishes, and relationships you knew in that other life on that other planet Earth. You can't get everything out of Bread Loaf you possibly could if you have one foot in your other world, so put both feet down here.

Learn to take showers. Take off all your clothes, put all your soap and stuff in there, get in, and then and only then start the water. Wash necessities first like hair and underarms, and if you have pressure left, not to mention hot water, do the luxury items.

Learn to get along with not very much sleep—you can sleep the rest of your life, but you won't see the hay field under a full moon very many times, so you'd do better to lose sleep and breathe the air while you're here.

Probably a good idea to develop an exercise program. It's easy to eat too much, especially for dinner.

Learn to go home again before you have to—it doesn't last forever, and you have to be able to adjust for, prepare for, reentry; or like the space capsule, you will burn up. Not everyone in your other world will care what happened to you here, so reserve a little pocket of your mind just for your memories, not to be released to the air—just for you to hold onto.

Don't preach—just smile.

NOT DEODORANT

Did you bring everything? I'm not talking about the deodorant and hair dryer. I'm talking about the important stuff that you need at Bread Loaf.

What about risk? Instructors will want you to try new things. You'll need ointment for growing pains. Instructors may say that your thinking is too surface if your writing is wan. You'll need patience. The mailbox combination might not work and neither will the phone, and your brain won't work as fast as you want it to sometimes. A paper may take twice as long as you thought it would. Formulating a response in class may take as long, too.

What will you take from here? What will you pack? Questions, for one. Self confidence, for another. Friends, too.

During a thunderstorm one Saturday night last summer, four Bread Loafers gathered in one room. Standing in the doorway, I announced, "The Indian paper's finished."

"Let's hear it," one said.

"No. It's too long. Besides you have your own papers."

"Does it look like we're working?" another asked.

As one reads my paper, another sat in the rocking chair burying her head in a pillow with each flash of lightning. Two sprawled on one bed, and I sat on the foot of the other. They said this was fun.

"Needs transition here."

"Are you talking about Itasca State Park?"

"Nice image."

When they finished, the storm was over and my paper revised. That's Bread Loaf.

REAL PLACES

On the second night, Sarah, Julie, Claudia, and I decided we'd skip the Bread Loaf dining hall and go to the Pizza Cellar for a large super supreme and a pitcher or two of beer. Our faces ached from all the smiling we'd done in the past two days.

"Besides," said Claudia, "if I have to tell anybody one more time where I'm from, I'll scream." I had been on good behavior from the moment I had set foot on the green grass of the Green Mountains in front of the green-shuttered Inn. And as I began to meet other teachers from all over the U.S., I began to feel green in more ways than one.

I knew everyone here except me was probably a genius. Hadn't the manual said competition to get in was rigorous?

My roommate told me she had graduated with a B.A. from Yale, an M.A. from Harvard, and was working on her Ph.D. at Berkeley.

Me, you ask? Oh, I just went to a little college in Wisconsin, Eau Claire. Nothing big.

I plopped two Alka Seltzers in a glass and decided to phone home. But then I met Sarah, and Julie, and Claudia. They drank beer, said, "shit," and came from real places like Iowa and Nevada, and I began to feel better.

The nervous rumbling in my stomach subsided, was replaced with heartburn from the onions on the pizza, and I relaxed. Made more friends. Decided this wasn't a place out of my reach, but a place to grab and hold close.

AND ON THE EAST COAST?

What am I doing in summer school again? And on the East Coast?

I'd done both—summer school and the East Coast—before. Then I'd been grumpy at having surrendered my summer, and the grumpiness had lasted past Christmas.

All this effusion. The arms, and squeals of delight as returnees greeted each other. I kept my distance.

Today as I prepare to leave this special place, I cry as I think of saying goodbye to Kathy and Mary and Faith. Each has looked after me, crossed the distance I set for myself and brought me into the community. I don't want to lose them.

I know what waits me at home. I know how busy my "real life" is and how little time I have to write even those duty letters of "please" and "thank you." Perhaps I'll break a score of traditions and send Christmas cards for the first time. There'll be one for Mary saying, "Thanks for the swim" and one for Faith with private things only she will recognize. And Kathy—there will be a picture of Katie in exchange for one of her Kristin. Probably I'll forget as I always do.

But I'll look for them when I return. And my arms will go out and my voice will squeal.

I HATED IT

When I left Bread Loaf last summer, I hated it. I knew I would never return. After being home two weeks, I longed for Bread Loaf.

I remembered the intimidation I felt. This place was out of my league; I should return to Arizona. I didn't understand my writing class—it wasn't the kind of writing I knew.

By springtime, I was ready to come back. I realized how much I had grown because of Bread Loaf. I would try again.

YOU CAN WEAR JEANS

Arrive at Bread Loaf naked, please. Oh, you can wear jeans, sneakers, and T shirt; but strip away all masks, laurels, and titles. They get in the way. Sit stark naked at dinner and in class and absorb the warmth and wisdom of the naked person facing you.

Babies have no choice. They come into the world bareassed. You don't need to go that far. But if you want a real birth experience—and that's what Bread Loaf's all about—you've got to enter that Vermont world with your ego and defenses down. Otherwise you don't communicate—you posture. You talk at someone, not with them.

NOT WINNING

Up through Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, and especially over into Vermont, the water flowed lavishly—not from the sky, but from my eyes. I was leaving my kids and my husband to come to Bread Loaf to study. Here was the opportunity of a lifetime and what do I do? I cry. Over and over I said to myself, "What the hell is the matter with you? You've always wanted an opportunity like this. Rusty and Melissa are almost grown. Orion can take care of myself!"

It was indeed a puzzlment. Finally, as I came out 125, I faced the ugly truth. I am a coward. Of course I fear the work at Bread Loaf. But that's just a little part of it. My cowardice is deeper—more a selfish type of cowardice—nourished for many years. I fear responsibility. "What if something happened while I was away that could have been prevented that I been there?" I fear fate and having to face up to taking a chance nd not winning. I cried <u>for myself</u>. For my fear of being held responsible for all the accidents, the quarrels, the disorder at home.

YOU CAN WRITE

Don't sweat it—you can write. I asked my roommate to judge one of my first papers. He thought for about one second before replying, "I think it's disconnected. I don't see how you got to the end from the rest of the story."

"Thanks. I think you have a good point. I'll work on it." He left the room and I bawled. Two days later I was able to look at the paper again, and the son of a bitch was right. I reworked the paper, let someone else read it, and they liked it. I'm only three weeks into the summer, so I'm not perfect yet.

Even if I incorporate somebody's criticism into a paper, I'm not likely to eat lunch with them for a while. But I'm getting better.

BOARDED AT BATESVILLE

I was not afraid of Bread Loaf. I had plenty of time to decide not to come here. I boarded the train at Batesville, Mississippi on June 23rd, and on the morning of June 26th, I arrived at Essex Junction, Vermont.

Two cabs and one bus later, I arrived at the Bread Loaf Inn. I was not afraid of Bread Loaf. I wanted to be here.

There are many things that I could say about being black at Bread Loaf, but I won't. The thing that I can say about being human at Bread Loaf is that everything you feel—alienation, loneliness, homesickness—is valid and real. It will pass.

AFTER ALL

I had apent the past two months perfecting my confidence act and really had the lines down pretty well. "I am not scared about going to Bread Loaf. I am a good student and pretty smart and I like to write and sure I will do just fine." I practiced a lot, mumbling to myself on the airplane from Montana and perfecting the delivery during a week-long visit with my parents in Massachusetts. I even believed it, until the hill.

My father was driving and we had chatted all the way almost like two grown-ups, no small feat for a father and daughter when the daughter is a mother with a grown-up son of her own. Dad couldn't completely restrain his tour guide tendencies, though as we wavered through the backroads of his boyhood, and I learned once again that this man has an amazing store of information and I learned among other things, why so many houses in Chester, Vermont, are made of stone.

But now we are on the hill. The steeper it got the more my insides quivered and the faster my rehearsed self-assurance dribbled away. I found my script was changing quickly as we drew closer to the Inn. "I am very scared and not so very smart and everyone will write better than I do and I definitely don't belong in a place like this.

*

Suddenly I was seventeen again and my father was driving me not to Bread Loaf but to Maine for my first year of college at Bates. Then, as now, I hoped he wouldn't stick around too long because it would be absolutely not cool to face this strange new world with a father in tow.

*

But now, unlike then, having chaufferred three others to college since me, he knew what I was feeling. "Well, I guess I'll be going," he said, and though I felt guilty about him turning right around, three hours up and three hours back, I didn't ask him to stay. We hugged goodbye just as we had those many years ago—the same yet somehow different, too. He was still the father, I the daughter, but I wasn't seventeen. Maybe I could belong in this place after all.

FLY

Relax. Ease up. Singles hitters are welcome here. Don't think about Robert Frost and THE BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH. Ordinary people come here. You can wear sandals, T-shirts, and cut-offs if you like (You didn't have to bring your whole wardrobe—teaching skirts, dresses--<u>yes</u>, suits the way I did just to be safe). You can even eat soft-boiled eggs and dip your bread in them at breakfast. Relax.

What, you haven't read the *Aeneid*, *Ulysses*, and all the volumes of *Remembrance of Things Past*? You didn't go to Harvard? Don't worry. Open up your ears and eyes and fly. People here won't laugh. They want to get to know you and your ideas. Oh, you'll learn a lot about their ideas. You will read most of those books. But the teachers here are people, not talking heads or walking publications.

Now, how to start that? First Wednesday: smile and smile and smile and talk to people in the Barn, on the porch, in class. Ask those questions that you're afraid to ask. Every one of us started out afraid, too. (I bet <u>you</u> didn't drive past the Inn and up to the Snow Bowl the way I did.)

MISSING THEM

I am too busy trying to get focused to write meaningfully.

I keep opening books—too many of them—trying to stop thinking: How could I abandon my family for the second year in a row? Why in the hell am I doing this?

Last time Drew changed while I was gone—from a baby to a little boy. I mean his head fit the size of the rest of his body.

This summer I'm missing our tenth anniversary, Drew's third birthday, and Jennifer jumping off the diving board for the very first time. Still, they smiled (mostly) when I climbed on the plane and headed for the Green Mountains of Vermont.

Already I've underlined all the titles of all the books I'm supposed to read, organized my books—three times—and cleaned my room. Ah! maybe that's why it doesn't feel like home—no toys littering the living space, no anguished screams of someone not getting their way; but then there are no questions (hundreds in a day) or kisses or bedtime stories either.

I keep telling myself "I'll get so busy. I won't be able to miss them." And I tell myself this depression will pass, but I know better; I remember last year. Still, I also remember that I lived through it and even thought nostalgically of Bread Loaf during the school year, so maybe...

Hell, already I feel bad. I look up and everyone else is still writing. This is serious—their writing will weigh more.

ooooooo



Editors for this issue:
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Some of the names have been changed or omitted
to protect against embarrassment or injury.

The writers speak for themselves,
not for the institution.

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THE FOREIGNER

Last Thursday at about 7:45 p.m., and I'm heading back from the A&P. Rounding the curve by the Frost Interpretive Trail, and I jam the brake, stopping twenty feet behind a Vermont-plated sedan with a family of four. He's honkin', wavin' his hands around, and the kids are in back, wildly gigglin'.

"What the heck is the problem?" I inch tentatively forward. And then, with a deep chortle, I join the cacophony, thumbing the horn.

Just ahead, owning the road, is this adolescent moose, seven awkward feet tall, and giving us all a carefree moon as he swishes up the pavement. I'd watched PBS documentaries, heard stories before, and had even seen the occasional track, but this is different, an old dream realized.

Standing there, so close, and for an endless minute, it's as if this wild majesty came out of the woods just for me. Unbelievable—and all this time he seems not to see or hear us, choosing instead to deny our existence. This isn't right, it eventually dawns on me, laughter giving way to concern. "Why doesn't he get off the road?" And then I get it: he's out of his realm—stunned, confused.

But, he just stands there, scratching at the macadam.

Then, and still without acknowledging us, he saunters twenty yards off to the right, into the bracken. Only as I creep past does he meet me with a slow, doleful stare.

Garrett Andrews

CHILDHOOD CONFUSION

In fiction and non-fiction stories I've written, I've always presented my father as the villain. The real antagonist in my life, however, was my mother, a woman with whom I've shared a love/hate relationship even until this day. Nearly twenty years have passed since my mother died, but when I lie in bed and try to sleep, I frequently see her beside me, touching my warm skin with her cold hand.

My mother governed my life with two weapons: guilt and fear. Always when I did something she disapproved of, even slightly, she curled her upper lip and cast her brown eyes downward. If I tried to talk with her to find out what I did wrong, she, bent over the kitchen sink peeling potatoes or camped in her favorite living room chair with the Bible open in her lap, would either ignore me or answer only in curt monosyllables.

On one occasion when I was eleven, I strayed too far from home and didn't come when she called. She punished me, not by hitting me, but by refusing to take me to church the night before Good Friday. She didn't explain why; she just left without me. Later, when she returned, she apologized by smothering me in kisses as I lay in bed. The following morning, however, she was upset again and wouldn't talk no matter what I did.

When I became a teenager, I discovered she could still control me through her anger. My mother was moody, but she was also volatile, and in this instance she ordered me upon rising one summer morning to began sweeping and mopping the upstairs floor. She didn't give any reason why; she started screaming at me to get upstairs and get busy. She just ripped my watch off my wrist as I sat at the breakfast bar eating a bowl of cereal and commanded me to "start marching." I think she and my father were unhappy with me at that time because I was wearing my hair long like the Beatles and the Rolling Stones. But why then didn't she simply just tell me to get a haircut? Scrubbing the grime off my father's beer and pretzel-stained recreation room floor wasn't going to make my hair any shorter or stop me from listening to what was then radical English rock music.

My mother remained the most important person in my life until I went off to college and became influenced more by books, professors, and friends. When she died of a heart attack at the relatively young age of fifty-seven, I'm sure it was in part because she could see I had grown independent and didn't want or need her hovering over me anymore.

During the twenty years she's been gone, I've traveled around the country, been in and out of two different careers, and made poor choices in women. I grow older and hopefully wiser, but wherever I'm at, whatever I'm doing, I still see that disapproval looming large in my mother's dark Hungarian eyes, and I still feel the hurt, the confusion whenever I attempt to break through and create an adult relationship with a woman I desire.

Jim Schmitz

GRANDMA'S TABLE

As a small child, I remember the few times my family drove deep into the Alabama hills, beyond other houses, beyond electricity, beyond indoor plumbing, to the log cabin where my grandmother lived with Clyde, her elder son, who never married and who had left home only once—to follow Eisenhower across Europe.

Her house was two rough-hewn rooms with round log rafters, and dark from having only three small windows in the front bed/living room and none in the kitchen/pantry/ bedroom. In fact, the only light in the kitchen came from a coal-oil lamp in the middle of her table or from the Dutch door that was opened at the top during warm days and which often, when open, had a chicken perched there, watching the household activity. Access to the house, both front and back, was made by cross-cut sections of trees used as steps.

For me as a child, her house was a wonderful, mysterious place. My stepfather, however, was not so impressed, and always, before we would get to my grandmother's house, he'd admonish my little sisters and me, "Don't you kids be eatin' nothing while we're there 'cause they leave things setting out to where flies been walking all over everthing. I don't aim for you-uns to come up sick from eatin' that shit."

And when we got to her house, sure enough, she'd tell us to go on in the kitchen and get us a bite to eat. We'd say, "No thank you. We just eat before we left the house." Then after the grown-ups got to talking out on the front porch with its kudzu shade or in the living room around the pot-bellied, cast-iron stove, my sisters and I would meander into the kitchen to explore. Grandma always had food left covered on the table: bacon and biscuits, apple pie, commodity cheese, crackers. Things that were delightful to us because we seldom ever had them at home. We'd pick and pinch our way across the table sampling everything, being careful not to clink any dishes to give ourselves away.

About the time Grandma died, her house gave up as well. Uncle Clyde salvaged what he could of it and built a three room tar paper shanty beside its ruins. Took her table and other furniture for his own. Lived alone for twenty years. At the table he ate vienna sausages and crackers and such out of their containers. Canned goods and empty bags or jars were always in cluttered mounds covering every square inch except one space big enough for him to put a plate and cup.

He was the family historian, and whenever I visited him in his later years, he would piece together the fabric of our history. A history I'd been separated from as a child because my step-dad did not care to associate with my mother's family any more than he had to.

Uncle Clyde told me how the kitchen table had been made by my grandmother's bachelor uncles who had owned a sawmill and run a carpentry business. It had been their wedding present to her at the turn of the century. Had been the gathering place for five generations of our family during her lifetime.

Two years ago Uncle Clyde, at eighty, died of cancer. His house remained untouched, locked.

This past spring I called my aunt, the last surviving member of that generation, and asked her if I might have the family table if no one else wanted it. She said no one did, and she'd be glad for me to take it. My children and I drove up the following weekend and got it, washing dirt-dauber nests and grease off, but left it as much as possible as it had always been.

It is not our main dining table, but my own children, none of whom my grandmother lived to know, eat there occasionally. Not fully knowing yet or appreciating that there they commune with the beginnings of themselves.

Annie D. Smith

THE RED RIVER VALLEY

So here I was, stuck in some God-forsaken hole, in the definitely God-forsaken Texas pan-handle. Stranded in a 23-foot long U-Haul van with two kids, a seventy pound dog, and a twenty pound heavily drugged cat who attempted to glare menacingly at anyone within range (as if he could focus on anything) of the cab, and towing a dolly with a VW pop-top van crammed to the gills with plants, laundry baskets, and soccer balls. It was not a pretty sight. I had managed to pull into the gas island too sharply and now cradled the diesel pump between my moving van and dolly. It was 8:00 P.M. and dusk was fading into night. The boys were hungry, the dog had to go to the bathroom, and the cat was thoroughly pissed. This was truly an "Adventure in Moving."

The old men in the Jr. Food Mart refused to help me. One look at my tie-dyed tee-shirt (it probably wouldn't have done any good to explain it was a present from my son for Mother's Day that he had made himself), my bare feet (the cat threw up on my sandals), and my cut-off blue jeans, and they wrote me off as a hippie. Ha! Like hippies could afford to pay for a U-Haul or would be stupid enough to be carting 26 boxes of books plus all the odds and ends of a consumer-oriented household. I think the snowboard strapped to the top of the van was the crowning blow. So, here I sat in Red River Valley country with no cowboy on a white horse to rescue me—or the dog, or the cat, or the books, or the starving kids from Hell.

But, the Good Lord takes care of fools and idiots, and my momma always said I had double coverage. Just as I was

going to give up, admit defeat, and call the Texas Rangers, a couple of motorcycles roared up and disgorged two urban cowboys with their motorcycle mommas—my white knights in gleaming chrome. They avoided the cat, walked the dog, let the boys sit on their bikes and spent 35 minutes inching me out of my intimate relationship with Texaco. Spitting neatly to the left of my bare feet, they thanked me for an interesting interlude, donned their helmets, and moved on down the road.

Now, the moral of this story is that if you must travel the highways and by-ways of this great country of ours, you should : a) never drug the cat, b) never assume that because you move as a single person you are qualified to move as an overburdened, heavily laden consumer, and c) never, *ever* assume that since you'll just be riding in the cab of the U-Haul you needn't dress.

Opal Croke

GOING HOME

My eyes sting, but are wide-open and still. It's my mouth that I'm working so—that, and my tiny throat. Ghump, ghump, ghump. Here's the lane, home soon. At three year's old, my time is measured by my efforts to keep down the vomit. My sisters' voices, soft uneven love murmurs, roll over me from the front seat of the car. Reassurance. . . I know they will take me home, home soon.

The snow is so thick. I got to wear my green jodhpurs with the elastic that slips under the foot—so special. . . They said I must be very good for Dr. James because he was making time to take care of me. Don't want to have Dr. James take time for me again, oh, no I don't. I only know my Daddy, not Dr. James. . . his words all sharp and falling on my neck, slashing. The scissors hacked away at my long, honey hair. . . for the fever and the burning. He said my curls made me sick. Now when I sit down I can't cuddle against the cushion of myself, I can't turn my head and have only the part of the world for me to be, to see. I don't feel very special any more. Lights, cold hands, and a smell like when Mommy comes from cleaning the commodes.

I squeeze and knead my white muff, pulling and twisting my fingers into its fur the way I do with my dog Grumpy. He sleeps with me, and we snuggle. He'll be there, at home. I'll be safe soon, at home. My lips puff, I chew on them, biting hard, trying to keep the bitterness inside me. My throat, working to push the throw up back down. It's so dark back here, and I can't hear my sisters.

A blast of cold air, my sister's arms reaching to extract this shivering, sodden, woolen body from the small space in the back of the old 40's car. Just in time—a gush, and the clotted clumps of vomit shamefully cling to the snow, to my beautiful green jodhpurs, and even to my once so comforting muff. Ruthie scoops into the thickest drift for clean snow, smears the slick stuff from my hot cheeks, and tucks me into Jo's arms in the front seat.

Being sick, medicine smells. My earliest memories, that stench, acrid and bitter, establishing the rituals, the rites, the patterns of my life.

Cathy Harris

DAY 2: BACK IN THE DARK

What the hell is a classroom like this doing in a place like this? Here we sit, most of us tight-lipped, nervous, lost in a maze of confusion. We want to say something but we wonder how it will sound, what or what lack of anything it will provoke from our teacher. Anyway, it's probably too obvious what we want to say, not abstracted enough, not read into enough, not divorced enough from the powerful mean story today, that once again, we will be reeducated about.

What wizardry, that in the opening minutes alters the body language of each and every student from half-open to completely closed, shut away from one another, struggling within ourselves to find something intelligent to say. But wait, it was just there, on the tip of my tongue!

"Today," he says, "we will return to the— for we left it so, so, so very underdiscussed, ignorantly underanalyzed. Is there anything any of you saw in your reading last night, in your return to this intricate web, that rang so everlastingly true, so authentically real, that it seemed so pernicious, so cloistered, so lamentable that we didn't notice it, mention it, talk about it yesterday?"

Fuck! We already spent fifty minutes talking about the two-paragraph labyrinth after spending June reading several novels, thousands of pages. Or, did we talk about the labyrinth at all. . . we talked around it, through it, about its hidden symbolism, its coiled history, its twisted politics, its layered language, its veiled imagery, and we ended up with

Nothing!

I spoke twice, complicit in the taking apart, my voice awry—not nervous, not shaking—just not me. I reached dead ends. This time, I'm not saying anything

invented.

After class, she met one of her classmates. He sat next to her. She thought they might get along. He hadn't said anything. Sitting beneath the trees, looking out at the mountains, holding their cups of coffee, they talked about where they come from. More than cities and institutions. About fear, love, poetry. Softly, they talked. About books, connections, kids. She heard the chorus of birds chirping, communicating across the haze. He pulled tufts of grass from the earth, tossing them away, blade by blade. They talked more. About education, understanding, teaching. Studying literature, meeting people. They stood up and walked away.

M. Cole

LINKS

Wham! The pool wall jumped and reverberated with the sound. I looked up from where I had been straining against its mass to see my father gripping his left wrist, a look of pain on his face: eyes screwed shut, lips pursed into a square O, breath drawing in audibly between clenched teeth. In a moment he would look at his finger, assess the damage, act.

We were installing pools that summer. My father and two other teachers needed the summer job. I, at sixteen,

wanted some spending money and bragging rights. It was mid-August, and we were working on the third and final pool.

Pushing the steel walls into place that morning, in preparation for the concrete truck which was due at ten, we had arrayed ourselves along one side with my father at the center seam. He was prying against the bottom ledge with a five-foot crowbar. At his word we put our strength against the steel; it slipped, smashing his ring finger between the top of the wall and twenty pounds of bar.

I stood stupidly, waiting to be told what to do. I saw Ralph approaching from the other end of the wall. He was a classroom teacher used to dealing with bumps and scrapes. My father had opened his eyes and, with his arm stretched full-length, was looking at the finger the way a movie actress studies a new diamond ring: checking the effect from a distance. He hadn't said anything. Ralph was beside him now, and I saw him wince.

"Get some ice Shorty," my father exhaled. "Run down to the house." I moved away, gaining speed down the slope.

"Christ, that must hurt," I heard Ralph say. "Going to lose the nail at least." My father said nothing.

I rushed back up the rise with the ice in a towel. Mrs. Elam, the customer, was at my heels carrying a basin of soapy water. The men were squatting in the shade of the wall examining the wound. My father slumped against the steel with the arm still at full extension, forearm resting on his knee.

Looking down at his finger, I was fascinated to see how quickly it had swollen and changed color; it looked like a pork sausage link crimped at the wedding ring. Mrs. Elam, a country wife and mother, bathed and dried his hand, and wrapped the ice and towel around it. "That should stop the swelling until you get to the hospital."

"Good," my father said, tight-lipped and pale. "That truck's due in forty minutes."

Everyone protested as he got himself up using his good right hand, but he refused to leave the job until after the walls had been straightened and leveled, the concrete poured into the circular piers that braced each seam, and the filter pad poured, screeded, and troweled. He used his arms and shoulders and his right hand while he favored the pink wad of towel that covered the left like a boxing glove.

I'm not good at understanding other people's pain. I know that they are feeling it, that the surface of their skin twitches and sweats and tingles, that vision is spotty, filled with blots of color. I have experienced these feelings with my own cuts, scrapes, and sprains. But, when it is someone else's pain and shock, I just don't share it.

I knew why my father kept working. He wasn't even earning grocery money on these pools. A teacher, not a business man, he had underestimated time and expenses at every turn. He had demanded too little down on each job and was waiting for final payments. To be unprepared when the concrete arrived meant paying for the driver and truck as they waited for us. He had no choice.

When we finally left for the hospital, my father drove, cradling his injured hand in the ruined towel with its fresh ice dripping and staining his pants like a grease spot. He drove carefully while I fidgeted, and scratched concrete chunks off my arms and clothes.

The X-Rays were negative. "Ice for the first twenty-four hours and then soak in warm water," the doctor said. "I'll write up something for the pain after I cut the ring off."

"No," my father said, "I'll just take aspirin and soak it." The doctor smiled at such bravado; he had seen it before with laboring men. He drew out a little saw. "No," my father persisted, pulling his hand to himself. "Leave the ring. I'll soak."

The doctor protested the dangers of gangrene when circulation was constricted, but my father would not hear. "I put on this ring nineteen years ago, and it's not coming off."

He soaked after work each evening and worked in pain. By September the pools were all finished, and the swelling was gone. He lost the nail, and money on every job, but he paid his friends, and me. He still wears that ring, but he never built another pool.

Michael Chirco

TURKEY HUNTING

In the early '60's mechanization had not completely caught up with the Mississippi dirt farmer trying to eke out a living for his family on a twenty-acre piece of land. That's why I often found myself as a child plodding behind a disinterested mule down what seemed to be miles and miles of corn rows.

One morning in mid-June, I was plowing a five-acre strip below our house in a field bordered on two sides by deep ditches overgrown with sweetgum, sassafras, sumach—all netted together by briars and honeysuckle vines. Beyond them, wooded hills.

I'd overheard people at Sartin's Feed Mill talking about how the government had put out a bunch of turkeys in the county to try to get them to raise in the wild. Nobody'd actually seen any of them, and there was always a lively debate on whether or not pen-grown birds could make it in the wild. But if a body did see one in the woods, folks said, it was against the law to kill it.

This particular morning, as I was plowing, I did see one. It was a lone brown hen pecking her way between the edge of the ditch and our corn field. I pulled the mule's reins and stood breathlessly watching her for a minute. I eased around behind her so as to drive her toward the corner of the field where the two ditches met in tangled masses of undergrowth. There I might slow her down enough to catch her.

When she saw me, she moved along in a slow trot toward the thicket. "Not too wild," I thought, closing in. Just as I'd hoped, she got tangled in briars, but seeing me near, she struggled free. I changed directions. Headed her around toward other entanglements. The briars ripped at my arms and legs as I darted through any holes I could find.

After about twenty minutes of circling and dodging and gasping in the smothering heat, I got close enough to lunge and grab her when she was tangled up. Squawking, she beat her wings in my face. I wrapped an arm around her body and held her feet together, finally emerging victorious. Scratched, bleeding, and exhausted—but ecstatically victorious.

Leaving the mule where he was, I strutted up to the house, calling my mom and sisters to come see what I'd got.

They met me with "Wow," and "Where'd ye git that?" and "Wait till Jess gits home ta see that!"

Mom said, "Hold 'er good," while my sisters ran to get an old packing house meat crate to put her in. All hands helped to fasten the lid. Then we stood grinning at each other, satisfied that we had her.

When Dad got home from the store, we rushed out to meet him and fairly danced him to the backyard to see our prize. He bent down to examine her. "That's a nice bird ye got there. But ye know it's against the law ta have them turkeys. Ye'd better not tell nobody ye caught it. Take it down yonder ta the shed behin' the chicken house. Syb an' Dee'll be comin' in about two weeks. We'll fatten it up an' have us a nice dinner when they git here."

For two weeks we all tried to outdo one another at feeding it table scraps and weevil-eaten corn. Then, when my stepsister Syble and her husband Dee arrived on vacation from Wisconsin, we invited Uncle Zeke and Aunt Lora from Guntown to come over for supper. Instead of the peas and cornbread we usually had, we surprised them with peas, cornbread, and turkey. It was a Thanksgiving dinner in the middle of July, because as far back as I can remember, that was the first and last time we ever had turkey when I was growing up.

I wonder what the statute of limitations is on turkey poaching.

Annie D. Smith

CRAB BAIT

My brother Mike reached into the bucket on the table in front of us and pulled out a fish, one of dozens to use for crab bait. He handed me a metal wire bent into the shape of a noose and asked me to put the wire through the fish's mouth and straight out its body. I had never done this—stringing killies for crab bait. But I felt proud to be asked, since I was too young to go on the crabbing trip with him and his friends, even though I knew he only asked me to help because it was getting close to dinner time.

So I wrapped my fingers around the fish and felt him squiggle and saw his lips stretch open. I glanced around at everybody else.

I heard a splash and looked down to see the fish had popped out of my hand and into the bucket's two inches of water. I saw him zigzag through the other fish and slam into their backs and heads.

Everybody chuckled.

I blushed.

I reached into the bucket and clutched my fingers tight around his body.

I stared into his face and tried to hold the wire steady. His lips opened and shut, opened and shut; I aimed and shoved it—like everybody else—but the fish twitched its head to the side. Blood spurted from the corner of its purple-blue lips.

I squeezed harder and his head stopped jerking. His eyes stared at me, and I looked down at the black pool of his pupils.

I slid my hand up the wire and pushed it right between his lips. The fish squirmed. I slid my hand farther up the wire and shoved it farther down the throat. I felt it scraping into something. I stopped. My stomach tightened.

I pushed just a little more and felt the wire rip through the skin above the tail. The fish slid down half of the wire. I let go and stared at him—tail flapping against the wire and rubber lips closing and opening on the wire sticking out of his mouth. My hands numbed, and my stomach retched. I shut my mouth and felt vomit rise in the back of my throat and slide back down in a clump. My nasal passages burned.

I looked out of the corner of my eyes. Nobody had noticed how I felt. I dragged the fish down to the bottom of the wire, completing the circle. His tail flapped as he slid further back down the wire—a streak of grayish, black ooze dripped from the wire.

I wiped my fingers on my jeans and wiped my nose, cupping the palm of my hand over my mouth and holding my stomach from spilling out. I wanted to get out of there before I puked and they all would see. But they did not see me, and I looked away from their stitching fish onto the wire and from my wire and fish. I opened my mouth and blurted, "I have to see if dinner is ready yet."

And I stepped out of the garage-side door, hearing it shut on my brother's voice.

At first I walked, then I ran to my house and up the porch steps. When I got to the top of the stairs, I walked in, rubbing my eyes. My mom stood carving a whole roast chicken.

"What's *wrong?. . . Are you crying?*" she asked, stepping and looking closer at me.

"I-I-I. . . NOTHING!" I blurted out. I covered my eyes to hold back the tears, smelling the stench of the fish on my fingers.

She put her arms around me. I began to describe what I had done, digging my head deeper between her breasts, shutting my eyes tighter as the fish rose through the darkness, turning my head as the bubbles that he spit broke against my eyes, and hearing his voice calling me "Murderer. . . MURDERER!"

Robert Baroz

GERALDINE

Geraldine looms like a dark cloud over the first half of my childhood. She was in second grade, I was in first. We lived in the same neighborhood and went to the same school, but we didn't play or ride together. Never together, because Geraldine was my nemesis, my enemy, the dreaded one. Whenever Geraldine saw me, she beat me up.

Not just a push or a shove. When Geraldine spotted me coming up the street or down the alley, she grabbed me, threw me to the ground, punched me, and then walked away, laughing and promising more next time.

So I avoided Geraldine as best I could, taking different routes to the trolley stop and surveying the neighborhood carefully before chalking out my hopscotch field.

One afternoon I met Geraldine suddenly just a block from my house, and when she saw me, she ran for me. I stood there frozen, waiting for her to hurt me again. She did. She took both my arms in her hands and forced me off the curb into the gutter, tearing my dress, bloodying my sock, and ripping three pages of my arithmetic notebook. Then she said she was coming to my house as soon as she changed out of her school shoes to finish the job.

Mom knew it was Geraldine when I walked through the kitchen door. She had seen this many times before. She never understood why I didn't fight back, defend myself, punch *her* and throw *her* in the gutter. This time she didn't say anything to me though. She just walked to the sink and filled a spaghetti pot with hot water. She motioned for me to follow her outside to the high wooden fence that separated our back yard from the alley on the other side. Then she stood up on the bench and lifted the pot above her head, balancing it between her hands and the top edge of the fence.

Pretty soon we heard the clip-clip of play sandals coming down the alley. Geraldine. She stopped at our house and banged on the fence door, daring me to come out. Mom waited a second, then tilted the pot over the edge of the top of the fence, drenching Geraldine and sending her squealing back up the alley.

"Tell me if Geraldine ever bothers you again," Mom said.

Barbara J. Everson

RUNNING THE DERBY

If your ass is not in a lawn chair, a beer in your hand before 6:30 a.m., you're toast. You'll get crowded and stomped by hoards who slept in warm beds until the sun was up and did not make the predawn ride on Ohio 71 into Louisville. You're toast, plain and simple.

We were third in line for the gate. Dan and I had spread ourselves out, lawnchairs, cooler, and the sleeping bag all marking territory. I watched a man with a Braves' shirt and a straw hat take bets on the four beers he had just funnelled into a long tube.

"Y'all bet on Pat Day today. Take my advice, now. Day's gonna be a winna. Now, scuse me while I get me some money right now from this disbelieva." He raised the tube, heroically stopping it carefully with his thumb.

The other guy, a neophyte (so easy to spot in his flip flop sandals) drank before his air bubble reached the top.

The Georgian said "See that!" waited and drank off the four beers seconds before Flip Flop came up sputtering, halfway done.

"There! Pat Day. Like I told y'all! Now give it up son."

I looked at Dan, a Derby veteran of ten years. He leaned over conspiratorially. "Guy'll never make the betting window." (And you know, he was right. Saw him passed out under a shrub, lipstick graffiti all over him, before the third race.)

By 7:30 they rolled in garbage bins as big as busses. They're for all the contraband alcohol, Dan told me. People started pressing toward the gate. Shouts of "Derby Day!" and "Let Us In!" began.

Dan grabbed my arm. "It's going to be your job to get a spot on the fence," I swallowed the top of my fourth beer. I was feeling shaky.

"What?" I said, looking for a place to put the can.

"Yeah. I can't run with the cooler. You got long legs," he looked down at them to assure me.

I looked down, too. "What do you mean? Why. . .uh," I stopped. No use to argue with a man with a cooler bound to be searched. "Where am I going? How far?" I finally said, resigned.

"Quarter mile I guess, on the right. You're a track coach, right? Might even make a good poem. Just think Pamplona."

What was I doing here? This was ridiculous. There must be some way I could walk down that tunnel and still get a good seat. There weren't that many people here, right? I'd be okay. Just be polite to someone on the fence, after all it's Derby Day, and ask for a spot. "Hey Chum, how 'bout a space here for me and my buddy?"

Surely Chum would look up at me, give me a broad Kentucky smile and say, "Shore! Plenty of room!"

But oh, Pamplona, poetry! Jesus! Would I miss all that if I relied on Chum? Would I let Dan down? A shove forward. I hate assertive people who put themselves before others. Another shove. I was going to wait and be patient and trust to gentility. "Let us in! Let us in!"

This was getting ugly.

Flip Flop and his hordes kept shoving up from the back looking for holes in my frontline defense. I clutched the sleeping bag tighter and held the chair with the same arm. My can fell heavily and gurgled, channeling back through massing feet.

I was going to have to be assertive. I was going to have to tell someone—an adult not some pie-eyed fourteen-year-old—what to do and mean it; not joke or tell them I was kidding. I was going to have to take a stand. I was afraid. I looked for Dan to tell him.

Eight o'clock. The gates opened and a roar went up. Dan never heard me.

Two people ahead, a woman in calico shrieked. A pair of wine coolers arched and burst like Molotov grenades. A man cheered.

The guy in front of me leaped to his right, changing lines and cutting off three others. I followed. I got bumped but held on. I was getting the hang of this mob rule thing: meekness in appearance, appetite in action.

A woman whose sleeve read "Derby Security" took my twenty dollars and grabbed at my sleeping bag. I didn't understand. I just wanted in. Please, I'll just slip past here. It's me. I'm good, right?

"Open it, sir." No eye contact.

"God! You'll hobble me," I thought. "You stupid woman. I'll never make it to the fence to get a space for my buddy, and he won't understand because I'm a coward, and I really hate crowds. You must see that!"

I tore at the black knots. One came loose, and the bag snaked down my leg.

"Alright?" I shouted.

Already scooping the next person's blanket, she nodded.

The cool air of the run tore the haze of my four beer

buzz. My legs telescoped into my chest as I pounded down the ramp. I spread out my arms like some crazy Christ keeping the snaky bag and the sharp chair from my legs. The scoop of the tunnel swept me along. Shouts caromed off the wall. A guy in bermudas and Chuck Taylors looked back trying to run faster and yelled "Derby!" I wanted to answer him to join him. Instead, I laughed. I laughed way ahead of my breathing.

The tunnel banked up and north. I bumped someone to my left. I was overwhelmed with laughing and contact. *Bulls were all around me; I vaulted horns and locked arms with suicidal brothers. I chested death.*

I veered right toward the fence; light jumped everywhere and the green and the silk brown of Churchill's storied finish rolled before me. I stopped. Coupled blankets dotted the fence. Straw hats and Izod shirts took iced tea and strawberries. God, it was beautiful! I had blown out of that tunnel ready to make a bloody shove. I walked to the fence, still laughing.

"Good morning!" A young couple smiled.

"Morning! That was great," I said, gesturing behind me. "You mind?"

"Naw, go on ahead. The gates'll be right there," he replied, nodding like a native son toward the track.

"Thanks," I said laughing, more gloried than I'd ever been. "Thanks, Chum."

Tom Beach

CLARANCE

The logs you built your cabin with were vertical, like you, simple and out-of-sync. I can't believe now that I ever needed you. No one we know remembers you were even alive.

You lived with your mother and had a little dog, the drop-kicking kind. Once you tried to show me your dirty magazines. I thought, "You, simple fool, you never had any and never will."

You had a ruddy complexion and wore logger's suspenders over your hunchback. You couldn't even read. On any given weekday you could be seen hauling old man Cochran's branches to the water's edge to float away, living the only thing I admired about you, that you got to be here on the island when the fog lifted from the Sound.

My Dad thought I was crazy, but I knew you were. I wound down the driveway one day with my stuff all loaded up from college, saying I knew what I wanted to do. I had quit school and was going to write. Boy, the shit flew, but my father said, "Alright, I'll give you five years. After that, you get your ticket punched."

On Sunday afternoons everybody else had to go back to the city. I stayed and watched you hauling old man Cochran's branches to the water's edge to float away. On Monday mornings the fog would lift from the Sound and the big ships would sail home underneath the snow-capped peaks. You got to be here when the big ships would sail home underneath the snow-capped peaks, living the only thing I admired about you.

Dad left me the green Dodge beast. All I wanted was a newspaper from town. Putting logs in the truck bed took too much time, so I gunned it on the wet leaves of the blanketed S-turn driveway, and the beast stuck sideways in the ditch right after the first turn. I knew what Dad would say, so I ran through my options, and I recalled you had a winch on the front of your oddball truck.

I remember you smiled. You enjoyed it. There was fun in your look. But no malice. You pointed your truck down that drive in gear, brake on, and lifted that beast out easy. You wouldn't even think to tell nobody.

I thought you'd live like that for years. In six months, you were dead from a brain tumor. I can't believe now that I ever needed you. No one we know remembers you were even alive.

Bill McClement

NON-EVENT

Pretty Boy Fascitelli came into the world at the end of December. I first saw him in February, and it was clear he was in the top 2%.

You could ask my father, renamed Grampy Gilly, transformed suddenly into a pediatrician with a personal patient, happily on-call for the first time in ten years. My mother, another unbiased source, scoffed at 2%. Nicholas Fascitelli, first child of Beth Cogan and Michael "The Fish" Fascitelli, first grandchild of Gilbert and Z. Gale Cogan, and my nephew, was in the top *1%* of all babies. No need to ask; she'd tell you.

But there was a *but* for my sister. Our weekly interrupted phone calls—"Aw, Nick just shit all over the place; Gotta go; I'll call you back; Nick just woke up—" revealed nothing, just my sister comically surviving motherhood, while Nick accomplished his early childhood goals: eating, sleeping, and shitting.

I visited in his fifth month. Pretty Boy, adorable in his New York Yankees' outfit with matching hat. Pretty Boy, smiling and cooing as the Phoenix Suns crushed the Knicks. (The Fish was not happy with this early display of blatant non-support of a New York team). Pretty Boy, on his back, waving his arms. Amused? Distressed at my banjo playing?

On his back. On the couch. In his crib. I missed the significance, I admit, but not Beth. By month five, a child—especially a child in the top 2% of all children—should be doing handsprings and cartwheels, juggling china and cooking omelettes. At the very least, a child should be able to turn over. All the books agreed, but not Pretty Boy. He remained content looking at the world, watching the parade of people, occasionally clutching a finger or two.

The personal physician, drawing on his experience, repeatedly told her not to worry. Privately, he admitted that yes, Nicholas was not on the fast track in the movement department. The grandmother was not to be asked. And neither was Beth. Baby books depressed her enough; she stopped reading the small pile at her bedside. Nicholas delighted her, of course, but she also waited for the Big Moment.

I imagine the video camera was ready. I picture telephoto lenses lining the crib. Perhaps. I received neither video nor stills. Instead, Beth called: Pretty Boy, screaming in his crib, had woken her up the previous night. Somehow, he had *turned over* onto his stomach. Reverse-turtled, Fascitelli the Younger was unable to right himself. Beth picked him up and quieted him. The family breathed a collective sigh; Nick had rolled on top of the first hurdle.

Peter Cogan

DEFINING DEATH

Friday afternoon and life as an eighth grader had been somewhat reasonable. I walked to the car where my mother was waiting.

"How was your day, Lori?"

"Fine." I replied in my extensive middle school vocabulary.

As we drove along, my mother seemed to fidget in a way that was both unusual and uncomfortable.

"Your father and I went to the hospital today, Lori."

"What? What's wrong, Mom?"

"You know the tests they have been doing on your dad? Well, the doctors have found something that's like a cyst, growing on his brain. They want to operate as soon as possible."

Silence. . . fight the tears. . . take a deep breath.

"Mom. . . Is Dad going to die?"

"It's a very serious operation, Sweetheart, and the doctors say that there is no guarantee. But your daddy is a fighter. I don't think he will die."

At least not her definition of dying.

* * *

After the surgery, Mom took my sister and me to see my father at the hospital. The doctors said that the surgery was successful and that Dad was doing extremely well. I beamed with pride, knowing all along that Dad could defeat that tumor. He was my hero, after all, and stories like this are supposed to have happy endings. "Extremely well. . . "I imagined my father sitting up in his hospital bed, trying to convince the doctors to let him leave earlier than they had planned. Protective, invincible, *strong*. That was my dad. There was just no way a tumor had a chance with a man like that.

We walked to the intensive care unit with tentative footsteps. When Dad saw us, he started to cry. I had never seen tears from Dad before, and I wanted to run for cover. Tears?

* * *

It is true. Dad is a fighter. Unknowingly, he had been fighting that brain tumor for about seven years before the doctors found it. His friends shake their heads in amazement. I shake my head to hide the tears.

You see, Dad survived the surgery. He even went back to work, played golf regularly, worked in the yard, and always kept his wonderful sense of humor. But the eyes of this eighth grade girl were skeptical. . . and her heart needed things to stay the same. I noticed the slightest changes, and I watched as they grew.

When we would play tennis, he would get tired a lot easier than before. But as everyone said, "Isn't it incredible that Ken is playing tennis again?" We would see an old friend, and Dad would reach out his hand and say, "Hi Guy! How are you doing?" I rolled my eyes because I knew he couldn't remember the "guy's" name. Dad lived for his work and was so talented at his job, but it was becoming more of a regular thing to see him come home early to take a nap. The day I saw the lawn service truck pull into our driveway, I knew that my Saturdays with Dad, mowing the lawn, were finished.

I avoided my dad and wouldn't look him in the eye.

"Lori, you aren't very nice to your father anymore."

"Lori, why are you so mad at me for having a brain tumor? Do you think I wanted to go through something like this?

But I couldn't speak. I just rolled my eyes and left the room.

* * *

I watch as Dad eats his soup. His hand moves slowly to his mouth, shaky and old like my grandfather used to be. (My grandfather was 93, not 58.) Dad tells my husband for the third time today, how he is a slow eater. The first time was at breakfast. The second time was at lunch. He doesn't seem to remember that he has already mentioned it. We finish our meals, and I announce that I have tickets to an outdoor concert. Dad replies, "I think I've had enough for tonight. I'd rather stay here and relax in front of the TV." He always covers up these comments with the same laugh. I want to yell at my dad, but the defeat I see in his eyes silences me. I quietly start to carry the dishes to the kitchen. I never dreamt that that tumor would claim victory over us both. I never dreamt it could silence the love I so long to express.

Death has more than one definition.

Lori Song

GRAMPIE

I was working in Washington, D.C., able to visit Grampie more readily. I'd go there and sometimes we'd just sit, cavernous pauses between taut chat. Days later, having phoned him from New York, Mom would call to say how much he'd enjoyed seeing me, and when was I going over again.

And why he liked me so much, I don't know. I guess life had tempered me by then, I was pretty well scoured. But, truth to tell, the roiled part of me soon felt quieted by my visits. Hell, he was about the scrappiest, most scratched up old boot I'd ever seen or heard of—nothing could keep this guy down—and he was *my* Grandfather.

As children, my brothers and I had accompanied Mom for a week's Easter visit each year, and that had been it. Grampie to us, Colonel to everyone else, this transplanted Vermont Yankee was long since retired, even by then. Most of our time he'd be burrowed in his big wing chair, reading the paper or lip-syncing the news. And if that didn't work, he'd pull out the stops on his hearing aid.

He hadn't always been deaf, I learned later. As an artillery colonel in the Army, he'd gotten his eardrums popped during the shelling in France during World War I. Clamped onto his pipe, he hardly talked at all—to us kids, anyway. He wouldn't play, he even got pissed if we played with his Underwood typewriter, his short-wave (we got Europe!), or near his backyard garden.

At 80, he'd brought his Matador in to the same place again for its annual checkup. While waiting in the bay, he'd slipped on a grease spot, fallen, and cracked his head on the concrete. Blood splurting everywhere, he'd insisted he was fine, repeatedly ordering his young friend, the ex-sergeant mechanic, to let him be. When the ambulance arrived and they'd bundled him into the back, he'd blared out the open doors, "Just get it through the inspection!"

He was the one who, at 83, would insist on walking me through much of the Smithsonian complex, no small feat for someone half his age; the only acknowledgment of his acute angina coming when he'd stop and surreptitiously pop a pill.

Every single day, excepting one, for at least ten straight years, he had visited his wife, Grammie, in the nursing home. The one day he'd missed was somewhere in the 1970s, after the Capital area had been hit overnight with a paralyzing snowstorm. He'd gotten halfway there but was ordered back by the police. Twice.

He was the one who, to the last detail, arranged for his own funeral, saving his family from the grief.

When he died he did not gift me the Matador. His will stipulated that I buy the car—for $1.00 plus the 2% sales, thus avoiding inheritance tax.

He was the one whose simple stone at Arlington National reads: Korean War, World War II, World War I, *and* the Mexican Border War, where he'd helped chase down Pancho Villa.

And then, his battered, war-weary Matador clunker—incredibly—still passing muster, years after he'd gone, at the hands of an inspector who'd known class when he saw it.

Garrett Andrews

WORDS THROUGH THE LIVING YEARS

I remember my mom answered the phone. The color in her face dropped out, and my brothers and I froze where we were in the kitchen. "Nanny had been rushed to the hospital after having a heart attack. Pray for her," my mom said as she dialed her sister. And we did. Kneeling around my mom's bed we said Hail Mary for Nanny. I lost count just how many Hail Marys we said that day to keep her alive, but I remember my lips becoming dry and my hands in a white-knuckle prayer on each rosary bead.

She lived another few years. And in those years, her heart was the way it had always been: giving people happiness and love.

I remember she made brownies for my older brother in boot camp. Nanny did not make just a dozen or two for him; she made enough for each of the 180 men since the Marines' policy is that care packages with food must have enough for everybody otherwise they are returned to sender. These brownies were each about two to three inches wide and four inches long. They were her Christmas present to her oldest grandson who had written to her and mentioned missing her brownies and knew she would make them for the family Christmas dinner. All the Marines loved them, and the Drill Sergeant pulled my brother aside and asked if he could persuade her to make more—he would even take up a collection to help cover the costs. Once was enough, and my brother diplomatically turned the offer down, much to the troop's disappointment.

Toward the end of her life, she had to take nitroglycerin pills. We would joke that if she took too much she would blow up, and we would see her face scorched and hair singed like Wylie E. Coyote. And when she did not want to take it, I quoted a popular commercial about taking medicine:"Take it because somebody loves you." She did.

Whenever Nanny visited us, she would try to give us money—ten or twenty dollars—but my mom would say that we had to earn it. It would keep us from ever ending up in jail. But a day or two later, Nanny would call and ask if we had cleaned the living room or some other room, and her question triggered the treasure hunt and fight for the money between me and my brothers who kept it all a secret.

Nanny would tell us sometimes about Ireland—her homeland. How she had one pair of shoes, and she wore those only during the winter; how green and beautiful the country is; how she grew up on a farm and had to kill chickens for dinners; how one afternoon she was caught in the crossfire of a battle between the IRA and the British; how she had to duck behind a stone wall and stay down until the shooting ended. When it died, nobody had died or had been wounded. It was more like a skirmish than a battle, but the bullets whizzing around her and pinning her down behind a stone wall was her war story.

Years later, I spent a semester abroad in Ireland, and I saw the green fields and streams in her countryside and imagined seeing her behind a stone wall—smiling and humming a tune, waiting for the shooting to stop.

Robert Baroz

HAYING

"OK, now just hold still," he said. I knew he was going to have to dig for it.

The Case jackknife had a worn buckhorn handle and two blades crosshatched with sharpening. My grandfather decided against the long one and fingernailed the paring blade. The red-flecked hay was bristle stiff.

We shifted our weight away from each other, feeling the heat from the afternoon's haying. My forearms were wet with bits of stems and seeds. Sweat beaded on his face and dropped from his nose. I felt his breath go small as he thumbed and hefted the blade. I wanted to look away, of course, to strike a disinterested pose. But I couldn't help myself. Fear riveted me. Caught in this, I held my breath and tasted the alfalfa-green smell of the hay.

He lifted my arm with his free hand. I got ready.

Every time I get ready for pain, going finger-white in a dentist's chair, popping a zit, getting a shot, I always have the same thing happen. I am never prepared. "Now." I keep saying "now" to myself at the moment when I think the pain will come. I refuse to show anyone, but secretly, I like when people look close and see how brave I'm being. But Jesus, I always miss the moment.

When my grandfather rested the blade on my forearm, all I could think about was how big he felt and how much digging he was going to have to do. That stem was marrow deep.

Then it came out. As simple as that—bloody and about an inch long. My mouth was open, ready for the manly guttural cry of pain I was going to use after I said "now" again. But I had paused, trying to get the timing right. I never felt the surgery.

Tom Beach

TWO MINUTES

When the white-haired lady fought her way off the train at Church Avenue, DeVon slid into the open seat next to me. His lively brown eyes locked into mine. I remember thinking that his eyes seemed out of place on the hurtling rush hour express.

"Intrator, you ever seen someone beaten 'til they dead?" he asked.

Before answering, I unlocked our eyes and looked down the car at the rest of my class. Most were standing and swaying—balancing like expert cowboys—to the rhythmic side-to-side lurch of the train.

Keeping my gaze focused on my other fifteen students I answered—"No."

"It's seven minutes from Church to Prospect Park," he said, talking about the stops on the subway. "The boys beat 'em down in two."

Abruptly, I wheeled about, "DeVon, what the hell are you telling me? I'm your goddamn teacher!" In swiveling around, the fifteen clipboards that I had brought for the class to use as sketch pads at the Metropolitan Museum of Art clattered to the ground. I sensed the people around us instinctively clutch their pocket books tighter, or stare harder into their newspapers.

The vehemence of my response threw him for a second. He lost his poise for an instant. "I . . . I . . . I ain't doing that shit no more."

I don't know why I pounced on DeVon like that. I was a listener. The kids could tell me anything. I nurtured close relationships. But DeVon was different than the other kids; he scared the shit out of me. I didn't fear for myself—but for others. I had heard the stories. Smooth, calculating and charismatic—he was a powerful kid. Sometimes I watched him operate; he would sweep down the hall with his entourage cajoling, bullying, flattering, but always intuitively understanding his constituency and always in control. He could have been a lawyer, a stock broker, a National Merit Finalist. Instead, he was top dog in the Decepticon Posse— a ruthless East Flatbush street posse, named after the villains on the cartoon show *Transformers*.

Regaining his composure, DeVon continued. "When I was runnin' the D-Posse, dis was my house." He pointed to both sides of the train. "I went shoppin' 'ere. We'd gets on at the Bay and we play'd it out."

"I was the Ranger. My job was to shop. If I saw a nigger with some fly gold, I nodded and the Peons broke. If I saw homey sittin' there," he said flicking a finger at a pudgy white suit who was creating origami reading the New York Times, "I marked 'em and nodded to the Peons," and he nodded. A slow, regal nod.

Although Jewish, I started to feel like I was a priest at confession. I knew what I was supposed to ask. DeVon had me, and I capitulated. "What's a peon?"

"Man, the D-Posse had ranks. I was the Ranger—I scouted and commanded. Then 'dere were the Scanners—they scoped for cops. The Peons—they the strike force. We had uniforms: ski jackets, hats, ski goggles an' masks. We rocked. Ain't any way to recognize us geared up," he paused and looked coy. "It's like 'dem English boys we read about and their face paint."

It's true, I thought. High urban fashion consisted of more irridescent ski wear and slope accoutrements than Aspen. I remember wondering, why the hell Brooklyn kids needed polypropylene ski masks and goggles to commute. Now I knew.

"When they can't see us, we run wild. I'd nod, and the Peons would strike. We didn't use a blade, or a piece—nah, we used a hammer. You can't get beef for carryin' a hammer."

The train emerged from the tunnel into bright sunlight and was now climbing the arc of the Manhattan Bridge. To the left gleamed the skyline of Manhattan's financial district. Further uptown held the treasures of the MET. To the right stretched Brooklyn.

Neither of us said anything while we spanned the East River. I think DeVon was entranced by the skyline. I didn't know what to say. What the hell could I say? "DeVon, perhaps you should contemplate the ramifications of your actions?" "DeVon, you've got enough going for you to do anything you want?" Everything I thought of was pathetic. I wanted to say the thing that would turn this kid's life around. I wanted to inspire. Teach. Transform. Instead, I said nothing.

As the train rumbled back into the subterranean tube, DeVon finished his story. "He was a punk from the neighborhood. He dis'd us, so when we saw 'im we did it. A Peon smashed 'im in the knee with the hammer and he squealed. We dropped 'im and went wil'd—stompin', slammin', hammerin'—whoopin' it up crazy-like. At first, he covered up, but then he stopped wigglin'."

He paused here for a while.

"I stopped 'cause I saw his eye leakin' out. But the others wouldn't . . . no Man, they couldn't stop. I told 'em *cease*," and he held his hand up in the position used for a dog's down command. "But they didn't listen. They pounded on an' on. Man, they don't shit all over themself on t.v."

Sam Intrator



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Some of the names have been changed or omitted
to protect against embarrassment or injury.

The writers speak for themselves,
not for the institution.

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GRANDMA

I sat in her lap, the wide lap of her flowered housedress, and I read to her from my Alice and Jerry primer. She never learned to read, either in English or Italian, and I can hear her saying in broken English, "*Miracolo! Beato miracolo*," that one so young as I could read. She smiled when I read to her. Smiled wide, her front gold tooth shining, and she pinched my cheek and called me her blessed one.

Barbara J. Everson

BY CHANCE

I sat behind the driver as we came in to Birmingham on the first leg of a marathon Bus-from-Hell journey to Bread Loaf last summer. It was my second such trip, so I was not looking forward to the two days and nights of sleeping cramped upright in the narrow Greyhound seats or draped over terminal chairs during layovers—forty-eight sweaty hours without a bath.

I'd brought books to pass the time and had just started Claude Brown's autobiography, *Manchild in the Promised Land*, when we pulled in. Was hoping no one would sit in the aisle seat beside me so I could spread out and be more comfortable. But, first thing, the driver escorted a tall, neatly dressed black man to the seat. He looked to be in his early sixties, had graying hair, wore shades, and carried a small box radio which he placed at his feet.

We politely introduced ourselves, then turned to our separate silences. Only after the bus jerked to motion did I begin a conversation, by asking if he was going far.

"No, just to Atlanta to meet some friends." Said he didn't like traveling on buses. Would rather fly.

"You travel much?"

He said yes, he traveled quite a bit. Had just flown into Birmingham a few days before from a Los Angeles recording session to spend a day or two with his mother. Never seemed to get back home as much as he'd like. Was flying out of Atlanta the next morning for Canada to start a tour.

"What do you do?"

"Sing gospel music." Part of a group called the Four Blind Boys. Asked if I'd heard of them.

"No, I'm sorry. I haven't."

Silence.

I returned to my book. Turned a page and read what Claude Brown had written about how as a child he'd been introduced to religion on Saturday nights. Claude told that his daddy used to come home drunk around three in the morning, bringing a record by Sister Rosetta Tharpe, the Dixie Hummingbirds, or the Four Blind Boys. He told how they'd play that record over and over and then sing it till they fell out drunk—to wake up on the floor later that day.

The Four Blind Boys! I turned in my seat.

I asked him if he'd ever heard of a book called *Manchild in the Promised Land* or Claude Brown.

He said no, that although he read a lot in Braille, he was not familiar with the man or his book.

I told him there were over two million copies of it in print and that it mentioned his gospel group—then read those pages.

He listened closely, and with a smile, said, "What do you know."

From that moment, we talked non-stop to Atlanta. He told me of places he'd been, people he'd worked with over the years. Said he once sang in a wedding with Paul Simon and Barbra Streisand. Said Paul was a great human being, but Barbra a snob.

He told about how the Four Blind Boys had gotten together when they were still residential students at

Birmingham's school for the blind. How he dealt with being sight-impaired in foreign countries, of going on special tours between shows in Australia, England, all across Europe.

We talked "down home" cooking, and he said the best place in Birmingham to eat was a little restaurant called Fikes. "Best blackeyed peas, greens, and corn bread you ever set to your lips."

Mile after mile. We compared notes about coming up in the South, what life had become for us, and what we thought might be on down the road.

All between Birmingham and Atlanta, the bus would make brief stops. He'd say we must be in Leeds, or Anniston, or Bremen. I'd find a sign post, and he was always right.

When we arrived at the Atlanta terminal, we shook hands like old friends. He asked me if I'd write down my address for him when we got inside.

"Sure."

The driver took him off first. I wasn't able to disembark till about half of the rest of the passengers had exited. I looked all around the terminal, but never saw him again—am terrible with names and don't even remember what his was.

About two months ago—almost a year later—I was at some friends' house in Mississippi. They had their TV on and were watching a music show out of New York. And there he was with all his group, performing before a live audience.

He was hammering a solo at the front of the stage, microphone in hand, driving his foot against the boards, elbows knocking, head snapping the beat. Standing alive like Ray Charles. The audience taking it home.

I told my friends, "I've met that man, but you'll never believe in a million years how it happened."

Annie D. Smith

PERFECT WORLD

"A man with leprosy came and knelt before him and said, 'Lord, if you are willing, you can make me clean.' Jesus reached out His hand and touched the man. 'I am willing,' He said." Matthew 8:2-3

I walk into the church youth group room and see the eighth-grade girls, giggling and gossiping as they always do before class. Their conversation is interrupted at times with sudden, slow glances to the other side of the room. I notice her too. She is a newcomer, sitting alone—in her wheelchair.

I approach the new girl and watch as she struggles to slurp her Coca Cola through a straw intended for stirring coffee.

"Hi. I'm Lori. I'm one of the leaders here. What's your name?"

She looks up with a cola-covered smile, her head wobbling a bit and says, "Hi! I'm Debbie."

She returns to her slurping.

"Have you been to Youth Group before?"

"Nope! This is my first time." Her voice seems to be singing.

I watch as she sits in the towering chair that swallows her tiny, frail body. I look at her bent, crippled hands and look at my own. I find myself thinking about what it would be like to be unable to hold a pencil, a tennis racket, or someone else's hand.

I realize that it is time to start class. Debbie slides her hands forward to start moving her chair, but she can't manipulate the controls.

"Can I help you with that?" I cautiously question.

"Ooookaay."

She gives no instructions and trusts me to steer this electric giant. I can hear the rest of the group growing silent and feel their widened eyes looking my way. I stare at the ground and stand next to Debbie.

We divide into six groups and Debbie and I join the eighth-grade girls. I notice the girls looking at Debbie and then quickly looking away, to their hands or their bracelets or their shoes. I try to start the discussion, but I can't get the girls to talk. Where is the usual, boisterous, enthusiastic group? Debbie starts to share with the others. Her speech is high-pitched and slurred, difficult to understand. The only thing I hear is the way the other girls are squirming in their silence. Debbie's presence has interfered with their need for a perfect world.

The session ends and I look at Debbie, humming and smiling to herself.

"Do you like music?" I ask.

"I love music. But I don't like New Kids on the Block anymore because I heard that they lipsync."

I smile.

Her parents arrive to take their daughter home.

Debbie looks at me with a wide, satisfied grin and says, "I'll see you next week."

I never saw her again.

Lori Song

ON DELIVERY

I wrest open the door we never use, to see a small girl in a Brownie uniform holding out a piece of paper. The football game plays on behind me. I pause, slightly peeved; she does not speak.

"We're selling cookies for the troop," a man's voice says from behind the storm door, "to pay for camp."

I see a Dodge, brown with rust and gravel dust, in the driveway beyond the girl, engine running, two smaller girls in back waiting.

"When will I get them?" I ask the girl, taking the brochure from her hand.

"Next month," he says, "before Thanksgiving."

Using the blunt pencil she has been gripping in her other hand, I fill in my name and address. I check off a couple flavors my wife will like and ask, "Do I pay you now?"

Taking the pencil and paper she nods yes as the voice says, "No, on delivery."

A tanned hand with broken blackened nails reaches out to the top of her head and gently spins her away to the car.

Michael Chirco

PAIN TO POWER I

one

My mom
widowed at twenty-seven
remarried at thirty-four
is a renaissance woman.
She recycles, paints, draws, writes poetry.
She serves on the school board
teaches family planning
mothers eleven children.

two

little fingers pull streaks of
bright blue and yellow
across the naked canvas.
Tyler is creating!
abstract expressionism

Tyler, my nephew, died at age four.

My sister and I stand and ponder
his piece of art.
"It's an airplane!" his brother John shouts.
"Don't you guys know anything?"

three

Shhh! I am teaching.
Listen to Quincy Troupe:
write out of where you come from.
See N. Scott Momaday,
run on, run on, past the pain.
Follow Maya Angelou:
live life "On the Pulse of Morning."
Now, make some noise!

four

no shame in trying
like a balloon spiraling toward the sun,
the power of creation lasts only a short while
eye will do my best

PAIN TO POWER II

Tyler died in February, 1992. He was stricken by an unknown virus that took him in a weekend, briefly allowing him to rise and eat a meal before Monday's final fall. My sister said she never saw a doctor work so hard to try and save somebody. But there was a strong illness and one little boy. As Tyler's 5-year-old brother John explained, "The sick parts won."

I have one of Tyler's paintings on my wall. Dots of blue revolve around three wide streaks of bright blue and yellow. It's an airplane. In the corner of the frame there is a photograph. Tyler is holding a Play-Do farm animal; his face issues a shy smile. His last birthday. He and I made farm animals for hours that day with plastic molds and neon-colored Play-Do. I forgot about work, school, everything. My friend Joe joked when I bought the present: "Nebraska boy goes into FAO Schwarz. What's he come out with? The Play-Do farm!" But we had fun that day. Then, the last three times I saw Tyler, I didn't have time to play or have fun. Too busy.

At the cemetery, my older brother read a poem, trying to put some meaning on the unexplainable, unexpected death of a child. All the little kids, Tyler's preschool classmates, were given balloons. When my brother finished the last line of the poem, they released them. Some kids didn't want to let go of theirs, but when prompted, they did.

We all watched the balloons spiral away, get lost in the sunlight, become little dots in the wide expanse of sky.

In his four years, Tyler taught me something very important. Life is not a sad story. His embracing eyes and shy smile are what I remember. And the balloons. He had four years; I've had twenty-five.

chad graff

SARAH

It was a private country day school just outside of Boston, known for its progressive curriculum and specialized instruction, but the first thing I saw was friendly kids, all shapes and sizes.

I was watching the children dig in the sandbox, climb the monkey bars, and ride the trikes and big wheels around a paved area close to the house. Most of them paid no attention to me, but one or two wandered over to show me a toy or ask me a question.

A little girl walked over and sat beside me. She smoothed her straight black hair with her hands and smiled up at me. I looked at her and smiled back. "Hi," I said. "How are you?"

"Fine," she answered. "What's your name?"

"My name is Barbara," I answered. "What's your name?"

"Salwah."

"Oh," I said, not wanting to correct her, but hearing her slight speech impediment. Instead, I pronounced her name for her. "Sarah," I said. "That's a pretty name."

She didn't answer, but smiled up at me, folded her hands in her lap, and wiggled a little closer.

"She said her name was *Salwah*. Not Sarah. *Salwah*. Didn't you hear her?"

Sarah and I looked up. The voice came from the monkey bars in front of us. A chunky four-year-old was swinging upside down. Her knees were bent over the bar, and as she swayed back and forth, the ribbons on her braids barely skimmed the ground. Hanging there on the bar with her panties showing and her braids swaying, she looked like Pippi Longstocking. Her remark took me by surprise and annoyed me a little too, because of the interruption, but I was also fascinated that four and five-year-old children would have learned to support each other this way. Pippi didn't make fun

of Sarah; she didn't correct her. She accepted her and her version of her name, and that was that.

Sarah and I talked some more, and she took me by the hand to the new playhouse at the side of the yard. That week we ate lunch together, she sat next to me at story hour, and we shared a blanket at quiet time.

The day I left, I thanked the teacher for letting me visit. We talked about the children and how great they were. "And that Sarah," I said. "She is such a beautiful child. And so friendly."

The teacher looked at me. "Who?" she asked. "Who did you say? We don't have a Sarah." She shook her head. "But we do have a Salwah."

Barbara J. Everson

A RUN ON PARADISE LAKE ROAD

I know where this road buckles. I know where she heaves. I know where she crumbles, and I know where she winds and how to respond to her curves until I'm unsure who's massaging whom. I'm in love with a road, and I know where her danger spots are, where to hug her sides a little closer to avoid cars.

I also know her past, her graves pried open by robbers prowling her cemetery, a locomotive plunged into the muddy belly of her lake.

After dark, running towards home, I'm a sputtering Allied bomber trying make the English coast.

On warm days, her sunlight brings out her small birds, and their songs become her parlor music. A misstep here, or a stumble there. . . and I know. . . what can happen to a deer. . . but. . . I love Paradise Lake Road.

Bill McClement

KRISTIN

She drops into her seat ten seconds before the bell rings, popping and cracking a big wad of bubble gum. Before she can even get settled, Shayne sneaks up from behind and knocks her grammar book onto the floor. "Fuck you," she snarls, and Shayne, looking around for approval from his peers, laughs and slides into his own seat.

"Kristin, Shayne," I say, stepping up to the podium, casting my evil eye upon them as the bell rings.

Shayne keeps on smiling his big lollipop smile, but Kristin mutters an "I'm sorry." She, like all the other kids, knows I don't want students swearing at each other or me. I like to think of myself as the catcher in the rye, a morally enraged Holden Caulfield who rushes around blotting out all the "fuck yous" scrawled on the school walls. Perhaps it is naive to think I can stop kids from abusing the language and each other, but I know I must try.

I start by reading from *Truth is a Bright Star,* about the life of the Hopi Indians one hundred fifty years ago. Most of my students are Hopi, and all of them, including the handful of Navajo students, listen as I read the story of the Hopi boy Loma and the fur trapper Jim. Halfway down the first page I look up and catch Kristin whispering across two rows to another girl. I stop and stare, waiting for them to quit. The other kids see that I am angry.

"Tell them to shut up," Shayne calls out.

"Yeah, they're both nerds," Francis, another boy, bellows. "You never send them to isolated study, you only send me."

"Shut up, you queer," Kristin hisses.

"You, you bitch," Francis shouts back.

"Fuck you," Kristin answers.

"All right! Darn you kids." I'm trying hard not to swear, but I'm mad. I slam my paperback on the podium, and the kids, their mouths agape like fish, watch the book bounce into midair and then hit the floor.

"I'm sick of you kids swearing and interrupting when I'm trying to read or teach a lesson. You're rude and obnoxious and I'm tired of it!"

Silence. Not a word is muttered, nor is there any sign of a moving muscle. Even the toughest kid in the seventh grade, Ramon, in my class for the second year, has never heard me raise my voice this loud. I know this is not the finest example of professional teaching, but I don't care.

"Kristin and Francis, I want to see you out in the hall, one at a time. The rest of you, read the remainder of the chapter and the next one *silently*."

The kids obey and do what they're told. In the hall neither Francis nor Kristin admit any wrongdoing. I assign them both two-page essays on why they chose to disrupt class and why disrespecting teachers and fellow students is wrong. They groan but promise they will complete the writing by tomorrow.

Francis' essay is nothing special, not much more than a half-hearted apology slopped together on a torn piece of paper like a kindergartener's finger painting. Kristin, however, can write, and has created what for a seventh grader is a reasonably articulate critique of me and the class. In the piece are some revelations that give me insight into why a student so talented has such a bad attitude and uses such foul language.

The class, of course, is boring; there's too much homework, and I'm too mean. Those things I expected. They're the same type of emotionally laden responses I would've given my teachers if I had been as disobedient and courageous. Beyond that, however, are some hard truths which express an anger and confusion that make me stop and ponder.

"The other kids call me a nerd in the halls, boys write swear words on my folders and books and steal my paper and pencils, and girls write that I'm a bitch on the bathroom stalls. But I'm the one who gets punished. How would you like it?"

The illusion that I was the catcher in the rye has been exposed for the fallacy it always was. Kristin and I—all of my students and I—operate in different spheres whose gulf knows no bridge. I can't protect them from the ugliness and hate of the outside world. I've failed to make things better even in this isolated classroom. The way they see me is the way I always saw my parents and teachers: crotchety, distant, uncaring.

Jim Schmitz

PRACTICE

Walking the wet edge of the beach toward the blue glare that swallows its curve in my future, I am behind two girls in bright bathing suits. Each about ten, they are moving together on their own paths. The chubby girl with tangled blonde hair plods along, intent on the impressions her feet make in the sand. The dark haired slender one, suddenly aware of me, turns her head to practice a look over her shoulder. Stunningly coy, haughty, aloof, she projects a knowledge she couldn't possibly possess. The next moment, laughing, they rush off down the beach following that curve into the brightness.

Michael Chirco

RUGGED

Standing in the back of the dump truck, tossing out stove-length firewood onto the driveway, I felt like a Man in a Vermont Marlboro ad. Tim's winter wood had arrived, and I offered to help empty and stack, a satisfying, tangible task.

Stripped to the waist, Massey Ferguson hat on backwards, work gloves, I was "the bearded outdoorsman, preparing for winter." Tim's little boy Jake watched me from inside, a round, blond-haired face in a window. He was my audience.

I worked deeper into the truck as the driveway pile of wood grew. Tim brought me a beer. I could smell that I smelled of wood; wood chips and fine dust stuck to my sweat. Rugged.

Finally, Jake came out of the house, past the wood pile, to the back of the truck. "Are you a boy or a man?"

Good question.

Peter Cogan

ANGRY MAN

He jerked open the front door and began kicking in the glass on the bottom of the screen door.

"I told youse people to get the hell out." My father bellowed at my mother and me like a wounded moose. A spent cigar stub hung in the corner of his mouth, and a scowl angry enough to cut metal darkened his red face.

"Art, stop it," my mother pleaded. She sounded as helpless as an ant on a city sidewalk. She knew, as I did, that my father's rage wasn't about us. Instead he was acting out his repressed hurt and anger toward his first wife who had treated him badly and later killed herself.

We both had heard the story of how he had broken down the door of his and his first wife's apartment because he wanted to see his baby daughter, my step-sister. Even though a court order forbade such visits while their divorce was in process, my father didn't care. He wanted his wife to know that he was still a man. . . that he was still in charge.

Jim Schmitz

WORDS FLY

"I don't give a flying *fuck* !" my mom sneers.

My wife and I follow the swing of her hand and pointed finger arching across her face, hammering down on the kitchen table. Mom's story about what happened at work has erupted, and her face flames red and her lips stretch straight against her clinched teeth, as we sit there drinking tea before leaving to drive her to work.

"That's an interesting image, Mom," I quip, sipping my tea.

My wife turns her eyes at me, pushing them out and in.

"What?" I add, shrugging my shoulders and looking across at my mom. She stares back.

"I j-j-just got this image in my mind," I begin to explain, "with two lovers running toward each other across a green field, and they're naked." I glance at both my mom and my wife who listen and let me continue with this one, "and they leap in the air, rrrvmph"—I run my hands across the table and bring them up in front of my face—and they sorta meet like this . . ." my fingers split into two v-shapes and lock, tumbling down to the table.

"That's disgusting," my wife comments.

"But I'm just telling you the image . . ."

We both turn to look at my mom.

"He's bad," my wife says to my mom.

"What do you expect . . . I'm an English teacher. And I *am* sensitive to language," I add and grin.

My mom sips her tea and sighs. I launch into a quick telling of Whitman's "Dalliance of Eagles," and how the two eagles fly towards each other with their talons spread open, then embrace and clutch, tumbling in a gyro through the sky. My wife smirks and shakes her head from side to side; Mom looks at her watch and begins her smile.

Anonymous

WINTER STORMS

The snow slashed against us with its April heaviness as Sarah, Lindsay, and I made our way from the bus to the frame porch of our old farmhouse. Jostling each other, we burst in, stomping snow-clogged boots against the frayed rag rug covering the cracked but immaculate linoleum. We stopped, anxiously searching each others' eyes.

"I'll give her thirty seconds," sputtered Lindsay.

Nearly on top of Lindsay's words, rushing at us from her usual after-school post in the front hallway, Mother greeted us: "Clean your feet, and don't bring any of that mess in here. No. Now don't get that snow all over everything."

She glanced down, a smile briefly stretching her thin lips. "Sarah, honey, have Clarissa help you with your snowpants."

The snow, stuck in semi-melted clumps onto the scarves, mittens, and coats, began to scatter in lumpish puddles across the floor. Mother thrust her way further into our main living room, her eyes tight and her hair stiffly frizzled.

"Lindsay, I thought I told you not to get that snow all over everything. Do what I said for a change. Why can't you ever get anything right? Go get something and clean all of that up—right now!"

Lindsay's chin lifted. Her large hazel eyes glared as Mother continued. "Don't you take that attitude with me, young lady, or you'll find yourself cutting your own switch again."

As Mother scurried out of sight into the kitchen, we could hear her nervously rubbing her cracked hands together.

"God, does she *always* have to do that?" Muttering, Lindsay dumped her school books on the table. She jerked the clothes off the floor and splayed them across the racks surrounding the oil stove.

"Lindsay, don't say anything—okay? Please. You'll only get it," I pleaded as we rounded the corner into the kitchen. We grabbed for the huge cinnamon buns sitting in pans on the shelf.

"Put those back," Mother laughed. "You think I'd let *my* girls eat raw dough? Blah! Those just look ready cause I made them big for you girls to take to Youth Fellowship at church tomorrow."

Mother leaned over the hot oven, her hair slipping softly over her flushed face as she pulled out a large pan of sticky, plump cinnamon buns. Comfortably crowded, we sat at the oversized table in our mismatched chairs. Cupboard tops overspilling with Mother's cinnamon buns, the kitchen suddenly became home. Mother's large brown eyes were warm, and she beamed as she slid plates of the warm, soft, enticing buns toward us and prompted, "What did you three do in school today?" She rested her rounded, flour-dusted arms on the table and settled her plump little body into one of the chairs alongside us.

Cathy Harris

BIRTHDAY SURPRISE

"Birthdays," I mutter, "I'm too old for this crap," contemplating this day, my twenty-ninth, as I rake. "God," sighing deeply, "give me quiet."

Staggered rows of corn, lettuce, beans, carrots—nothing exotic, but the slugs sure love it, as I count slimed corpses stopped at the line. "One, two, three . . . four . . . . Yeah, you bastards," impaling each with a thin twig and flicking. This discarded gook attempts to join raked rocks and debris in the far corner's dense, untended shrubbery. "Bastards."

"Zing," and I proudly admire my aim as another fist-sized stone checks in with its brethren, straight and true. As it should be, Lord knows, for I'd always loved throwing, I'd had lots of practice. "Damn, I'm good, what an arm!"

Soon enough, I've got three or four good ones. Clearing my head, then "Vwing shwish . . . vwing shash . . . zwing . . ." I'm a Zen master, the stones are a part of me, I am the stone, I stone; I—aimless, light mantra, attempting to lose myself in perfect repetition, peacefully.

Abruptly, the corner's weeds seem to rustle the smallest bit, but enough. "Phwit." There's the gratification of another released rock. And then back to the garden, raking in hope of contentment.

Soft bird warbles filter the air, and I'm calm enough to enjoy them. "Ah, yes" I say to myself, watching crows in branches of trees which border the yard. I am, finally, relaxed, flying with starlings as they, too, gather in nearby branches. "Hmmm, nice," in a whisper to myself.

The corner twitches again and this time, peering in, I spy a small crow, wounded. "Shit. The rocks." There will be no peace today.

"Honk, honk . . . honnk!" and three sedans have pulled into the driveway, friends piling out, laughing smiles. "C'mon, Garrett, it's your birthday. Surprise!" and Jennifer displaying a cellophaned cake, homemade. "Surprise!"

The rake drops. I'm lifted up and off, a captive carted toward the cars. Ducking into the back, I hear Jennifer, "Eeww, bird poop," and she's frantically wiping the cellophane with a tissue.

Garrett Andrews

THE FAN

I sit and watch the world. And I think back to when I was young, sitting on the hard floor of my grandmother's house. I am in her living room, cross-legged, elbows on my knees, chin in my hands. Right in front of her old fan. I stare at the spinning metal blade and feel its unsettling rhythm.

The focus of my attention is short lived. Inevitably, my aunt walks by and says, "Now, Chad. You be careful near that fan. Don't you dare try and put anything inside it."

"Okay. Okay." I respond, annoyed. "I'm not going to."

I imagine what happens if I do; put something in reach of that spiraling blade. Like my finger. That blade chops off the end and sends a piece of my flesh ricocheting around the room, bloodying the walls. I view that fan with an uneasy mixture of respect and fear.

Today, I see my nephew sitting on his grandmother's floor. He becomes intrigued with her new-fangled fan. He sticks his finger inside, and pulls the plastic blade to an abrupt halt. I am worried.

chad graff

THE DREAM HOUSE

The realtor wasn't worried. "It's a pretty house," he said. "We'll sell it," he said. But we didn't. Week after week people walked through my pretty house and smiled but didn't come back. I was worried. I wanted us in our dream house. I wanted our one wooded acre in the country. I wanted the small barn and the woods for the girls and Ginger to play. I dusted, swept, and straightened pillows. I shined, wiped, and cleaned.

"Pick up your toys."

"Don't leave that glass there."

"Take your things to the garage and play."

One morning the phone rang. "I'm going to sell your house this afternoon," the salesman said. "Put the kids and the dog somewhere. Turn a couple of lights on low. Put something in the oven so it smells good."

I was ready. I cleaned again. I turned the lamps on low. And I set fresh flowers on the coffee table.

"No, you can't have any banana bread."

"Put those crayons away."

"Take Ginger and go outside."

He came. They came with him, and he showed them through. The flowers and the lamps were working. He was right. They thought it was a pretty house. They wanted to buy it. Going out the door, he signaled to me and smiled.

I ran to the garage. The children sat together, arms around each other, Ginger in between. They were crying.

"You don't love us anymore," they said.

Barbara J. Everson

RESPONSIBLE MAILBOXES

The storm had come in that night slowly, threatening with far-off lightning that I could see a long time before I heard it. I counted like Dad had taught me—"One one thousand, two one thousand, three one thousand, four one thousand"—before the sound flattened itself against my bedroom window.

Dad had been gone all day. He had left early, meeting another woman. My younger brother Bill and I called her "The Babe," spitting the words.

Mom had asked the Millers if Bill could stay with them "for a little while." She had sobbed briefly afterwards, but Bill hadn't heard her. I didn't know what to do.

Mom knew already, of course. She had told me that afternoon, carefully and slowly, not letting me misunderstand. "Your father and I are trying to work this out. He's taken Joan to Geauga Lake today. But we're still married. We're still going to try. You must remember that. He's going through a lot right now. He's changed a lot. We've both changed a lot. But it has nothing to do with you boys. It's never been about that. We both still love you." We were sitting at the family table in the kitchen.

We sat for a long time that afternoon, listening for unfamiliar sounds in the house and steeling ourselves for the cellophane crunch of driveway gravel. We didn't talk.

She got up and walked upstairs, leaving the light on—which she never did. I took it to mean she wanted me ready; I went to my room and listened.

The storm muffled everything. I heard my mother's voice first. I came out of my bedroom and saw Dad at the table with his head bowed into his arms. The front door was open and the porch light was on. Mom was saying in a calm voice, "Where are your keys?"

Dad looked up at me and said "Oh, Tom." It was the first time I ever saw him cry.

Mom found his keys still in the door. We had to leave him at the table, finally, because he was too heavy to carry upstairs. We didn't know what else to do.

* * *

Mom was driving and I was riding shotgun, keeping my eyes open like she told me to. I wasn't really sure what we were looking for, but Dad had wrecked our other car pretty good. That meant other people were involved. That much I understood.

Maple and oak leaves glowed green on the road. It wasn't raining that hard now, but Mom had the wipers on high. We didn't really need them; the first mailbox wasn't that hard to see.

The bright French vanilla of the split wood shone in the headlights. Mom slowed the car. She turned off the wipers.

"Tom, tell them we're sorry," she said, turning to me.

"OK," I said, pulling low the brim of my favorite Mepps cap.

I got out. Our headlights cut into the steam rising from the road. I saw nightcrawlers squirming, drowning in a puddle on the driveway. Muddy tire tracks ran across the driveway. It would have to rain harder to wash it all away. I couldn't see the mailbox anywhere, just shards of the post on the driveway and ahead in our headlights on the road.

Dad had come left of center to hit this mailbox. He'd hit the yard first, then the mailbox, then the driveway.

I walked toward the small lit stoop. I knocked on the screen door. A girl I recognized from school but had never talked to came to the door. She looked at me and widened her eyes, then looked away. She was pretty. Another girl, younger, came up to the screen, followed by a man with a thick neck and a kind face. They didn't open it. I didn't know them.

"We'll pay for it," was all I said, looking at the older girl and nodding my head. She looked up at her father.

"Anybody hurt?" he asked me.

"No," I assured him not really knowing, but saying it calmed me.

"It's all right son. I know you. Best to go to the police station and file a report," he said, putting his hand on the heavy white door. I imagined him in his t-shirt, spitting under an umbrella, watching my father's taillights disappearing over the ridge, shaking his head turning toward the house.

"Thanks. He didn't really mean it," I said smiling at the girl. But she wasn't looking at me anymore. "We're sorry," I told him. He paused to look to see that I was going before he shut the door. "We're sorry," I said again, quieter. He nodded and shut the door.

I walked back toward the car. I could see the blotch of my mother's yellow shirt in the rain streaked window of the car. She sat erect with both hands on the wheel. She'd never have to do this again I thought. I was never going to let it happen. That would be my responsibility. I'd be sorry for all of us.

I got back in the car. She put the car into first, let out the clutch. She turned up the wipers to high.

We could have driven all night long, just me and Mom, just like that. I'd keep getting out of that car again and again, forever making everything all right.

Tom Beach

YEAST

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The writers speak for themselves,
not for the institution.

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ANITA'S ACT

"Give me that!" Anita said as she grabbed the script out of my hand. "You're supposed to be acting, playing a role, not just walking and talking like you always do. You have to pretend—it's like playing." She paced across the den peering at my part, then stood still with her back to me.

My older sister was hard to get along with. She was smart and always wanted to be in charge. We had been working on my lines for *My Fair Lady,* the high spot of the theater season at Irondequoit High, when she just exploded.

As she stood at the other end of the room, I started to get mad. It was my part, I was good enough to have gotten it, and she had never had any part. In four years of auditioning she never even made the chorus. I didn't need her help.

I opened my mouth to complain when she turned. It was amazing. She had changed her looks, her posture, even her breathing it seemed. "Thanks for your hospitality George! Send the bill to Buckingham Palace." I could almost smell the beer on her breath as she swaggered and rolled toward me. Alfie Doolittle, with a knowing leer, leaned forward and spit out the guttural dialect with a force that was attractive even as it repelled me.

Anita filled the room with Alfie's energy; she crossed the space led by the man's pelvis and audacity. Stopping, turning, hitching the belt up under a beer gut, the words burst out to assault and cajole the listener. When the cue for the song came it was an extension of the dustman's speech, one more way he manipulated anyone within earshot: looking for an opening, an edge.

Midway through the first verse she stopped and was my sister. Throwing the script in my face she said, "It has to be real, physical, and fun. We need to know it is fun, that it is play."

* * *

Each fall at Marcus Whitman High, I open the season by directing one acts. I always include one ensemble piece: something with a large flexible cast so that everyone who auditions gets a part. I'm looking for that smart, outspoken, troublesome girl who can play anything.

Michael Chirco

THE MIRROR

Courtney and I sat outside on the infamous "Wall" conversing and people-watching before class. "Hey, Do you want to go running later?" I said, resting my chin on my knee and tugging at my shoe.

"I need to. What time are we meeting Heather and Liz for dinner?"

"Sevenish, I think. There should be plenty of time. Hey! How's it goin'?" I offered to someone passing by.

"Did you know her?" Courtney asked.

"No. But we do know *her*." I whispered. "How much do you want to bet that she doesn't say hello?"

Kate walked towards us, flipping her hair and checking her nails.

"Give me a break." I muttered.

She glanced our way and quickly looked around, hoping to find another face in order to avoid us. Just when she thought she was safe, I said, "Hey, Kate."

"Oh, Hi!" Kate cocked her head to a dramatic side. "I didn't see ya'll sitting there. What's going on?"

"Not much, just waiting to go to class." I could have told

her that we were waiting to catch the space shuttle. She was too busy looking around to really listen.

"Kurt! Kurt! Wait up! See ya'll later." She pranced off, freed from having to have a conversation with us.

Kate was always like that. She wore the finest clothes and demanded the finest friends. Even though we were in the same sorority, we were lucky to hear a "honk" as she whizzed by in her BMW. She did have her moments though.

"Heather! How are you? Can I borrow your notes from Econ?"

"Kathy! Hey! Are you going to the SAE house later? Your boyfriend rooms with Ed, doesn't he?"

"Rebecca! You look *so* cute today. Can I borrow those gold earrings that you always wear? I love those."

I didn't have a lot to offer Kate so I was lucky to get a cordial hello. Courtney and I would joke about how Kate would be my maid of honor someday and then shake our heads, knowing it would never happen. I always said that I didn't want a friend like that anyway but my heart still winced whenever I was ignored. I just didn't understand how people could act like that.

* * *

I walk into the cafeteria and scan the room. I push my bangs out of my face and look for someone I know. No luck, so I sit alone. I look in my backpack for a book, so that this solo lunch appears planned. My search is stopped when two strangers, who look different than most of my friends, ask if they can join me. The man has long hairs growing everywhere except his head and his female friend is eating enough for the both of them. Inside I cringe, but manage to introduce myself. In between my rush to finish my lunch as quickly as possible, I pretend to be polite and interested with "Where are you from?" and "Oh, really? Do you know so and so?" Eye contact is minimal as I stare at my dessert or glance around the room, distracted. I almost jump out of my seat when I see Lisa. "Lisa! Are you getting ready to leave?" My eyes are begging.

"Sure. Do you want me to wait for you?"

"I was just finishing. Hang on."

I look at my dinner guests with sincere eyes and say "Sorry I have to run, but it was so nice to meet you. Maybe I'll see you again sometime." I hurriedly gather my things and rush off with Lisa.

We walk towards the dorms and I smile at various people, priding myself on my friendliness. As I reach my room, I think about the people who sat with me at lunch. My face reddens as I look in the mirror. I never thought I could look so much like Kate.

Lori Song

SOLOMON GRUNDY

Bumping, stumbling, pushing, and giggling, we rush from the bus to the new brick building each morning in windbreakers or slickers. Carrying lunch bags, book bags, and treasures for show-and-tell, we squeak down long corridors in our sneakers to the classroom. Second grade with Mrs. Buckley seemed so exciting in September.

By Halloween I had learned to lag behind, delaying the start of each day's frustration. I had not yet picked up the trick of being sick on Mondays, which would hurt my attendance records for fourth and fifth grade.

Every morning we took our seats after the pledge, and pulled out a pencil and several sheets of soft brown paper. "We will print letters to form carefully spaced words," Mrs. Buckley informed us. "Place a capital letter at the beginning of each sentence, and a period at the end." Questions were unnecessary. We had merely to copy the rhyme or paragraph she had printed on the chalk board.

"Solomon Grundy . . ."

"Be sure to skip a line so the bottom of the little g's and y's don't touch the tops of t's and k's and l's," she coached, moving toward her desk.

"Born on Monday . . ."

"Make the capital C's and G's and O's perfect circles that touch the lines at top and bottom," her voice reminded, as a finger traced her flawless characters.

"Christened on Tuesday . . ."

Slowly at first, and then more quickly, children left their seats and brushed past me to present finished copies to Mrs. Buckley. Seated behind her desk she studied each piece, pointed out deficiencies the students rushed to correct, and then nodded acceptance. Once finished they were free to work puzzles, play board games, or feed the fish and hamsters while their slower classmates lettered.

"Married on Wednesday . . ."

I never got the chance to do these more interesting things; Jimmy Gray and I were always the last to finish. Jimmy was a little boy who would begin to cry and crawl under his desk whenever Mrs. Buckley closed in on him—we always laughed at his performances. I was just slow.

"Worked on Thursday . . ."

Gripping the pencil tighter as the activity around me increased, I lost the ability to blend the curves and straight lines. Trying to get the shapes to come out right, my pencil dug into the wood chips visible in the paper. Focusing on the board and then on the paper, I often copied the wrong word, or omitted one. These mistakes meant erasing holes in the spongy sheet as I grew more tense, sloppy, and upset.

"Took ill on Friday . . ."

At first I tested Mrs. Buckley's limits. She quickly taught me that this just wasted more time. Rushing back to my seat to make corrections, I was embarrassed to face the successful copyists. School had become a competition. I never realized the service I was doing. The longer it took me, the more attention the hamster received.

"Died on Saturday . . ."

All I knew was that each morning started with this chore, and no matter when I got through, it was time to move on to reading groups. I only remember one time I finished before another classmate besides Jimmy Gray. On that day, I handed in my paper and turned toward the shelves elated. I saw the girl I had beaten, at her desk struggling to finish; her pencil tore holes in the paper made soft by the vomit pouring from

her mouth. She pressed on. We were herded out of the room while the janitor cleaned up, and the girl disappeared down the hall with the school nurse.

"Buried on Sunday . . ."

I reentered the room, intent on reaching the shelves.

"Time for reading," Mrs. Buckley announced.

"And that was the end of Solomon Grundy."

Michael Chirco

DROPPING MY CHILD OFF AT HELL —I MEAN PRESCHOOL —I MEAN HELL

His tiny fingers dig deep into my shoulders. I'm surprised how strong his grip gets, but I can't blame him. He's seen her coming.

"Hi, Matthew," sings the effervescent, omni-cheerful, blonde, make-me-want-to-stick-my-finger-down-my-throat-and-vomit, preschool teacher. I know they pay her to be this way. She's doing her job. Would anyone rather leave a three-year-old with a sour puss?

Matthew buries his blue-eyed, pudgy face into the nape of my neck. He won't respond to her. *No way*. So we pry him loose—the teacher and I—like a couple of ships transferring a dying sailor, only our arms tangle. Matthew's, too.

"For Godsake don't drop him," I think. "I've already betrayed him enough this morning."

Amid his sobs, he's belting out "I want my Daddy." Still I persist in freeing myself from the cobweb of arms and lean over Matthew and his teacher to kiss him on the forehead. Then I stride deliberately for the door. I know how this exchange works.

"Go, don't look back," I say to myself.

I look anyway. His eyes swell with tears. His red face pleas for help. It says be a father. Don't abandon me.

"He'll be all right," the teacher reassures me, restraining Matthew from getting on to the floor and charging after me.

"I know."

I step out the door. Matthew's cries echo like prayers. I don't dare go back. After all, I'm not dropping him off in an orphanage.

Then, on the way to the car, I think more about the preschools: "At least he's not in here from six a.m. to six p.m., five days a week, like some kids. Besides no one could imagine these days that it would be good for a three year old to be home everyday. There'd be no outside stimulation.

"His generation's being raised in preschools. Between six and nine a.m. each morning, parents all across America drop their kids off in preschools. Someday his generation will remember preschools like my generation remembers . . . their mothers."

* * *

Just after five o'clock, I swing the car into the preschool parking lot. The lot's full of cars. Parents are here picking up their kids. I open the door for a father with a baby in his arms and his three-year-old little daughter in front of him. He's disheveled, tired-looking. He looks like he's been suffering from the heat but it's not hot out. It's just the end of the day. I wonder what I look like to him. He nods. A thanks for opening the door, I guess.

I glide down the hall to Matthew's room. I look through the window of the door. There he is, putting a puzzle together. The blonde little girl next to him's reading—or turning the picture pages. They seem to be talking their way through a story, correcting each other to get it right. I like to see how my children function without me. So I spy. He darts for the blue and orange plastic fort in the center of the room. The little blonde girl runs after him. Her book drops to the floor in her wake.

Finally I open the door.

"Matthew, look who's here!" shouts a different teacher than this morning's.

Matthew turns. His eyes light up. He forgets the little girl and runs for me, arms pumping, teeth grinning. I kneel down to scoop him up. His pudgy face buries itself in my neck delightfully. For as long as this instant lasts, I inhale—deeply.

Bill McClement (for Matthew)

WYATT EARP

When I was ten, or twelve maybe, I was always in trouble. It happened that my two best friends were rather wild, and we egged each other on. We lived in a sort of rural area, not truly rural because our parents commuted to the city and had jobs where they wore business suits, but there were lots of farmland around, and the houses were far apart. One of my friends had horses.

One day we decided to rob the mail. We wrote notes, lots of them, that said that Wyatt Earp had struck. We didn't know who Wyatt Earp was, but we thought of bandits and the wild west when we said his name, so we knew he was perfect for our purposes. We got on the horses, bareback of course, and galloped down the street. At each mailbox we stopped, took out the mail, left a Wyatt Earp note, and rode away.

When we had hit every house in the neighborhood, we headed for the barn. We whooped and hollered and galloped all the way back. We sounded just like wild west bandits. We had done it! Every mailbox, and nobody had caught us!

And then we stopped, and looked at each other. We were holding piles of mail. Personal letters, business letters, bills, flyers, newspapers—tons of the stuff. What would we do with it all? How would we hide the evidence? The only answer was fire.

We tore up every piece, then burned it in Lili's parents burning barrel. By the time we had finished there was no gaiety left—we went to our homes with sick stomachs.

The next day Cynthia was grounded. Whenever anything happened in our neighborhood she was automatically grounded because her parents always assumed she had something to do with it. She climbed out her bedroom

window to tell us that we were in bad trouble! Her parents had told her that this was the big one—this was a federal offence. "What does that mean?" we whispered, quaking with fear.

"It means jail," she answered, "or maybe, if we are lucky, reform school." And then she ate some poison ivy to prove her determination to escape jail (she was always making dramatic gestures—she had eaten poison ivy before so we weren't too worried about her).

That was one of the worst afternoons of my life. We hid in the bushes and talked all afternoon. We talked about reform school and what it would be like. The more we talked the worse it got. We vowed never to be bad again. We cried and hugged each other and said goodbye—we knew we would never be lucky enough to be sent to the same reform school, so we thought we were saying goodbye forever. And then we went home to face our miserable futures.

Of course the punishment the adults had devised was serious. We had to write letters of apology to every neighbor and go apologize in person. We had to work all summer to pay back the people whose money we burned. We couldn't ride for two weeks. But the sweet relief that I felt as I listened to my father outlining all these details of punishment was so strong that I could barely keep from grinning. I was safe! I was free! I was not going to reform school! And within a week we were planning our next escapade.

Heidi Lyne

JEN

Dad's rusted-out GMC pickup rattled into our grassless yard, and I trotted out to meet him.

"Got ye somethin', Cricket." Since he'd quit American Motors, and we'd come back South a year or two before, he'd not had a regular kind of job—just mostly raised a few cows and hogs, a little corn, and a garden. Traded stock, dogs, guns, or whatever else he could do to raise a little boot, so he was always bringing in something new. "Go 'round to the other side an' git it out of the floorboard."

I opened the door to find a mangy little gray terrier cowering against the floor, looking at me with hairless, pink-rimmed brown eyes.

Reaching my hands around her chest and lifting her, I thought she felt like a feather-stuffed rag toy. Her rat tail curled tight between her legs, her ears limp.

"Somebody throwed her out in the forks of the road over at Gum Church. Thought we might could doctor 'er up an' git rid of that mange. Looks like she'd make a rite purty little thing. Might make a good squirrel dog. Bring 'er 'round back of the house while I git the burnt motor oil an' sulfur. We'll give her a good dousin'."

I held her on a stump, and Dad mopped her all over with a piece of rag tied around the end of a stick, trying to be careful so as not to get any oil in her eyes. She didn't move but I know it stunk and must have stung her hide, already scratched raw in places.

"If it don't kill 'er, it ought to git 'er well. Now go in the house an' git 'er a little somethin' to eat."

I found a rusty hubcap we used for watering the chickens, took it to the kitchen, and crumbled in a piece of bread mom'd baked out of shorts, stirred in some old peas, and poured a little clabbered milk over it all.

Wasn't long before she was licking out the bottom. Her belly, a knot—like she'd swallowed a cantaloupe.

It took another treatment or two to kill the mange, but her hair finally came back—in shiny, soft gray ringlets. Dad had been right. She was a pretty little thing. I named her Jen, and she had the most gentle, loving nature of any animal I ever had. She even make a tolerable squirrel dog when we took her out by herself.

Four or five years later, she caught mange again, but this time it must have been red mange, 'cause the treatments didn't do any good. She just lost more and more hair.

One day while Dad was gone to town, I noticed Jen didn't come when I called her. After he got home that evening, I told him about it.

He said he'd carried her off and put her out on the side of the road. Couldn't have no mangy dog around the place to spread it to the rest of the animals.

Annie D. Smith

SQUIRT BLOSSOM

I was always in trouble, my cousin was always perfect. She had this amazing ability to disappear about five seconds before an adult appeared. I'd get busted and she would get treats. All they could attribute my aberrant behavior to was that my daddy was a Yankee, an unfortunate occurrence that accounted for many sins.

One of my major and ever present sins was that I did not look right. Our family is large—my great grandmother was six feet tall in her stockings; she was not called Big Momma for nothing! I was lucky to reach five feet by the time I graduated from high school. Also, I did not look like any of the various branches of our typically large Southern family. In fact, they couldn't recollect anyone, and they could go back five generations in the course of a one minute conversation, who had ever had my particular combination of legs, elbows, eyes, and sauciness. But then, my daddy was a Yankee, and who knows what those Yankees might have looked like.

Part of the problem was that I was my grandaddy's favorite. Nobody messed with Mr. Les. If I hadn't had Grandaddy to take up for me and positively encourage me in my waywardness, they could have whipped me into shape in two shakes of a goose's tail feather. But I did have my granddaddy, and he was my hero. I was sure that God must look just like my grandaddy, sitting up there on His pearly throne. I just tossed that troublesome throne right out and gave God a lazy-boy recliner, just like my grandaddy's. When Jesus said, "Gather the little children unto me," I let 'um sit right on its arm—just like my grandaddy let me.

My grandaddy was a big man, but he always made room for a very small, very lonely little girl. He encouraged me to question everything, try anything, and look for the

value in everyone. He taught me to drive a tractor, shoot a gun, roast corn, and watch the sun set. He took me with him out on the place and left me to play in the fields, ditches, and turn lanes with the Indian children who had come with their parents to chop and hoe and pick the ever fertile Mississippi Delta farm land. He taught me to love the smell of freshly turned earth and the music of the fields. And he always had a smile, an ear, and a hand to give his smallest and most devoted fan.

I didn't really mind Grandaddy dying. I understood his choice. It made perfect sense to me that if he couldn't live his life the way he wanted, it just wasn't worth living. I held his hand, kissed his cheek, and said my goodbyes with a clear heart. It wasn't until later, back at the house, when I heard two old ladies talking about how Les had run off the old maid school teacher and snatched Nellie Sue right out from under old John Skelton's nose that I realized my granddaddy had been a man. A man and a child and a suitor and a husband. In fact, he had lived a whole life before I had ever known him; a whole life without me, a whole life I knew nothing about. It was then the enormity of my loss hit me.

Well, I tell you. I can't hardly wait to climb up on the arm of that lazy-boy recliner and hear him say in his deep booming Southern drawl, "Well, Squirt Blossom, what do you need to know now"? I need to know what he did to make that perfectly respectable woman quit teaching, and why he had to snatch Granny from under great-grandfather Skelton's nose, and most of all, I need to hear one of those deep-bellied laughs that means he is fixing to tell me just exactly w*hat.*

Opal Croke

GOING FISHING

The evening before, Grandpa calls to see how we are making out up here in the cabin on the lake—and to give us a little advice on how to catch trout. He says "find a worm or a bug out back because they have been working well on the trout up there lately," and I say "uh huh" politely. He knows I don't have any desire for stabbing a slimey critter with a hook. I'd rather read than fish.

I arise to work while Mary and the boys lie asleep in the loft. I want more time with them during the day and not to feel uncomfortably divided between them and graduate school. In the little kitchen underneath, I try not to disturb the early serenity. Outside the window the light is pale.

I make coffee but hear Alex, our five year old, shuffling mysteriously in his blankets. I've made too much noise. I step out from under the loft to check on him. He's already at the top of the stairs, like my shadow watching me.

"Will he go back to bed, or is he getting up?" I wonder. Staring back, coffee cup in my hand, I secretly hope he'll turn around and crawl into bed with Mary. I'm ready to get to work. I want to embrace him, but I don't.

Stabilizing himself with one arm on the railing, he takes tentative steps down. His small fingers rub the crust out of his brown eyes, and the gorgeous, thick brown hair on the back of his head spreads out like a dry mop. His long, curling eyelashes disarm me, and he climbs into my arms undisturbed.

"Grandpa said to catch a big fish today."

"He did? When did he tell you that?"

"Last night on the phone."

"Ohhh," I say.

I feel the pressure of having a lot of work to do and Alex's need to have my attention. I also feel my aversion to fishing as a kind of father's weakness, and there's no way to tell him this.

The contrast among these sensations make me wonder—with Alex in my arms—just how father-son conflicts begin. So much has been written about them through the ages. The idea that such a conflict might occur between us unsettles me.

"You know," Alex says, "Mario's in a new Nintendo game, and he can do a lot more things."

I nod and stroke his hair while I think to myself: "Mario, the latest vidiot game for which I have no respect."

"Then I want to build a model airplane," he says, "with four engines and witbanks."

"What are witbanks?" I wonder, but, again, only to myself. I remember the last time Alex mentioned witbanks. I carefully asked him what they are. I couldn't understand what he described, so I've let him be to work it through. It seemed wise.

And, now, he wants to build another model airplane. I had no patience with the last one. Critical steps were omitted from the directions so I had to call in a teenage neighbor to finish it, but Alex understood the distinction that I didn't build the airplane. He was just too young to hold my weaknesses over my head. One day, though, he will be able to read them like a book.

I wonder about what else I can do this morning besides work. I can set Alex up with his favorite cereal and a Disney movie and go back to bed to make love with his mother, or once again I can step outside my element.

I whisper in his ear:

"Alex, want to go fishing before Mommy and Matthew wake up?"

"Yeah!"

I feel the frustration ungratefully welling up within me. What is the condition of the poles? Where are the keys to the boathouse? Oh, yes, and what was Grandpa's advice about what to use to catch those trout?

Bill McClement (for Alex)

JUST CALL ME

"How's work?" Todd asked.

"Busy," I replied. "Keeps me hopping." Lately, this was how all our conversations began. We talked about work—everything else felt dangerous, incriminating.

"How's the Heating-Cooling business?" I managed.

"Okay," he said. I knew he hadn't worked for his father's shop all summer. But the lie was easier for both of us. I thought he'd made awful choices. He wondered who I was. The bewilderment was mutual.

We paused a long time. I could hear cars in the background. It was two in the morning.

"Well, what's wrong?" I finally asked, too tired to keep this up.

"She won't let me in," Todd said.

"Oh no."

"I just need you to come over so I can get in," he said, trying to assure me. "She won't answer my calls. I was just sitting here, on the porch, and she slams the door. Thinks I been drinkin' too much. I know it's late. . ." he said, trailing off.

"Alright. I'll be there. Where are you?"

"Just come to the apartment. I'll be out front. Thanks man."

We hung up. I got dressed and drove wet, empty streets.

* * *

Todd met his wife, Rose, on Halloween at a cowboy/trucker joint called Mr. D's. She came as a witch, he as a country western singer. They got married six months later.

I was best man at his wedding, told him in the back room of the church that if he needed to, there was a back door. No shame in that I said. Better to know now.

But I had never seen him so happy. He looked at me carefully and shaking my hand, he hugged me, one of those manful hugs where your handshake gets crushed in your gut. He told me I was his best friend, the only real friend he had.

His brother-in-law even caught the whole thing embarrassingly on videotape. Todd had rewound that scene five times, months later, lifting his beer and saying "That's goddam friendship! That's goddam friendship!"

"Man, I'll always be there for you. You know?" I said lifting my own beer. I'd never let him down. I meant it.

But here I was, at 2:30 in the morning, and I knew I hadn't. It was easy to make a four-beer promise about loyalty, but I didn't want to carry his burdens.

* * *

I saw Todd's cigarette glow on the front stoop. He and his wife lived on the upper floor of the duplex. He put it out when he saw my car.

"What's up?" I asked rolling down my window.

"Just drive around the corner." He slumped in his seat. He didn't have a jacket on.

"Where am I going?" I asked.

"Just around the corner. Not far," he said.

"What? She took your keys? How. . . you can't get in? What's going on?" I asked. He didn't say anything.

He finally said "Turn in here."

"What? Right in front of this guy's house?" I asked, pulling in the driveway. I kept an eye out for the porchlight but the house remained dark. Beyond this house, if we looked up, we could see the back window of Todd's apartment lit up, the shade drawn.

"She just doesn't understand me, Tom. She gets all crazy 'cause I ain't working now. It's slow now. She can't stand to have me home all day. That's all," he said, lighting up another cigarette.

"Well, love's a tough thing. Marriage is rough," was all I came up with.

"I need to write her a note. Something to settle her down. I been sitting on that porch since she got home. I cooked her dinner and that on the grill. But she just got pissed off, as usual, and when I wouldn't come up, she locked the door on me. Tom, you're my best friend. You know that," he said.

I thought I could see what was coming. We'd be here in the car for an hour then he'd finally ask me—"Just for a little while," he'd say, "until we work this out, you know"— End of story. He'd be on my floor a month.

He wrote her a letter I didn't read on the back of some directions to Cedar Point. He folded it carefully and put it behind his cigarettes in his shirt pocket. He got out of the car. He was gone a long time.

"Watch," was all he said when he returned. Then he pointed to their window. It started to rain harder. The wipers throbbed against the windshield. His cigarette chimneyed out the cracked window. We didn't speak.

Rose lifted the shade, looked down at us, and then turned from the window. Todd sat up in his seat and pushed his cigarette out the window. Pulling on the door latch, he said, "I'll call you sometime."

"Sure, anytime, anytime you need to. Good luck." I pushed in the clutch and put the car in reverse. He got out.

I didn't stay to see the light go out.

Tom Beach

HAPPENSTANCE

It was Noon already and we picnickers were hungry. For two and a half hours Jeff, insisting he knew the way, had led two packed cars down these meandering country roads. "Listen, Jeff, we're lost." She'd been adamant. "Won't you please stop and ask for directions? Please?" All this time Sally'd been silent, but she was Jeff's fiance, so he had to listen. Still, Jeff had only grumbled, gripping the wheel.

Soon after, we'd stopped at this rickety, one-pump gas station, somewhere in northwestern Maryland. Jeff, dejectedly raising the white flag, had asked the attendant, "Can you help us? We're looking for Anatuck Park."

"Anatuck? Jeesh, y'all are way past there," and we'd involuntarily groaned. "But you're in luck. Just four miles down thataway," pointing down an unused two-lane road adjacent to the station, "is Lake Cacoctin State Park. It's got whatcha want—picnic tables, barbecue pits, a beach, and a lake."

Like alchemy, in a blink our moans turned to cheers, as Connor hopped out to deliver the great news to the second car. "What incredible luck!" someone said. "There probably isn't another beach park within thirty miles of here."

Arriving, parking, and gazing around, we were beside ourselves, shocked by joy. "What a happy ending," I both thought and felt, as if I was a character in some corny movie.

* * *

"Yo, Garrett! Put that down! You know better'n that, birthday boy!"

"Yeh, Garrett, why don't you'n Mike go check out the water?"

Mike glances at me, all tensed, eyes gleaming. "Yeah, I'll race ya', old man!"

I'm twenty-nine today, but damn if I'm old, I'm in really good shape. "O.K., you little shit . . . you wart on a toad's ass . . . you, you . . . ."

Midway between the car and table, I slowly lower each hand's laden picnic basket to the ground, all the while conjuring an intimidating stare. "Soo," in a drawl, "I'm old, eh? Just how old d'ya think I am?" I nod tightly, addressing the restrained chortles of my assembled friends.

"Old enough, dude," from Jeff, patting my back, then hauling the baskets. "Yessir, old enough," with a challenging grin.

"O.K., you buzzards, does this ol' geezer get to use both legs?" I retort.

"Ouch," Sally beams.

"Hoowee," chuckles Connor. "All talk . . . Ready, Mike? On three, then. One . . . Two . . . Thr . . ."

And I'm off, ahead of the count, the happy master of this contest. "I'm old enough to know the score" I think to myself, legs and arms churning toward the beach, full of life. "Gotcha!" I roar, glancing back.

"Cheater! Cheater!" from Mike, somewhere behind me, complaining of his hapless situation.

He soon catches up, and in unison we hurtle into the lake, a tie. Legs surging until I'm waist deep, I go with momentum and finish with a racing dive.

All around me there's quiet, murky water.

He's there, watching me and moving closer, in the same four feet. Arms stretched forward along the surface, his face is submerged and jutting down, like mine.

Holding my breath, I don't move.

He swims right up to my face, only inches away, and apes my posture, mirroring silly underwater expressions.

I can't move.

Thirty more seconds and he's still mimicking me, having a grand time, and I'm thinking, *This is weird. As soon as I can, I'll go rest on the beach.*

Head under water, unable to breath, fully conscious, with a broken neck.

Paralyzed!

"God, can't you see!" I implore to Mike, still only a breath away. Continuing with the caricatures, he creates final clown faces in a fit of animation, waves goodbye, and swims away, bored. "Dammit, body, move!" but I'm lost, with no self-control.

God, why are You doing this ? God, help !

One last panicked "Help!" translates loosely into myriad bubbles, and I think quick farewells to my family . . . .

Black.

". . . Don't move, just listen!" says the shaved head on the left.

"O.K."

"Who's the President?"

"Reagan." Fright, my consciousness returning.

"What year is it?"

"1982. Wha' happened?" I mumble to the other shaved head, haloed by blue sky as background. But he's engrossed with the other talking head.

I catch a terse snippet, from one to the other, saying "Looks like a C-Spine."

"What's a sea spine, dammit" I demand. I'm thinking, "I've been bitten by a friggin' fish!"

"Please be quiet! Don't move. Don't talk . . . ."

* * *

Weeks later I learned that the talking heads were both off-duty medic Marine Sergeants permanently stationed at a quiet, unadvertised base adjacent to Lake Cacoctin: the Presidential retreat, Camp David. The only ones for miles around who were fully versed in the specific cervical spinal cord injury techniques necessary to save my life, they had even given the ambulance crew instructions.

Garrett Andrews

MARGARITAS IN MAINE

She squeezed my hand hard to make me let go. She turned to look back, laughing, as she ran from me. We'd been married six days.

The trees were alive with wind, and I couldn't hear her footsteps in the red-bricked street. The streetlights threw fuzzy orange cones on either side. I shouted, and sagging forward, started running after her.

I was drunker than I thought. My guts sloshed with the last margarita I had chugged; stupid really. My head spun.

I couldn't hear anything except wind in my ears and my breathing. The margaritas beautifully telescoped our distance. My knees locked too soon as I frankensteined up the street. I laughed and yelled "Lar, what are you doing?" She never turned.

I wasn't sure what would happen if I didn't catch her. Did I want to? Why should I chase her? Let her come back to me! I couldn't believe how ridiculous I felt chasing my own wife. What was I afraid of? I thought about slowing down. I didn't.

Instead, I ran past her when she ducked between two cars. I stopped in the street. She laughed from the sidewalk and then walked toward me. She stood in front of me and tilted her head back, laughing, breathing through her smile. Her face was stippled with shadow. For security and better aim, I cupped her face in my hands. I kissed her open mouth. We didn't close our eyes. We laughed, blowing full each other's cheeks, finally pulling apart, catching our breath on our knees.

We stood up. I held out my hand. She took it and squeezed hard, this time, like she'd never let go.

Tom Beach

HOMECOMING

I knocked on the storm door and looked into the hallway of darkness. A figure of a man emerged slowly in the depths and I heard the thunk of boots stepping closer. . . "Welcome home, Robert." I recognized the voice as my father's, even though I had spoken to him only once in twenty years, and that was when he had called drunk at two o'clock in the morning.

I heard what he said repeat like an echo in my head, and my mind circled back to the word "home." I remembered thinking about what Robert Frost wrote in one of his poems: "Home is where they have to take you in." I disagreed with Frost. My brother and I were visiting my dad because we would not take him in if he came to us. We had come from Staten Island to visit him, rather than him visiting me and my brothers and risk having any chance of him and my mom seeing each other. We had been told by our uncle that our father was ill and wanted to see us. We took the message as a last wish —to see what some of his sons looked like, to get to know some of his sons.

But what did my father mean by home? Did he think this was home—out here in the mountains of Wyoming? He had left us—my mom and four boys. And we had not seen him in over twenty years. We had black and white pictures of him, my mom's wedding album, and two newspaper articles about him and his being a master blacksmith. It was all more than what he had of us, and I did not feel sorry that it was that way because it was the price he paid for his decision.

I had stopped being angry at the world for classifying my family as a broken home, as if living with only one parent is living with a splinter lodged close to your heart, and each time you breathe, you feel a stab.

The door swung open. I looked at his face and noticed teeth missing and his nose curved down and over toward his cheek. Having heard stories from my mom and my uncle about him, I thought it had been broken in a fight, but I was not really sure, and I was not going to ask him either. He cast his arms open to me, and we hugged with our arms barely touching our backs as I muttered, "Hello." That was the first time we ever hugged, and it was only for a second or two before he turned to welcome my brother.

Throughout the rest of the night, I listened to him telling stories about his heroic rodeo days and excellence in being a blacksmith and a cowboy living on a ranch . . . But I didn't see him as a hero. I only saw my mom as the hero. She stayed with us and did her best against all the odds of poverty. That was her choice, and we knew it. But her choice showed us that home can be love with walls, and having one parent can be better than having two or equal to having two, provided that love is there. She didn't just give hugs and kisses, presents, and cakes. There were the times she swatted us with a belt across our ass, and the time she was coming home from work and she spotted me and my brother in a crowd of teenagers who were cursing at each other and waiting for somebody to throw the first punch, and she hauled us away twisting and pulling us by our ears.

Before going to bed that night at my Dad's, I had chopped some wood and looked up at the winter sky, gazing at the full moon and stars. I felt pride in knowing that in my mom, I had what matters in growing up. I felt lucky because in the neighborhood around my home, I knew kids whose only connection to their parents was no more than the genes in their chromosomes.

Robert Baroz

ALICE

She walked across the office carpet in her bare nylons, her toes pointed outward like she knew where she was going. "Are you new here?" The smallest of smiles was drawn on her lips, and she had just enough teeth showing to make me quiver.

"I started yesterday," I said. Her eyes were circling me like gyroscopes on a cold floor. "I'm in the training class."

"I thought so," she said, smiling. "You look like you just swallowed the training manual. A little bit of butter, a touch of honey. How old are you anyway?"

I wanted to gulp, like in the movies. My collar felt tighter than my belt. I could taste the salty beads of perspiration ringing the top of my head.

"Twenty-seven," I said.

"Too young. You're not a kid, at least not a child, but don't you know that twenty-seven's too young to sell real estate? They didn't tell you that I bet when they signed you up and took your deposit and told you how much money you're goin' make. They saw all of you comin' from three and a half miles down the road."

"Look, I know what I'm doing, I've been in sales before."

"Huh!" Now she pushed right up underneath my chin, the top of her brown hair brushing and warming my skin. She was the easy side of forty, and that brief human contact, quick and deliberate, was enough to make me chuck aside all the motivational sales talk I had had planted in my ear during the past two days.

"When are they letting you go for the day?

"We have one more forty-five minute session," I said.

"Good. Then you can take me out for a drink. My name's Alice. What's yours?"

"Jim."

"Jim." It seemed like she licked my name on the back of her throat. "In forty-five minutes I'll teach you the facts—the facts about real estate."

That was the beginning, and for me it might as well have been the end. There may have been bigger fools than me who have been in love, but having that knowledge doesn't make the hurt I suffered during the two and a half years I was involved with Alice any less painful. When I met her I was young, independent, and hopeful, entering a new career with money in the bank and my own house. By the end of that time I was broke, without a job, my house for sale, devastated, destroyed and emotionally dependent on a woman I had come to loathe, but couldn't break free from.

Even today, nearly fifteen years from the time we met, I blame myself. I should have known better, I should have seen her coming, but those are little more than cliches, lines from rock 'n roll songs that became my living reality.

"You live in a dream world," she once scoffed when I explained in the dark how I was still determined to build my real estate empire even though I hadn't made more than six thousand dollars after nearly two years in the business.

"I'm going to be The Great Gatsby," I said.

"Who?" she said, making it clear just how ill-suited we were to one another.

"You can get a divorce and move in with me," I said one night over a one-hundred dollar dinner that I had put on my master card even though I knew this desperate bit of foolishness was placing what credit I had left in jeopardy.

"Jim, you're so dumb," she said, making me feel smaller than the bread crumbs I had dropped on the floor after my fourth Chivas Regal and Soda.

Eventually I left real estate, reentered the newspaper business, sold my house, moved from Tucson to Phoenix, and left Alice. I returned to Tucson one weekend to take care of some business, and when I ran into her at a shopping mall I agreed to meet her for a drink.

I was thirty then, and like Nick Carraway from *Gatsby* I had gained some wisdom and perspective. We were at a Mexican restaurant, I think, and were drinking Margaritas, and I was talking enthusiastically about my new job in much the same way I had about real estate when I first met her two years before. I was describing in detail how my boss frequently praised me, and how I was slowly pulling myself out of debt. Suddenly she interrupted me, frowning.

"How come you never call me anymore?"

I stopped talking and dipped a taco chip in the salsa.

"You know, I haven't really thought about it, but I guess I just haven't had a reason." I sat back in my chair, breathing normally. "Maybe I've changed, but I've also discovered that if you don't hit yourself in the head to begin with, you don't have to worry about how it's going to hurt once you stop."

The brown circles underneath her eyes grew darker. Even at her best she had only looked slightly better than average. Now she appeared haggard, even coarse. Her numerous affairs and financial recklessness were starting to show. The big breakdown was coming, waiting in the darkest corner of the night to run her down.

"Well," she sighed more cynically then even I thought her capable of. "Here's to change." Then she picked her glass off the table and downed her full drink in one gulp. The drops of liquor easing down the side of the glass matched the tears trickling out of the corners of her eyes.

Jim Schmitz

PAST TENSE

"C'mon, Bob, let's get a move on," I shout, pounding on my brother's bedroom door. "The line'll be around the block if we don't hurry."

I skip down the stairs two at a time. I feel like a Friday night out.

"I've been ready," he hollers through his door, with an emphasis on *been*. "You should have been here ten minutes ago."

I bounce off that last stair—into the basement kitchen of the rooming house he boards in. Bob hasn't lived here long, so I still feel like checking the place out.

A guy leans over a white refrigerator door, pulling out a beer. He hardly moves when I walk in the kitchen and pull a chair up to the slimey table. I don't notice greasy pots and pans in the sink.

"Want one?"

"Nah, gotta drive."

"Where ya headed?"

"To see *For Your Eyes Only* up in Lake City. My name's Bill. Bob down there's my brother." I nod toward Bob's room and offer my hand.

"My name's Peter," he says. "I live down the other hall."

He uses his beer bottle to point towards the hallway on the other side of the refrigerator. We shake.

"You studying here?" I ask. It seems a natural question to put to a person living in the University District.

"Yeah, I'm getting a Ph.D. in Classics."

By the condition of his disheveled shirt and moppy black hair, he looked as if he just finished a dissertation on naptaking.

"Ah, you must know Peggy Pelz, then? I had her as a TA a couple years ago."

"Oh, yeahhh," Peter says, extending the sound of that 'yeah.' "She was pretty cool," he adds, nodding his head over his beer.

"She's neat," I remarked happily. "A couple times we even went over to The Last Exit Cafe and worked on my writing."

"Yeah, that sounded like Peggy," he says, shaking his head to the side slightly. "She had that knack for teaching."

"No kidding. Once she brought all the papers from our class and wrote her comments on them in front of me. She showed me why she makes the comments she does. I mean, the class would have been pissed as hell if they knew. I saw those essays before they knew their grades. But I learned a lot about how to write a paper."

Bob's door squeaks. He cruises down the stairs. His hair's in place. He's in jeans and loafers, with a neat, yellow shirt open at the collar.

"Pretty preppy!" I shout, trying to embarrass him.

"I see you guys met," says Bob, looking from me to Peter and back again. "Bill's taught me everything I know, Peter. So don't trust him.

"C'mon," Bob adds, giving me a quick eye. He's got the car keys out of his hip pocket, and he's already heading for the back door. "We gotta roll."

"Well, nice to meet you, Peter," I say, rising and offering my hand again to say goodbye. "I'll take a rain check on that beer. Maybe we'll get Peggy over. I've wondered what's happened to her in her Ph.D. program. I remember she told me she was having some trouble with her thesis and a prof because she put too much time into teaching."

"What?" Peter replies. He stares at me like he'd just awoke from a nightmare. "What?"

"I'll take a rain check . . . on that . . . beer." A realization begins to dawn, floating like a poisonous gas into the empty spaces of my mind.

Peter and I use past tense differently.

His voice acquires momentum. Mine backpedals.

"You don't know Peggy's dead?"

"She's dead? What's happened?"

"There was an accident," Peter explains.

"Yeah."

"She and her boyfriend were with another couple getting firewood in the mountains. They were on their way home when their loaded trailer dragged them down a cliff."

Peter stopped. Bob pulled himself toward me. He braced me with his hand on my shoulder.

"The other couple lived, and Peggy's boyfriend got out, too, but she was trapped in the backseat. A fire started, and her boyfriend rushed back into the car to get her. He freed her, but as they climbed out—rushing in case the fire caused the car to explode—he grabbed a live wire that the trailer had knocked down. It electrocuted both of them."

My gut turned. Then my eyes closed.

Bill McClement

BLINKING EYES

It was one of those days that finally convinces you that winter is coming. One of those days when the light time is shorter than the dark time. And it was misty. The mist hung down from the trees, skirting along the hood and windshield of my car as I crossed into Georgia. I was tired.

The dam at the Savannah River. The Savannah River where South Carolina turns into Georgia. A long, straight stretch of highway, SC413, that becomes GA 368. Running past boat ramps, parking lots, and a gas station, and back up again into the wooded countryside. You can tell the hunters from the fishermen here by their trucks. Two hunters were out: trucks parked just beyond the bridge, head in, empty gun rack, mud grips, big tires, and blood stains in the open truck bed.

My car crossed the bridge and climbed the hill around the curve. Tall pines on both sides of the road made the afternoon even darker. The woods, heavy with mist, hovered over the road as I passed, each layer of trees skipping past me in opposite directions.

Up ahead, about a hundred yards or so, I saw something, something standing on the narrow stretch of grass that separated the highway from the wood.

It's a dog. A large brown dog. I slow down.

No. It's too tall for a dog. I lean into the windshield and stare through the wet glass.

A doe. A doe stands and stares on the edge of this highway, just past where hunters park this dreary afternoon.

I am looking at a doe, and she is looking back. She is slender and beautiful, with a long face and big brown eyes that sparkle through the mist. As I slide my car within thirty yards of her, she blinks and stares again but does not move. I pull over to the side of the road and turn off the engine. I will stay here as long as she does. I will stay here and watch a doe on the edge of the wood where South Carolina turns into Georgia.

We watch each other, this doe and I, my arms wrapped around the steering wheel, her eyes studying my car. I cannot look at her enough. I want to reach out, stroke her back, feel her wildness. She doesn't move, only stares at my car and watches. She blinks again.

Then she turns. She does not run; she is not afraid. She picks her way through the misty grass and enters the edge of the wood. She turns again and faces my car. She tilts her head and stares out from the edge of the trees. She blinks her eyes, turns again, and steps away, deeper into the wood.

I am left alone, sitting in my car, but I wait for a minute. Maybe she will come back. Come back for another look.

I start my engine and creep by the spot where she stood. I scan the woods. Only mist. Only darkness. Only late afternoon on a wooded highway where South Carolina turns into Georgia.

Barbara J. Everson

SINNERS REPENT

Newbury Street, in Boston, Massachusetts, is lined with expensive eateries, used bookstores, hip clothing stores, student apartments, and people. Lots of them. As a result, Newbury Street is lined with parked cars on both sides, making driving slow, tedious, and annoying. The odds of finding a parking space anywhere near this street are small; the odds on a rainy day are even worse.

Driving my parents' Volvo down Newbury Street on my way to Spenser and Marlowe's, a used mystery book store, I was reasonably certain I would never find a space, so I turned onto a side street, hoping for the best. Miraculously, I saw a spot on my right, and I accelerated quickly past it, turning on my right blinker, preparing to parallel park. As a veteran Boston driver, I was delighted with this find. And, as a veteran Boston driver, I was enraged when a yellow Toyota Corolla sport coupe, maybe 1978, cut in and took my space.

As the two young women exited the car and fed the meter, they clearly were not interested in me—a young guy standing in the rain, next to a blue, double-parked Volvo, saying, "You're making a big mistake." They laughed at me, in fact, and then walked away. "You're making a big mistake," I called after them.

I was enraged. I got back in the car and put on the hazard lights. Then I examined their car. I walked around it slowly, loathing the sight of it in *my* space. "You're making a big mistake," I repeated in my head. The question was, how much of a mistake were they actually making?

Clearly, damage had to be done. I wanted to smash all the windows, slash all the tires, cover the windshield with dayglo spray paint, and then set the engine on fire. Then I thought that might be a bit much.

By now I was back at the Volvo, in the rain. I was wet, irritated, but calmer. I took a small pebble, went back to the right front curbside tire of the Toyota, took off the cap, inserted the pebble, screwed the cap back on, went back to the

Volvo, leaned against it, and watched the tire deflate. I felt much better. It would be annoying to change a tire in the rain.

But not annoying enough. I thought about God and the nature of man. Was this an evil act that was completely out of character? Would I be robbing banks next?

No. These two women had broken a commandment of Boston driving. Thou shalt not take a parking space that does not belong to thee. Period. This was an affront to me, my Masshole brethren, and the Boston Code of Driving. They had broken a sacred trust; they must be punished. The punishment would not be brutal—it's not as if they gave a Boston truck driver the finger. No; they were getting off easy.

Too easy, in fact. I picked up another pebble. With two flat tires, both along the curb, they would now need a tow truck. This would cost money and time. They would curse me. Would they atone for their sin?

I couldn't care less. I enjoyed watching the second tire go flat, but I was nervous. After I drove away, wet but satisfied, I still spent the rest of the afternoon wondering if I had done the right thing. It was only a parking space.

Now, years later, I *know* I did the right thing. They did the wrong thing, the Unmentionable, and I responded in a mature fashion. I did not inflict lasting damage. I did not use nasty words. I simply sent a message.

I also learned. I had to think about what was morally correct. I know I learned, because the next and last time I did this—a rude couple from Ohio dared to take my space in Harvard Square, despite repeated warnings that *this wasn't done here* —it was a lot easier.

Welcome to Boston.

Peter Cogan

PORTFOLIO MEMORY

My cousin Richard was the first to show me what a portfolio was when he mentioned having to complete a portfolio for his honors' project in Photography during one of our family holiday-get-togethers.

He brought his portfolio out to me when I asked him about it.

"It's a bit of a mess," he said, pulling some of the pictures into stacks, "They got tossed around in the trip home from school."

I leaned closer and picked at the piles, pausing when I noticed a black and white photo of a Tonka truck on a patch of dirt in a lawn.

"That's one of my favorites. It's Timmy's truck, which he had left out outside one day," he said, referring to our seven -year -old nephew.

"I used to have a Tonka truck just like that when I was his age. They are made of steel."

"Yeah, I know. I think it is your old one. Your mom gave it to him."

We laughed together, knowing how our family handed things down from one generation to another.

I lifted it closer to my eyes and asked, "Why did you shoot it in black and white?"

"I wanted to capture the haunting mood of childhood being lost. The image and tone added to the mood of a past time where a child once played now that that time is gone. It evokes a feeling of death."

I nodded in agreement looking a moment longer before putting the picture back in with the others.

"Next semester I will be working with video; I would love to do a short video of "Celluloid Heroes" by the Kinks. It's a great song about success and failure, dreams dying and living hand in hand along Hollywood Boulevard."

The song was a favorite of mine.

"I could just see it," he added, looking straight out the window in front of him, as if he were behind the camera with his Autumn brown eyes.

After graduating from college that year, he started working as a camera man at a news station on Long Island. He would borrow the video equipment from the station whenever he could to tape scenes for us to have as a keep-sake.

I remember how we would play together, Richard and his brother and me and my brothers, tackle football games on Thanksgiving Day, wiffleball games during our summer vacation, playing army with our water guns. During one of these games, we chased each other around his house and lawn, blasting each other across the back or chest or head. At one point during the game, I hid behind the stockade fence and peered out through the diagonal slots to see if anybody was coming. I had heard Richard approaching and I smiled waiting for the ambush. He sensed something and decided to peek through the fence where a knot in the wood had been missing. I followed his shadow through the fence and placed the barrel of my gun right in the hole. Then I squirted the gun just as he looked through for I heard him yell, "Aaaah!"

I ran around the fence thinking I might have blinded him. He was sprawled flat on his back and his hands covered his face. My brothers and his brother came running out and looked at him.

I told them what happened. We all burst with laughter looking at him. His cry turned to a laugh. After that, the rule was no shooting through the fence.

* * *

At Richard's funeral, my aunt—his mother—placed her carnation on his coffin, and she said, in a choking sob that made her face turn scarlet, "All we can do now is talk about Richard."

That afternoon back at Richard's house, my brothers and I stood around in the backyard with some of Richard's friends and his brother Robert. We shared stories about Richard, at times holding each other. I glanced over every now and then at the small wood knot in the fence where I had shot Richard, and it looked strangely like an eye to me as I wiped my tears away and felt the sandwich in my hand turn soggy.

One of my cousins had found out from the police the cause of Richard's death: he had fallen asleep at the wheel while driving; he had been working a lot of overtime; he worked nights; he had to travel a long distance to commute to work; he had stopped at his friend's apartment on the way home; he had no signs of alcohol in his blood; the distance of

his s-shaped skid marks showed no measure of excessive speed.

I thought for the moment about his eyes—those eyes that pictured the world so often—how they must have closed and opened as he swerved and slammed against the pole, the crushing sound of metal and glass breaking and blood jetting black across the white of his eyes.

A few weeks later my aunt read us a letter that she had received from an organization telling her that Richard had donated his corneas, and how they had been transplanted successfully to another person. They had thanked him for being a donor. I had no idea he had made such plans, but it made sense to me and us, he valued seeing life.

Now when I assemble a writing portfolio I see it as a way of collecting and telling stories from our experiences filled with scenes like the photos in Richard's portfolio. They capture our thoughts and invite others to listen and remember and talk in our memory.

Robert Baroz

I SAW IT FIRST

As a child I lived for August. Dad was on vacation then, and every year we packed our lives into the station wagon and headed north from the city, about three hours, into the Berkshire Mountains, to the summer farm of my grandparents, Faith and Big Ted. Normally I was bonkers during a long car ride, I couldn't take it, but this was different. Gliding up the Taconic's sleepy curves, we saw fewer and fewer signs of man, and then only forest.

We had rituals, unspoken, but firm. My older brother, Ted, rode up in the front, controlling the radio, while Mom, Peter, and I took the back. Halfway up we stopped at the same country store for cold soda pops. Then Dad, eyeing an idyllic country home, asked, "How'd ya' like to live there?"

"Sure," like a knee-jerk.

"Nope. Too close to the tracks," he chortled, knowing he'd gotten us once again, pointing to signs of the railroad we'd missed. And, we played the woodchuck game. This wild animal, I knew early on, was keen, with an excellent sense of smell, hearing, and vision. We had contests to see who spotted one first, contentedly grazing off to the side. Usually, I'd win.

We were almost there. The road twisted blindly under a long-dormant railroad bridge, and Dad, smiling, always honked as we passed underneath.

Acres of wild oats with only mountains as neighbors. Saltbox house with a propane stove, no electricity, a well, an outhouse, and the barn where all of us slept. The Farm.

It was Heaven.

When we arrived, everything was in order: house cleaned, beds made, and windowed flower boxes flourished. Little notes, spread around, welcomed us, signed with smiles. And the garden. Behind the main house, Big Ted tended this little patch. Corn, beans, tomatoes, lettuce, carrots, summer squash, and all for his family.

Waking up early, listening to starlings walk and peck on the Barn's thin tar roof, and then gazing out to see steaming mist wavering off the fields. A hummingbird only inches away, right outside the dinner table window, and long walks down country roads. Eggs, sausage, and bacon wafting from the house. Reading together when it rained. Learning to ride a bike, mountain hikes. Country fairs, stories of long ago, and the looks of love and respect my Dad had for his father.

"*His* father," I pondered. But there it was, and we loved it, together, a family.

At the end of the day Dad always said, "Time to go swimming," and the five of us changed and meandered down to the lake . . . .

After swimming one time, we return and hop out of the car and then sprint over to the garden where I hear a resonant "Clorng" from Big Ted's shovel.

"Watcha doin'?" I inquire from a distance, all curiosity. "Hey, whatcha doin?" louder and closer, but he still doesn't notice, he's so intent.

"Wharng! Wharng!" He's hoisting; his torso, arms, and facial muscles are straining, then the shovel crushing down on the earth.

"Hi!" I yell, coming next to him, watching his face for reaction.

"Wranng!" and my eyes follow his.

A woodchuck, still breathing, eyes open, splayed little legs still struggling, with shrill and erratic high-pitched squeals, lies dying at my feet, partially hidden amid the lettuce.

Garrett Andrews

HE PACKED HIS CLOTHES

"Pack your clothes and get out of this house." It was the hardest thing I'd ever said. The words slapped us both. "If you aren't willing to live by the rules, you can't stay here."

My son was fourteen, approaching six feet tall, and beginning to think he was grown. I'd been a single parent for four years, trying to be Supermom to him and his two younger sisters since their father was three hundred miles away and settled into another life.

Normally, family dynamics went pretty smoothly—we were able to cooperatively establish reasonable expectations of each other within a loosely structured context. But during the last year he had begun to push to have his way and was becoming increasingly disrespectful to me. Now, this night, he openly challenged me. His sisters sat hushed, watching to see how I would deal with this situation.

After attempts to discuss and reason through the problem failed, it became clear that the issue was where the balance of authority was to rest in our home.

Seeing we were at a stalemate, I gave him his choices.

He packed his clothes.

Meanwhile, I called his uncle who lived a quarter mile down the road, explained the situation, and asked him to please come pick him up. My son left in silence, and I watched the car lights disappear down the road not knowing when or if he would return.

Later that night after I'd called and talked to his father, after his uncle had talked with him, after his father called and

talked with him, he called me. And we came to an agreement—both in tears.

He moved back home the next day.

A few months later I let him move to Arkansas to live with his dad and step-mother. I realized that he had reached the age at which he needed the authority of a male role model and a gentler touch from his mother. Another hard decision to implement. But now, three years later, when we have easy, honest talks, when I see the gentleness and respect with which he treats the young ladies in his life, I know it was the right thing to have done.

Annie D. Smith

UNTANGLING THE SNARLS

With Camel's Hump stretching south and Mt. Mansfield looming north, whipping down Vermont I-89 after a frenetic day at work visually kneads my tension away. Often during commutes the past two years, I find myself sliding my hand down to the A.M radio tuner. With some delicate manipulation, and a favorable electro-magnetic atmosphere, I can tune in the familiar refrain.

> *Deeed...Deee...Pdee...You give us 22 minutes we'll give you the world...Deeed...Deee...Pdeee....And now to the chopper...It's typical rush-hour mayhem on New York's byways...There's a 40-minute delay out of the Holland Tunnel, 50 minutes at the Lincoln. Construction on the Gowanus has things really snarled up in Brooklyn and a one-car collision on the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway has the northbound... tangled arteries...rubbernecking...gridlock...."*

When I lived in New York, traffic was my adversary. Bottled up amidst blaring, glaring metal boxes, slivers of socialization would shear off rendering me glowering and profane. Inching along, I would froth and gesticulate. The traffic chopper was my only ally, my radar. At ten-minute intervals on 1010 WINS starting at three after the hour and on 880 WCBS starting at eight after the hour, I plotted my defense. I was savvy; a skipper aboard a high-tech schooner in heavy seas was never as vigilant to the changing patterns. I had levels of strategy and a maze of alternate pathways. Like a riverboat gambler, I summoned luck, intuition and anticipation. I could veer and jockey with yellow cabs, but New York traffic defies prediction, and I'd end up snared.

But now, driving in Vermont, I accelerate gently and adjust the tuner. I can gloat more when there's less fuzz and static.

Sam Intrator

INTERLUDE

"Mari, when do you have time to meet with me about these last poems? Mari?" I looked up for a response from this lovely young Loetia woman, but, my God, she had disappeared. Her body was dumped into the chair. She wouldn't even shift her arm or make any sign to acknowledge she had heard me.

What had caused such a change? Only a few days ago she'd been her usual darkly perfect person whose spirit sliced through nonsense. Her friends and I could never get enough of hearing her rhythms and her ripping away at pretense. Well, I'd taught her long enough to know when to leave her alone. I went back to whatever—she remained listless in her chair.

When the bell rang, Mari slowly dragged herself upright and clumped up to my desk. Carefully, taking long moments, Mari looked clearly into my face.

"Mrs. K., I'm sorry I didn't get anything done today. I'll make it up tomorrow."

"I know you will, Mari. Are you doin' okay?"

"Yeah, Mrs. K. I'm just feeling a little sick." She smiled at me weakly, but surely. "I've only told my mom so far, and she kicked me out—I'm pregnant."

Mrs. K.

PASSAGE

On a sultry New York summer night I learned it was possible to kill.

The summer after graduation, I was part of a crew. We were tagged the Strawberry Crew because of our bright red Haagen Dazs uniforms. Five fresh high school graduates, working the closing shift until two a.m. Five kids, on the verge of tomorrow.

Once we closed, we'd scour until the chrome gleamed. And when we finished, it was time to whip up our concoction: an orange sorbet-vanilla ice cream blend spiked with a little rum. We dubbed it a Dazarita and it wasn't on the menu. Drinks in hand, we'd padlock the door and amble to the Promenade, a narrow strip of park above the Gowanus Expressway and the Port Authority Docks whose view of the harbor and cityscape beguiled the cooing lovers and good friends that gathered on its wrought-iron benches.

Huddled together, we'd sip Dazaritas and philosophically contemplate the skyline's flicker and glow. It was like peeping at a centerfold, seductive and unreal, all air-brushed and seamless.

Conversation invariably turned to our futures. Brian and I were college bound. Juan, for Texas, and the Air Force. Susan didn't care where, as long as it was away from her mother. Danielle was getting married. Hours later somebody would ask, "Ya' got the munchies?" And we'd set off for the Jay St. Diner and a drowned-in-catsup double-cheeseburger.

Our rituals were comforting. We clung to them. We sat in the same booth, ordered the same things, cracked up at the same jokes. The routine buffered the edges of our budding anxieties. Soon, it would be time for a passage.

* * *

It's four a.m. Friday, and the diner hops with the after-club rush. Slinky women peck at salads and drape themselves

over their men. Hairy-chests and gold chains recline into booths and dance toothpicks across smug smiles. Red shirts stand out like a Dodge Dart surrounded by Corvettes and Camaros.

While paying the check at the counter, five thick guys clamber out of the other room, clearing out chairs and tables as they approach.

"I ain't payin' you for dis shit," says a guy, silk shirt unbuttoned to the navel. "Get fuckin' bent."

"You no leave. You pay, o.k." says the grizzled old counter man who always took our money.

"Ain't paying," growls another, sporting tattoos and gold. "Scat pissant."

Instinct alarms clang, but we're jammed into the corner by the register. These guys are wack'd and flyin'.

"You no leave. You pay o.k." repeats our man. He stretches out both arms sideways to block their escape.

"Get outta my fuckin' way 'fore I snap ya' in two," says a guy whose eyes bounce and spin.

Our old man, with his arms outstretched in the diner's vestibule, resembles a rickety picket fence poised to block a convoy of trucks.

The only guy remotely people-sized picks up the mint dispenser and hurls it at the old man's head. It explodes above him showering us with candy and glass shrapnel.

Spunky, take-no-shit Susan, the girl who had tossed a chocolate shake in a customer's face because his hand had lingered too long on her's when she gave him change, whirls and jabs her finger into the tosser's chest. "You fucking assholes! Growup!"

The Strawberry Crew is finished.

Four barrel past the old man. But one turns and deliberately measures him with slit eyes before unleashing a quick, crumbling blow. He turns to Susan and leeringly flicks his tongue over his lips. "Yours is coming, cunt!"

Unnerved, we help the old man up, pay our check and leave.

Brian whispers to Juan and me, "This isn't over."

We move down Court Street towards the subway. The old Brooklyn financial district has narrow streets, sooty old buildings and too many alleys.

"God, I'm sorry. I'm really sorry." Susan keeps saying.

Tires squeal and a white Cadillac fishtails around the corner.

"Shit, I knew it," I mutter.

Four doors fly open.

"Don't," Brian hisses, smacking Juan's hand out of his pocket. "It won't help." Juan carries a knife.

They charge at us. The one in front has a hand tucked into his jacket.

We're cornered like rodents, but we raise our hands in supplication. There is no other way.

I'm hoisted up by by my throat. Suspended. Weak. Limp.

Pathetic. We both know it.

And my impotence stokes his power.

"Please. Please don't," I whimper. "We didn't mean it."

I have to whimper. The only chance to walk away is to whimper, so I whimper. But it's *my* voice. I want to act, but I'm not pretending.

My knee is level with his crotch. One pointed crack, would release his fingers from my throat. But one pointed crack could mean . . . .

"C'mon hittme, Watsa' matta' queer boy, hittme," a tiger tattooed on his pectoral gyrates with each flex and thrust. Majestic ferocity taunting my cowardice.

"Ya' whorebag girlie talked shit in da diner. Now waddya say?" His eyes are charged. "Waddya gonna do? Cry?"

Splayed face down on the pavement, a knee is jammed into Juan's back and his head is whipped around like his neck is a Slinky by a guy gripping a handful of hair. I don't see Brian or Danielle.

Susan is pinned against a mailbox. Hands run all over her.

My face is mashed into his chest. Flecks of deoderant cake his underarm hairs. He starts to slam my head against the wall in cadence with his lesson.

"Ya' my boy, capice." And my head cracks back. "My motha fuckin' boy, capice." Crack. "My dick licka', capice." Crack.

* * *

And so, the truth was bludgeoned home. Stark and unambiguous.

I never knew why it ended. It just did. I always figure they saw somebody or something.

I don't remember going home. But I do remember how much I needed my father. I ranted. I raved. I fantasized. I futilely sought redemption and revision in my fury.

He listened.

He listened and never said a word when, sobbing, I told him, "I know you'll say I did what I could. But I should've killed that guy and ripped the corpse to shreds and taken each mother fuckin' slice of flesh and tossed it, piece by piece to his fuckin' family. And I'd laugh and say, 'This is your son. He guessed wrong this time. He fucked with *ME*.'"

And like any effective teacher my assailants reinforced the lesson. I returned to work a few days later and was told that Tony, a friend from the deli next door, had been walking with his girlfriend near the diner the same night and some guys in a white Cadillac forced them by gunpoint into the car and brought them underneath the Brooklyn Bridge. They went to a place beyond reach of the air brush to savagely rape her. Tony was forced to watch. They were found brutally beaten and close to death.

They taught and I learned on that sultry New York summer night. It is possible to kill. And lessons to the spirit sear.

Abe M. Elmont



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Some of the names have been changed or omitted
to protect against embarrassment or injury.

The writers speak for themselves,
not for the institution.

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Middlebury College
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FROM NANCY

Nancy Martin began teaching at Bread Loaf in 1981, Jimmy Britton in 1982. In 1974 they led members of the London Association for the Teaching of English in research on children's writing, reading, and talking which eventually produced publications that changed teaching in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, the United States, and the United Kingdom. While Nancy was recently visiting Bread Loaf, we asked her to give us a few words about Jimmy, who this summer remains in London because of illness.—the editors.

We miss Jimmy a lot up here on the mountain. We'd gotten used to his coming every year, and I had gotten used to our being around together, here as at home. We used to look over what was happening in our separate classes; we read things students had written, and we read poems—poems were always interrupters—or we read bits from Malcolm Lowry's *Under the Volcano* which Jimmy brought with him every year. And we took walks up to the School House or through the nearer trails.

Jimmy is quite unreconciled to not being here, and when I call him long distance, he wants to know names—Who is at Bread Loaf this year? Who have you talked to? Have you been to the Waybury Inn? Has there been a party at Fritz? Have you been to dinner at Woody's?

He liked to stir people up to create parties and go places.

At 10:00, we would hear the car doors bang. Know the books were shut, and we were on our way down the mountain to conversation and beer.

Nancy Martin

PERFECTION

It was almost the way McClellanville, South Carolina, feels in February, except it was a July night in Bread Loaf. I had come home from a volleyball game. Dixie, my grandmother, was at a meeting, and two of my cousins, the ones who were up here at the time, were spending the night at a friend's house, so I was by myself. As I walked into Fritz, the house that Dixie always gets, I could hear the fire crackling in the living room. I grabbed the tartan plaid and curled up in front of the fire on my favorite corner of the old brown corduroy couch.

I almost picked up a book to read, but decided against it. I glanced around the room and my eyes fell on the painting above the mantelpiece. The painting is of an ocean—gray, dull waves rolling and white-capped against the darkened sky. If you stare at it long enough, it appears to move and you can almost hear the roar of the ocean and the sea gulls crying. I could only think of the Ancient Mariner's rime:

> Day after day, day after day,
> We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
> As idle as a painted ship
> Upon a painted ocean.
>
> Water, water everywhere,
> And all the boards did shrink;
> Water, water everywhere,
> Nor any drop to drink.

I was thirsty. I went to the kitchen, looking for some instant hot chocolate, but, all of a sudden, remembering the poem, I felt very British and wanted a good, strong, sweet, milky cuppa tea. Just as I was adding my second lump, Betty

Bailey, Dixie's good friend and helper, burst into the house with a couple of the professional actors, who were putting on *King Lear* for that summer's play. She was carrying a white plastic bag in one hand that looked like it came from Dayton's Store and a lot of plastic spoons in the other. "So, Meredith, feel like taking the chill off?"

"Cool!"

The tall actor, with gray hair tied back in a long ponytail, looked at me with that intense, crazed look he usually reserved for King Lear, took the bag from Betty, rattled it at me and said, " 'Serpent's teeth for ungrateful children'. . . heh, heh, heh."

"Cool!"

We went to the living room, and I shared my couch, thinking to myself that I should have known better than to expect I would have anything like a quiet, boring evening at Dixie's. Lear tossed some logs on the fire, and sparks flew. Betty opened the bag and said, "Take your pick—ungrateful children first."

I looked in and saw four pints of Ben and Jerry's premium Vermont ice cream, and I didn't even mind that each one was marked "factory second."

Meredith Reeves

DETACHED READER

Dear Mother,
It is a cool green day at Bread Loaf. As I write this, I imagine you reading it, sitting at the end of the green and gold sofa with the light of a north window at your back. Beside you the coffee table holds a tall lamp. The top of its shade is even with the tops of the frames on your paintings. Dad and I were the only ones in the house tall enough to actually be aware of this level you established, like an artificial ceiling, beyond which you didn't trouble yourself. The lamp is not on because the light from the window makes the white curtains luminescent against the dark green walls—there is plenty of light for a dedicated afternoon reader.

I know you are sitting there to read because that is the place you have created for yourself. It is Thursday afternoon; the morning's routine of cleaning, vacuuming, and laundry is finished. You have made the bed using fresh sheets, and the washing machine is spinning next week's linen. Pots already sit upon the burners awaiting dinner's vegetables, rice, and either chops or, if the weather is good, a small steak done on the grill. Next week's menu has been written in preparation for tomorrow's shopping. Your dedication to planning and routine would have made you a good executive, certainly better than the men you secretaried for.

But a business career did not afford the afternoons you have saved for yourself. Reading *The New Yorker, Saturday Review, Atlantic*; carrying on regular correspondence with Julia, Marie, and your sister, Anita, for over forty years; studying English and European history in the imposing books from the public library. These activities consumed the hours from 1:00 until 4:00 without fail. I recall, as a fourth grader, dragging home, upset about some child's petty violence or selfishness, and draining all my hurt, anger, and frustration into the cool room. The dark walls, strains of classical music from the Hi-Fi, a silver bowl on the coffee table overflowing ivy and philodendron, the smoke from your cigarette curling up through the still air, produced a sense of calm that absorbed my frustrated despair. Your seemingly cool detatchment taught me a way to meet the world.

I remember you showing me some *New Yorker* cartoon in response to my agitated telling of hurt and anger. I couldn't understand what it had to do with my complaint; I couldn't understand what it meant at all. You talked about the types of people who inhabit Manhattan; you explained the struggles of people trying to present a particular face to the world; you read the caption aloud and then told me to look at the face of the figures in the drawing. I said I guessed I saw what it meant, but I didn't think it funny. You said it wasn't humorous; it was arch and skeptical. By the time we had discussed those terms, it was time for you to turn on the burners. I helped make a salad.

One of the things I find most enjoyable about Bread Loaf is the chance to slip into the Blue Parlor of the Inn in the afternoons to read. The decor and lighting there is different from your living room; music is absent, but when the space is free, it provides a quiet respite from the camaraderie of the barn, the thwack of tennis balls heard in the library, and the threadbare mustiness of Brandy Brook. It is nearly 1:00 P.M., lunch time. I have to close now. Between lunch and the start of class I will slip into the Blue Parlor and read, knowing you are seated with your back to a window doing the same.

Love,
Brother

Michael Chirco

PUBLIC ASSISTANCE

Dear Mr. Wizinski,
I am sorry to hear that you suffered a stroke, and I pray that you make a quick, full recovery. I wanted to take some time to sit down and write you a letter to cheer you up and tell you how I feel about some of the things you did for my family while we were growing up.

I remember once Mom said that when we were receiving public assistance, Welfare wanted us to move out of our apartment, since the rent was too high, and into the Mariners Harbor Housing Projects. They believed that a four hundred dollar apartment was too much for a single parent and four children to be paying, when there were less expensive apartments we could be living in. However, when mom told you what Welfare wanted to do to us, you lowered the rent. And when they said it was still too high, you lowered the rent again. They were pissed at you, and they thought that perhaps you were lying about the rent and that Mom had a job off the books or something.

I think they just didn't like the idea of us having a three bedroom apartment, and not living in a welfare community. They certainly inspected us enough times over the years; I don't understand that if they can be so vigilant with us why they can't catch the people who do abuse the system.

As I work on getting my master's degree, I can see that your actions helped to shield us—I hate to imagine having to live with the fear of a crossfire any moment. Living in the Harbor would have made it so much harder to make it. Boxing families into projects creates a ghetto without barb wire fences. Crime and drugs, etc. fester in the wounds of living with no way out. Remember the stories about the people who did make it out like the Moselys? They made it because the father lost three fingers while being a sanitation worker, and they got a big settlement.

You never asked for any thanks. I think the only thing you did ask us not to do was to hang out on the roof— even if we were only working on a tan. As I am growing up, I am realizing more and more just how lucky my family was to have had a landlord like you. Someone who made the four small homes on our dead end street seem like an extended family—the pool parties and barbecues and your coaching us when we played little league baseball. I can't forget riding your horses through the woods across the street from us, and for some strange reason the five bucks you gave me for making my confirmation. What you did will keep me humble, and I want to thank you.

I have to go to class now. I hope the next time I see you, when I visit my mom, you'll be home from the hospital and on the porch drinking a beer and watching across the street the little league ball games.

Sincerely,

Robert Baroz

HOME MOVIES

My father is a dentist. This has marked me for years as the target of everybody's worst dentist-chair story. I've heard abscess-and-drill-smoke stories, long-needle-and-laughing-gas stories, crazy-uncles-wearing-molars-in-cufflinks stories, indignant-slobbering-into-porcelain-bowls stories, and too many when-I-got-the-bill-I-about-fainted stories. Imagine the eye rolls and looks of bemused horror when my father told the mill workers at Parent-Teacher Conferences what *he* did for a living, geesh. But, you know, Dad always knew how to handle himself. He'd laugh a little just to let them know that he thought there was a truth to what they were saying. He was good about that. In public he'd patiently listen as someone began, "You know, Doc, I once had the same tooth pulled twice. Christ, it came *back*!"

At home Dad didn't talk about people squirming in chairs or making a fuss over the needle. He could have told great stories about the Sheriff whiteknuckling a small filling, or bullies from my school having ten cavities filled at once and crying for their mommies, but he never did. Dad's like that. Even after he and Mom separated in '79, he never talked to Bill and me about how hard it was for them or for him. Bill and I understood; public grief was spectacle, maybe even dishonest. My father has always chosen to tell stories about when we were a family.

My father at home was a family man. He'd sit at the piano nights—a Pall Mall always lit, a highball on a coaster—and he'd play a melody my mother would hum or sing to while she washed the dishes. Bill and I would lap through the house. We'd start in the kitchen saying "Hi" to Mom, then through the flagstone hallway into the living room behind the gold couch under the end table, always pausing a little to see if Dad would notice and come tickle us, then run over the braided carpet and sock slide the bare wood through the dining room and into the kitchen again, laughing our heads off ready to repeat the whole thing for the millionth time. Dad would get up from the piano and go talk to Mom in the kitchen while Bill and I tried to play chopsticks and fought about what the other two pedals did.

My father was fond of movies. He kept his collection in a tomato basket in our front closet. They were small reels mostly, five minute shorts chronicling our history as a family. He had some larger blue cans though—Laurel and Hardy features, an Esther Williams swim picture, and two 40s horror movies: *The Creature from the Black Lagoon* and *Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein*. Dad would sit behind that projector, his dark face uplit, laughing like a nostalgic director.

Tradition was that we began with the Abbott and Costello. It was sort of a ritual. Bill and I always on the floor and giving falsetto dialogue in all the right places. Dad would wait for the scene where an imposter Glenn Strange Frankenstein lurched comically in the background while a Lon Chaney Wolfman leaped from the balcony to catch an escaping Bela Lugosi Dracula. He'd run it backward and forward, sometimes the whole thing three or four times, showing us it was just make-believe, letting us appreciate the turn of the story. Then, finally an amazed Costello would faint, eyes crossing, the danger past. We cheered.

Dad would laugh as he took a drag from his cigarette, letting the smoke curl from his nostrils the way Bill and I liked. The screen would go white. I'd get up after punching Bill in the arm and dance like a dervish in the projector light. I'd fall loudly in a heap, knees sprawling, shaking the lamp shades. Mom would say, "That's enough," and I'd stop while Bill would look at me with wide eyes from Dad's lap and pretend to help him thread the family reels.

Dad would check the tension on the take up and dim the lights. We'd watch Dad's camera pan in—getting all the close angles—on Bill's face smeared with the first birthday frosting or on me pushing down green Sunday school socks, each take, again and again. My father saying, "Here he goes!" My mother laughing.

When Dad and I get together now, these are the stories we remember. Once we've finished the formality of pretending to tell each other something interesting, me about teaching, him about the dentist's chair, Dad's eyes will light up and he'll say, "Remember those old movies?" I'll smile and nod, finally at home, and Dad will tell me again about our stories. That's his legacy to me—my father, his hand on the reverse button, listening to our laughter, smiling, and always, always keeping us from the sad flapping of the final reel.

Tom Beach

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

The night my sister ran away from home, I discovered we weren't a happy family. We were living then in Dearborn, Michigan, a placid Detroit suburb where the strength and security of the big oak and beech trees springing up at the edge of the street matched the durability of the city's white middle class families who never moved and never divorced.

My mother and father were completely different personalities. My father drank a minimum of six beers nightly, double that on weekends, along with shots of whiskeys and Manhattans, and had little use for organized religion. My mother hardly drank at all and made church going the center of her activities. I can still picture her hunched over the kitchen counter, dutifully stirring the cookie batter or icing the cake for the women's church auxiliary. With her apron tied around her back, she epitomized the all-American mother—except she couldn't get along with my older sister Karen.

I'm sure being a step-mother isn't easy, and being a step-mother to Karen was undoubtedly extra-trying. My sister was what the Victorians called a "willful" personality who prized her social life above everything, including my mother's word. When my mother ordered her to scrub the kitchen floor (like Cinderella) or wash the dishes, my sister would either do the task halfheartedly or not at all.

The tense relationship between my mother and sister smoldered until the night of the Kennedy-Nixon Presidential election. While my father hid in the basement, camped in front of the TV, surrounded by an army of empty beer bottles and a bag of stale potato chips, my mother screamed from the living room up the stairs to my sister's bedroom.

"The dishes weren't properly washed when I came home from the beauty parlor this afternoon. There's still sand on the laundry room floor from that last beach party of yours. You don't go to church, and now you're off gallivanting around with those hoodlum friends of yours. Who do you think you are? The Queen of Sheba? The very idea!"

I was sitting at my desk in my bedroom five feet away from my mother, trembling. I heard my sister throw some things around in her upstairs room and then, like a herd of reindeer, she came thundering down the stairs, clutching a tattered suitcase.

"Where do you think you're going?" My mother screeched.

My sister didn't say anything—not then. She just bounded past my mother and flew out the side door.

"You bitch!" She screamed at my mother halfway down the drive, and suddenly she was gone.

Later that night when my mother returned from church choir practice my father, now thoroughly drunk and enraged, verbally ripped my mother in two as I lay frozen in my bed.

"You have no right to say anything about Karen," he hollered, but if he was trying to help my sister, it was too late.

I cried for as long as an hour, despite my mother's efforts to comfort me. The confusion was too much for my ten-year-old mind to comprehend. It was then I learned that *The Donna Reed Show*, and shows like it, were only television fantasies. I didn't know if my parents would divorce, or if my sister would ever return, but I found out there was at least one unhappy family in Dearborn, Michigan.

Jim Schmitz

MR. KFC

I'd noticed him in the Atlanta Greyhound bus station. A black man dressed like Colonel Sanders, complete with hat and cane. He shuffled across puke-gray linoleum between bags of lusterless children scattered around their tired parents' feet and the pay-TV section overflowing with transients.

He approached the terminal door marked Raleigh, North Carolina, looking neither left nor right. I got in line a few people behind. Thought no more of him the next hour as I shifted my feet and bags. Waiting.

It was 10:00 P.M., when the driver called to load. Mr. KFC disappeared into the darkness of the aisle while I staked a forward window seat for a ledge on which to lean into sleep.

Sometimes, because I'm a white woman traveling alone, no one would sit by me if the bus wasn't crowded, and I could curl up in both seats and sleep, but this run was packed, and a young black Greyhound driver took the aisle seat. He'd worked a shift of days and was on his way home to Washington, D.C., or some *R* and *R*—had been on the road since around 5:30 that morning from New Orleans.

I'd only been on the bus eight hours, but was already road weary, not interested in making small conversation. Excusing myself, I shifted my pillow against the darkness of the window, pulled my blanket around my shoulders, and focused on the drone of cool air seeping from the window ledge. Closed my eyes to shut out the light from my seat mate's reading.

I must have dozed, because around 1:00 A.M., I was aggravated awake by, "Let me off of here! I tell you, I got to get home to my wife! Open this door and let me out!" It was Mr. KFC. He was tottering behind the shoulder of the driver, one hand gripping a metal pole, the other gesturing, waving his cane in the air.

I looked out the window and saw that we were on the interstate with no house or town lights visible in any direction, then turned back to the front of the bus. A fecal odor was in the air, like the bathroom at the back had overflowed.

"I'm sorry, Sir, but I can't stop the bus right now. We'll be in to the next town soon. Please go back to your seat."

"You got to let me off, I'm telling you. My wife is waiting for me to come and tuck in our grandbabies. You wouldn't keep a man from his family. I got to get off now."

"Please go back to your seat, Sir. Regulations don't allow passengers to stand up here. It's not safe. Please take your seat."

"Just open this door. It isn't much to ask is it—to let a man go home to his family. I tell you they need me."

People all up and down the bus were shifting awake.

"What do you think that's all about?" I asked the off-duty driver beside me.

"It's just that crazy old man that got on when I did yesterday morning in New Orleans. I figure some mental institute down there probably thought he had family in D.C., bought him a one way ticket, and put him on the bus. They do that sometimes. One of their ways of cleaning house since they got more'n they can take care of as it is."

After another exchange or two, the old man, with his eyes down, swayed toward the back of the bus. As he passed my seat, a pungent fecal odor stirred the air. Other passengers clutched blankets, coats, pillows over their noses as he walked

by them. No one said anything. Just tried to settle back to sleep since there was quiet once more.

About two o'clock, I was jarred awake by a thunderous pounding from the back of the bus, "Help me! Get me out of here! Somebody open this door!" It was Mr. KFC again. He'd locked himself in the bathroom and couldn't figure out how to open the door. He was hammering the walls with his cane.

Some woman was standing outside the door yelling directions back to him, but he didn't seem to understand. She repeated them over and over. Slower, louder each time.

Now everyone was awake again, and in not so accommodating a mood as they had been the first time he'd disturbed their sleep. Shouts of "Shut the hell up," "Get that old man off this bus," or "Can't somebody get him quiet?" ricocheted through the darkness.

The young driver beside me sighed, got up, and walked to the back. He told the old man to calm down. Talked to him in a soothing, firm tone. Gave step-by-step, slow directions. Everyone on the bus imagined themselves in that bathroom, looking at that door handle, anxiously following each instruction, each willing the old man's understanding and compliance. Each wishing for quiet.

At last the door opened, and the old man, exhausted, groped toward his seat. Before he could make it though, his feet slid, and he landed flat and hard in the aisle. The young driver and a couple of other big men dragged him up and to his seat.

He started in again, "Please, I'm begging you! It ain't right to keep a man from his family. You ought to treat a man with dignity. Give him respect. You wouldn't want folks to keep you from your grandbabies. I tell you, they're waiting for me. Can't go to sleep till I get there. Let me go home to my babies!"

"Shut up, old man!"

"The rest of us want to sleep too!"

"Come on, driver, make him shut the fuck up!"

He grew silent.

Stench clogged the air.

Everyone drew themselves up, tried to insulate themselves in slumber.

About 3:00 A.M., we pulled in to an unscheduled stop. The driver announced for everyone to get off for a twenty minute rest while the bus was "serviced."

All the passengers unfolded themselves and staggered into the gray-lit terminal. Headed for restrooms, snack machines, chairs.

After ten minutes or so, I walked back to line up at the reloading gate. A janitorial crew in rubber gloves, carrying buckets, mops, and cans of disinfectant spray got off our bus. Inside it, I could see the driver and two male security officers talking to Mr. KFC. Odd, I thought, that now he's not willing to get off the bus. Another several minutes passed. The conversation there became more and more animated. Then a woman police officer boarded. She spoke briefly and escorted the old man out. Security officers took a plain, squarish cardboard-looking suitcase from the bus's underbelly, and followed the officer and Mr. KFC through a back entrance of the building.

Everyone else reloaded.

By dawn, I knew we'd be coming in to D.C. Wondered who'd be there waiting for the old man. His wife? His grandbabies? Anybody? Wondered, when he didn't get off the bus, how they'd ever find out what had become of him.

Annie D. Smith

THE DARE-DEVIL PILOT

"Deane, I need to ask a favor of you." It was my mother, strangely subdued.

"Yes Ma'am?" I cautiously replied into the phone. Mother was known for her small favors.

"I need you to go up to Jackson and see Skeet for me. He's in the hospital. They have called to say he is in a coma and could go any time. I can't afford to take time off now and then again when he dies. Would you please go up to the hospital and check on things for me?" She hardly paused. "I know you are busy with just moving and all, but I think you should go. Someone from our family should be there."

As I drove the ninety miles to Jackson, I thought about my Uncle Skeet, the dare devil pilot who used to take us all up in his plane where he'd stall the engine and pull out of the dive just when we were sure we were going to die. I remembered the New Year's Eves I had spent at Uncle Skeet's with half the town of Leland in attendance as the liquor flowed, barrels of oysters got slurped, and the deer camp stories strayed further and further from the truth. My uncle Skeet had always been a larger than life character, even for the Delta, an area known for its tall tales and excellent music. Uncle Skeet never sang, but he could roll out some tales.

"Wanna go for a spin, Little Bit?" I never turned his invitations down. They promised adventure, daring exploits, and the total disapproval of my Grandmother. I always accepted. Rolling down the runway in his bright yellow, or red, or blue Cessna, I never knew where we were going or when we'd return. Sometimes he'd fly to Memphis, and we'd eat on the waterfront, and sometimes we'd just fly over the river and under power lines circling fields he was thinking of dusting, if offered the right price. Uncle Skeet crop dusted, flew charters and raised cotton in the Rio Grande Valley. As I grew older, I still spent summers at his house, but he was gone more often, wheeling and dealing all over the country. Our paths began to grow further apart. Visits to the Delta became more a holiday pilgrimage. By the time I was married and out on my own, we were nodding acquaintances who happened to be related.

And now I was traveling up to Jackson to see if he was dying, traveling up to Jackson to bring good tidings and messages of love from a woman who had ignored him for years. What was I suppose to say? What could I say?

Directing me toward my uncle's room, a nurse told me his family had just gone down to the cafeteria to get some coffee. I hesitated, unsure whether I should go into the room. I entered. He lay on the bed staring at the ceiling. Still a big man, but reduced somehow.

Rising up out of the corner, my aunt grabbed me in a desperate hug.

"Deane. You came. He'll be so glad. He's in a coma, doesn't know a thing. It's all right, you can talk, he can't hear or anything. What am I going to do?" I put down my purse as she plowed on. "He was doing so good. Ankie Petro said he could go home today, and then suddenly this."

Aunt Lil was the same. Words a mile a minute with her thoughts seldom connected. Talking with her was kinda like putting together a verbal jig saw puzzle. "He is dying, Deane. He may not even last until everyone gets here." She was interrupted by the nurse coming in to do her rounds. We went out into the hall. Aunt Lil left in search of the others. Leaning up against the wall, I waited for the nurse to leave. I didn't want to watch her dehumanizing routine. Besides, I didn't believe Uncle Skeet didn't know what was happening. At some level of awareness, he knew and heard. I thought of all the stories of people recovering from comas and remembering all the conversations held around and over them. Finally the nurse left. I entered his room quietly. A shadow loomed up from the corner. It was a professional sitter. The man smiled politely and patted Uncle Skeet's hand as he said, "Well, Mr. Edwards, you've got a visitor."

I liked him immediately. He didn't use the royal "we." He didn't patronize Uncle Skeet, and he was just warm. He showed me how to gently bathe Uncle Skeet's face and rub ice along his lips so they wouldn't get so dry. He treated my uncle like a very dear and special person, which he was, to us.

I stood by the bed and held Uncle Skeet's hand. I told him all about the boys, my new husband, my animals, my plans, mother, daddy, and death. I talked and I caressed, and I touched him. His eyes looked straight up and never blinked. His body was almost rigid, and yet, his muscles were flabby, lifeless. I found it hard to merge my memories of this towering, intense man with the washed-out mannequin placed between the stark white hospital sheets.

The sitter was getting me a fresh bath cloth when suddenly Uncle Skeet gave a great heave and made a choking sound. I grabbed the call button and shouted for the sitter. Two nurses quickly appeared and worked around me. I offered to move, but the nurse said no, stay. Just then my cousin walked in. An Emergency Room nurse herself, Gee knew immediately what was happening. She stayed at his feet. It seemed endless, but in a very short time, the nurses smiled and stepped back.

"He's just had a small stroke, he's all right now. Perhaps you'd like to go tell your mother. She might want to come on back up." This was directed to Gee. They looked at each other for a minute, and then Gee asked me to stay and left.

I was alone with him.

"Uncle Skeet, I know you can hear me, understand me. You mustn't stay just for us. Everyone is here now except Aunt Jan, and she can't come. I want you to know how very much we all love you. I love you."

I stroked his face as I held his hand. I kept talking about God, Granny, Grandaddy, death and living. As my tears fell on him I explained, "I'm not crying because I want you to stay and hurt. I'm crying because I'll miss you. We all will, but none of us want you to hurt. If it's time to go, you have got to let go. I stopped talking as the nurse came back in. She asked for my help in moving him.

I slid my arm under his shoulders and head. He looked straight into my eyes and smiled at me.

Then he died.

Opal Croke

EMBRACE

I watch as my son sleeps, his body taking up the entire floor space of my room, his breathing regular, reliable. His eyes move rapidly under his eyelids—dreaming what my mother-thoughts want only to be good dreams. Last night he laughed out loud in his sleep. Laughmares, his dad and I used to call them.

I am enthralled by this young person. . . a 6' 2" sixteen-year-old with still a little roundness, a little child-like softness. . . Now his body unfolds itself, one movement flowing into the next. Every moment this child-man exists, I am blessed. I take nothing for granted, not now, not ever again.

Our family lived in a three-story home beyond the suburbs of Philadelphia. It seemed a perfect place, Monet summers of hazy blooms, Currier and Ives winters of drifting snow and sled rides. Our son, Jonathan, and Stephen and I snuggled in or rejoiced out loud in the seasons. But we could not stay in this seemingly perfect place, "Karin, I can't be their token black, not any more. They've given district offices to all the other reps, and they were hired after I was. My sales topped theirs out for the fourth straight quarter. It's obvious I'm never going to get anywhere here."

"What are you thinking of doing then, Stephen?" I asked, although I already knew the answer.

"I'm thirty-eight years old. Karin, you know I've wanted to be a commercial pilot since I got my first flight rating when I was eighteen. If we sell this house, and you go back to teaching, I'll be able to get my ratings. If I don't do this now, I never will." My husband looked at me, gauging my response.

Well, what did I know? I figured he wouldn't make much money as a middle-aged black pilot, and I wouldn't become wealthy as a teacher. But, after all, we could make it on two not-so-much salaries, and we'd both be doing what we loved. Shows you what I knew about being black.

It took a while to sell our house, a little bit on the edge of town in the old section, settled, but not quite the condo area. We'd found a buyer, but certain things needed to be worked on. My job was to repaint the kitchen; however, my speckled nose and the streaks of buttery soft color tracing through my hair made it look more like I was painting myself. Stephen's area was the plumbing.

"Dear, do you really think you can fit in there?" The two foot narrow space between the wall and the commode didn't seem adequate for Stephen's 6'4", 220 pound frame.

"Yeah, I'll make it, but once I get in here you'll have to hand me the stuff 'cause I sure can't get in or out of here more than once. Hey, you look like Claudette Colbert in that old

movie where they bought that chicken farm." He laughed up at me from where he was scrunched in a ludicrous position, one leg bent around beneath him, the other smacked up against the wall, his arms hanging around the top of the commode, his hands groping into the tank for the elusive chain and ball.

"Hey, we've got company." I turned as our two and a half year old tromped into what little space was still left in the bathroom. His round little arms grasped my leg, but only for a moment. Then he saw his dad—instant fascination. Tools and water and his dad, what could compete?

"Hi, Nate, did you have a good nap?" Stephen stretched around as much as he could and grinned, "Nate, wanna help Mommy hand me the wrench?"

Jonathan shook his head no, and reached for the wrench before I had time to grab it myself. He picked it up at an awkward angle and moved over beside his dad's leg. Jonathan knew the tools better than I did. . . whether out of pure instinct, or from watching his dad work on our cars, I'll never know. Maybe it was simply delight in being near his dad that taught him.

"Looks like you guys have this under control. I'm going downstairs to return that phone call to that principal out in South Dakota. It shouldn't take me long. I mean, here it is the beginning of July already. I can't imagine they'd have any openings. I think that placement agency's off the mark. You two need anything?" I glanced down at the two grubby comrades and then clomped downstairs.

An hour later I had a confirmed interview with a principal from a reservation school in South Dakota. He was coming East to recruit.

Two hours later, after I had taken many trips up and down the steps to peek in on the plumbing project, the commode was fixed. The only real assistance that was needed was in helping my husband to untangle himself from the clutches of the porcelain monster.

By August our house was sold. My contract for the job was written, and Stephen was enrolled in a commercial pilot training school. Stephen drove Jonathan and me to the airport, and we headed for the prairie. He'd be joining us there after he'd completed his courses.

Thanksgiving, and we were all together in a trailer house on the rez. Before we'd left Pennsylvania, my dad had given us his usual lengthy advice when we'd talked about our dreams and relocating to South Dakota, "Well, I just hope you two know what you're doin'." And Dad was right. Those years on the reservation were hard—financially.

But for living and loving it was the most nourishing place we'd been. We were out driving the long distances necessary to do anything out there, and Stephen caught the feeling well, "Karin, these people wave to us with all their fingers, not just with one like back East."

There were so few people out there. They all just seemed to go out of their way to make us feel wanted. Besides, in those border towns, they were too busy hating Indians to waste time in hating one black man.

My dad was right, though, it was tough. Our two not-so-much-salaries weren't doing it. In three years' time, the number of Stephen's flight students grew fewer. After all, he'd already taught most of the ranchers around there by then. His job, doing charter flights on a neighboring reservation, frustrated him. "I drive three hours to get to the airport, spend another hour or more out in this cold getting the plane ready, just to find out that the people who were supposed to fly didn't O.K. the flight through the right office. So we took off anyway. What was I supposed to do? They still had that damned conference anyway. I don't know if I'll get paid, though, 'cause they don't know that themselves."

There was TV news on the economy and the pull of the Southwest. The sun belt, surely there'd be money there? I phoned a teacher friend in Houston and was reassured. "Come on down here. If you can't find a job here, there aren't any anywhere." Only too true. It was August. I seemed destined to eternally look for jobs at the latest possible moment. It only took one week of interviews, and I had my job. They couldn't fool around—school started in ten days. I stayed, found an apartment. Stephen packed up our things, and he and Jonathan joined me two months later.

Moving to Houston to catch some of the oil money—bad timing. The bottom fell out of that almost before we'd unloaded the pickup. There we were. . . an interracial family and no job market, even for whites. Black is invisible.

The hatred our child endured.

"I apologize, Miz Collier, but ya know yall's son's jus' gonna have to get use to these thangs. Jus' part of findin' out who he is." This from the school office after our five-year-old son had been pushed backwards in front of the school bus.

"Ya know, I really was watchin' him. Doan see how such a thang coulda happen." This from the thirty-year-old baby-sitter after a teenager with a BB gun had "accidentally" shot our son in the right temple. "It was jus' a accident, doan ya know?"

Yes. I do know.

The hatred that man-father-husband endured.

Stephen. . . a graduate of Penn, the chiseled silhouette of an ancient Egyptian pharaoh. Not the rolling-fat, deep-belly-laughing black they'd accept. Not a teacher, not a preacher, not a broom-sweeper or a hoe-digger. Stephen was a middle-aged commercial pilot. No. No blacks need apply. Heck, they couldn't even speak when he'd show up at an airport charter company for an interview. Stephen used to joke about a Louisiana man back in Vietnam. . .

"That man used to be wherever I was. He'd almost follow me around, just staring. One night we were sitting around. . . waiting. . . and this guy settled down a few feet away, looked me straight in the face."

"Man, Sarge, what are ya? Ya sure do look black, but ya jus' cain't be. Ya doan talk black, an ya jus' too damn smart. So what are ya?"

Stephen always got a good laugh at that. "He wasn't being malicious. He was an innocent. A good shot and a good Marine. . . but, still, an innocent. How could I even begin to sort it all out for him?". . . This from my husband, a generous man. A man sitting on the side of our bed in the early morning. . . his face held in his long capable hands, tears slipping silently down those chiseled cheekbones. A man reduced by people who exuded hatred through their pores like hogs exude the stench they've rolled in.

When we'd moved away to Texas, Jonathan and I never missed watching *Little House On The Prairie*. . . those episodes. . . the undulating prairie grasses a sea of gentle comfort. Ma and Pa and the family, every episode with a happy ending.

"Mom, do you think we'll go visit Danny and Carol in South Dakota? I wanna go fishing at our secret place. People like us there. Right, Mom?"

It took four long years until we could gather our finances together to return to those rolling, embracing prairies of South Dakota. We stopped and held each other and said how good it was to breathe again.

Our little house on the prairie. . .

Three more years and Stephen was dead.

"Was it sudden?" They always ask that. Yes, damned right—cerebral aneurysm, two seizures after he'd landed the plane. In a lifetime, yes, stark and sudden.

His arms crushed me against him in that first week. "See, I'm not so bad off." His eyes searched mine for reassurance that things would be the same again.

"You're behaving for your mother, aren't you, Jonathan?" His dad's words guided him as they always had.

How Stephen fought not to leave us.

Jonathan's prayers, so articulate, so sure that God wouldn't take his dad away. Prayers from an ancient soul, not from a twelve-year-old who would turn thirteen just two days before his dad died.

"Mom, we were just getting to where we could know each other. Why did Dad have to die?"

The cremation was in Denver where Stephen had died. No will, but he'd always told me that was what he wanted. My God, had I really understood him right? The funeral was in Philadelphia with his family and mine and his old friends who'd mostly never known Jonathan and I existed. His ex-wife's comment to me, "Oh, I wouldn't have missed it for anything." What in the hell kind of a thing was that to say?

Back home. Our friends from the school phoned. "We want to say goodbye to Steve. We never had the chance. We want to hold a memorial service, okay? Would you bring pictures of him and his uniform? We want to see him." Yes. My sister was with me. She held my pieces together. On the reservation, school was let out so that the people might all say goodbye. The old Catholic church's opulence, such a contrast to the emptiness I felt. My students, our friends, the elders. . . As the memorial service ended, they shook our hands wordlessly, their sign of the ultimate respect. Someone pressed a fat envelope into my hands. . . this from people who hadso few material things themselves. In their generous spirit, they cradled my son and me.

Four long years ago, my son and I clutched and gasped. The days and nights ripped through our little house on the prairie. Again and again, "Why did *my* dad have to die? See those kids in that car over there in front of the bar? It's in the twenties, and they don't even have any shoes on, and one of em's only got on a torn pamper. Why couldn't *their* dad die? Shit. He's not even a father. It isn't *fair*."

Looking over at my son, all I can do is agree. I can't give him answers.

I drive on past the battered car and turn onto the washboarded dirt road to our little house on the prairie. No fiction here within these walls.

That year tears my gut.

"If Dad were here I bet we'd go into town. Remember the time when I was little and Dad drove me all the way to Rapid to see Santa? *He* wasn't afraid to drive in the snow. That took four hours one way, and there was even a blizzard on the way back. Remember, you stayed home to bake Dad's cinnamon buns so you'd surprise him Christmas morning? Well, how come we can't go? How come *you're* afraid to drive in this? I want a pizza. If Dad were here, we'd go."

"Jonathan, it's forty miles to town. Your dad knew about old cars and driving in this stuff. I don't. We just aren't going and that's that."

"If Dad were here, we could watch football. And why *can't* I listen to Dad's jazz? I wanna hear John Coltrane."

I try.

"Jonathan, I can't stand your dad's music so close, so close when he isn't."

We watch TV. My face, wet. . . and I didn't even know I was crying. . . curling my arm around my head, trying to hide from my son, but he's right there. Already bigger than I am, his arms go around me, "Mom, it's O.K. You can cry." I sob into my son's chest.

We sit close. We watch StarTrek—escaping together to "boldly go where no man has gone before."

Then it's bed and prayers—"Our Father who art. . ." and "Now I lay me down to. . . God bless Mommy and Daddy and Grandpa Stevens."

"But, Jonathan, Daddy and Grandpa Stevens are dead—"

"They can still be blessed, though. Right, Mom?"

"Yes, Jonathan, you are very right. They certainly can be. Now go to sleep."

"I can't, Mom."

I hold my son as tightly as I can, trying to understand his words through his tears, ". . . I want to hear Dad say, 'I'll see you in the morning, Nate Ole Bean, when the sun come up and you eat your brek'us' " . . . his dad's play on Jonathan's toddler-talk, his dad's last words to Jonathan each night since he could remember words.

Slowly my child's body slackens. I can feel him slip back into the covers.

"Tuck me in, Mom, okay? I love you, Mom."

"I know you do, Hon. And I love you."

"Mom?"

"Yeah?"

"Are you going to bed now, too?"

"Yes, Jonathan,. . . but call me if you need me."

"You, too, Mom, okay?"

"Okay." I lie.

I close the door gently, go into Stephen's and my bedroom and crawl into my side of the bed. Rigid, I keep to my side.

I can stand it no longer. Without even looking at the clock, I know. It's 2:00 A.M.—always. I walk the house, back and forth, back and forth.

Cathy Harris

ACCEPTABLE ENGLISH

It was March, 1964, and the course was "Eighteenth Century British Prose and Poetry." The professor was well-known, widely published, and brilliant. The student was an English major in her junior year, just back on campus from her student teaching practicum. She took the course because of its title and because she liked Alexander Pope. Loved him, in fact, and had memorized several of his heroic couplets in high school: *Words are like leaves, where they most abound, much fruit of sense beneath is seldom found.*

She read Pope in the course, and Swift and Boswell and Burns. She went to every class; she took notes and listened. And she wrote. She worked hours on her papers, going over the poetry again and again to find its inner meaning and examining the prose to discover its true significance. She spent her evenings in the library, reading literary criticism that illuminated the text for her so that she could more easily follow the class lectures and write wonderful papers.

She loved the literature, learned from the lectures, and was happy to be a part of the class. Until she saw her first grade. She'd written on a portion of *Gulliver's Travels*. She had worked hard on the paper, trying her best to make it new, provocative, and insightful. The grade on the paper was a D-. Very few comments, very little feedback. Only a D-. She was disappointed and a little confused but determined to make it better, so she scheduled an appointment.

"You don't seem to be grasping the essence of the work."

"Could you show me?"

"That's difficult; perhaps you should try a shorter work for your next explication."

She chose "Holy Willy's Prayer." She studied and studied and read and read. She wrote on the religious symbolism in the poem and the irony of the dialect. She handed her second paper in and waited. The grade on the paper was a D-, and this time he wrote her a short note: "Miss Tordone, you must work very hard if you ever hope to write in acceptable English."

"Acceptable English." What did that mean? "Acceptable English?" She didn't understand. She stood by her desk and stared at the paper. Her hand shook, and her eyes burned. She walked out of the room and out of the building, out onto the snow, and she pulled her hood up over her head. Her boots crunched hard across campus. Maybe she shouldn't be an English teacher. Maybe she wasn't good enough. Maybe she should switch majors. Maybe she should. . . . She couldn't write in acceptable English.

The student went to see her adviser. Walked into his office and sat down. He looked at her; he looked at the paper.

"Why in hell did you take this course?"

"I like Pope. I've always liked Pope."

He read the note written across the top of the paper and shook his head.

"You should never have taken it."

"What can I do?"

"If you get a D, it won't count."

"I know."

"What do you want to do?"

"What *can* I do?"

"You can take your chances, or I can arrange for you to drop. I don't know why you took it."

"But isn't it too late to. . .?"

"I'll take care of it. What do you want to do?"

"I'll take my chances."

She went to class and handed in her last paper. The grade on the paper was a D-; her grade in the class was a D, and she got no credit for the course because she couldn't write in acceptable English.

* * *

It was May, 1964, and the course was "The Victorian Novel." The professor was well-known, widely published, and brilliant. She took the course because of its title and because she liked Charles Dickens. Loved him, in fact, and had memorized favorite lines from several of his novels: *A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December*. She read Dickens in the course, and Trollope and Bronte and Hardy. She went to every class; she took notes and listened. And she wrote. She worked hours on her papers, going over the stories again and again to find their inner meaning and to uncover their true significance. She spent her evenings in the library, reading literary criticism that illuminated the text for her so that she could more easily follow the class lectures.

She loved the literature, learned from the lectures, and was happy to be a part of the class. For her first paper, she chose *Barchester Towers* and likened Trollope's introduction of characters to the rounds of a Bach fugue, where the textual overlap and undulation created a verbal, musical pattern. On the day that the papers were returned, she walked to the front of the room. Her hand shook and her eyes burned as she looked at her paper. The professor had written a short note across the top: "Miss Tordone, your writing very much resembles the work of Virginia ~~Woolf~~ Woolf, particularly her style in *The Waves*. Have you ever considered publishing?"

She walked out of the room and out of the building, out across the campus and smiled.

BJ

STEAMING GREEN OAK

Bump, bump-bump. I stick my head up through the hatch and look toward the boat moored next to ours. Dow, a tanned, wizened body clothed only in old canvas shorts, sits at the bottom of a white dinghy bobbing nearly under the dock. He stops dabbing dark green paint over the planking seams of his boat, and turns toward me, stretching slightly to peer over the dock. "Michael"—he smiles, his steel blue eyes reflecting more than the muddy river—"taking her out?"

"Just pumping," I say, looking at the trees on the opposite bank. "Not much of a breeze. . . . My dad's working tonight."

Hair as white as the pristine dinghy, and a Vandyke beard stained at the corners of his smile by tobacco smoke,

frame a face in which the eyebrows now arc. "Doesn't let you take her out yourself?"

"Not yet." I pump.

He turns to paint.

An hour later I am still fussing around with the rigging, washing decks, dreaming a sixteen year old's dreams of adventure and romance as the late summer evening comes on. Dow is ashore squatting in the weeds washing his brush. He makes a long slow job of it, pausing to sip from a glass of burgundy as the clean brush soaks in fresh thinner once more. Looking over his glass at me he winks, then pulls the brush out and works over the bristles with a rag.

Stepping ashore I say, "Looks pretty clean to me."

"Tips are, but you have to clean out around the ferrule if you want it to last," he nods, "and I want to paint the plume tomorrow."

"With the same brush?"

He nods.

Thirty-one feet of mahogany planking over oak frames, a classic deep keel sloop with a wine glass stern, The White Plume is an old and beautiful craft. Dow has carved a wooden feather about fifteen inches long for the varnished stern, instead of painting on a name. This is the sort of flourish he gives to things. As a printer, perfecting visual images is his job; it is also his way of life. High Bohemian is how my mother describes him. I don't understand the term but it fascinates me.

Washing the mineral spirits out of the bristles with turpentine, he displays the clean brush to me. It is flat, maybe three inches wide, with honey colored bristles extending about four inches beyond the brass ferrule. The handle is bare wood, stained green by the hull's pigment. "Twenty years I've had that one." My surprised look draws a chuckle. He winks again, "Probably cost you twenty dollars today." He chuckles once more and asks, "How about a sail?"

"You just painted her," I respond, wishing we could test the evening breeze.

"We'll take the dinghy."

Picking up the pots and rags he explains, "Got this sailing rig and want to try it out."

Together we climb aboard White Plume and stash the paints in a locker. Pulling out the light spars wrapped in a sail he says, "Grab the board and oars." In minutes we push off. I am seated on the bottom, forward of the rowing thwart. In the growing darkness he hands me a flashlight saying, "Shine this on the sail if anyone comes near."

We drift easily across the river as stars and street lights reflect off the surface.

* * *

A frigid March wind kicks leaves and trash across the frozen boatyard. Dozens of boats slumber in their cradles as I move toward them. Somewhere to my right a tarp is slapping. The afternoon is made darker among the rows of looming hulls by the shapeless canvas drapes. Skirting an icy puddle, I squeeze between two cabin cruisers and roll the shed door open enough to slide through.

More craft sleep inside. The wind is stopped, but the air is colder, rather damp, and much darker. I move in the direction of a pale electric light where the Plume rests amid a tangle of planks, tools, and cables. The light, the blast of a stove under the boiler in which green oak steams, and the sound of jazz coming from within the towering hull affirm that Dow is here. Every weekend, all winter, he has been fighting a battle with age. He is replacing broken and rotten frames with fresh steam-bent oak.

Circling the hull, I spot his eyes sparkling through the gap where a plank has been removed. "Michael," he says, "like some tea? Come aboard."

I scramble up the scaffold and survey the decks cluttered with most of the cabin furnishings. Dropping below, I see the hull clearly revealed. Age and water, both salt and fresh, have taken their toll. Blackened frames no longer reach the keel; their ends have crumbled in the rot. Others have split under the strain created by the weakness of their sisters. In the two years since buying this boat from his son, Dow has replaced seventeen frames; twenty-eight await attention.

Upon the galley stove, moved forward during construction, a tea kettle pours forth steam that condenses on the underside of the decks and drips down on Dow where he is kneeling to clamp a new frame in place. Sweating as he presses the wood, still scalding from the boiler, against the hull, he sights along the frame and makes a slight adjustment before tightening the clamps. Seventy years have made his eyes precise measuring instruments, even behind the wire rimmed lenses.

Struggling to his feet, he stands a moment, hands on knees, hunched from stiffness or cold. Looking up, he brushes the knees of his trousers and straightens. "Third one today," he says, turning down the radio. "Get the screws into this one, and steam one more, and I'll be down to two dozen."

I wrap my hands around the mug he offers and taste the sweet tea. He pours a shot of brandy into his and scuttles past me to the deck. "Got to get it screwed down before she cools too much," he says. "Stay there, keep warm, you can hand me screws."

The heat in the cabin is more for the frames than it is for his comfort. He drills, and drives the bronze screws I hand him, and we talk through the gaps in the hull.

"How's your girlfriend?" he asks.

"Karen? She's fine, wonderful." I blush.

"She sails?"

"No, her father owns a cruiser. Keeps it on Seneca Lake."

"Too bad," he grins, "gasoline and water don't mix. Bring her down, we'll teach her to sail. Marge couldn't sail when I met her either," he says, referring to his wife.

I chuckle, and he raises his eyebrows to me through the gap.

* * *

Rushing around in the cockpit under July sun, I am dragging out cushions and stashing the cooler, preparing for a sail. Dow is again cleaning his brush.

"Can't understand it," he tosses in my direction. "Put all that new oak in, and the planks still work. The seams keep opening up." He is referring to the white caulking that appears between the planks.

"Maybe the dark paint," I say, parroting my father. "Paint her white, and they won't show."

He squints at me, "Taking her out?"

"Yep," I grin, "Dad's working."

Walking out on the dock, he looks at the trees across the river and nods. "Good breeze."

I squint up at him."Yep."

"Nice day for it," he arches his eyebrows, "should have held off painting."

My buddy Ed's big green Ford convertible comes rattling along, kicking up dust, and lurches to a stop in the weeds. Laughing and singing, Karen, Ed, and Leigh Ann bound out onto the dock and scramble aboard. I kick over the engine, and Dow tosses us the lines as we back out into the current. "Thanks," I shout, turning the boat and my attention to the lake.

Hours later, sunburnt and spent from the exhilaration of sailing, swimming, and independence, we are ghosting along toward the dock in the last of the daylight. Street lights are kicking on and an evening breeze is starting off the land. Out of the growing gloom a white shape appears.

"What's that?" Ed asks.

I peer ahead and pick out the form. Suddenly it becomes a sail, white in the beam from a flashlight. The triangle of fabric glows, reflected in the river's surface.

"I see you, Dow," I say, coming near.

Sliding past, I imagine I see arching eyebrows framed in white. The ripples of our wake scatter the reflection, and the sail winks out.

Michael Chirco

VISITING HOURS

Three weeks before I graduated from eighth grade, my grandmother Cundy suffered a major heart attack. She was flown to Kearney, a medium-sized midwestern town, and placed in intensive care at the large hospital that serves most of rural Southwestern Nebraska. The day after my graduation, my mom and I drove the one hundred miles to Kearney to visit Cundy.

I was assaulted by the too-clean smell of the hospital when I walked in with my mother. We passed by the attendant and headed toward Cundy's room. As we walked down the hallway, Mom turned to me and said, "Now, be ready. She keeps asking us why we just didn't let her die."

"And what do you say to that?"

"Well, we all say 'Because we want to keep you around for awhile!'"

"And what does she say?" I asked my mom.

"Well, she doesn't say anything. Words don't take away the pain, you know."

It is difficult for my family to imagine life without Cundy. She embarrasses my mother when she shouts "Hell Yes!" to the offer of beer at our family reunions, but it makes the rest of us laugh. She is a free spirit; she's put 100,000 miles on her car in the last three years, crisscrossing the country, visiting family and friends. My dad says she has a lead foot because she likes to get places fast. But there's no slowing her down. She trusts in St. Francis, a statue on her dashboard, to protect her from the unpredictable hazards of the road. Her grandmotherly look, which has to be worth something, she says, protects her from speeding tickets, if those state patrolmen ever get the gun on her.

We rounded the corner and turned into Cundy's room.

Cundy's heart was better. She was three days out of intensive care, but she was still fighting the complications of having been saved—three broken ribs, a bruised chest, and respiratory trouble. Her face brightened when Mom and I walked in. "Come here, Jack, and give me a hug."

"It's good to see you." I whispered in her ear as I hugged her softly.

"It's good to see you, too. Congratulations. I'm sorry I missed your graduation."

"That's all right. It wasn't any big deal."

"Oh, come on now." She handed me a card with "Master Jack" on it.

"Thanks, Cundy."

Nobody calls my grandma "Grandma" or "Cora," her English name. We call her "Cundy," after the name her German parents gave her: Kunde Ginde. We pay tribute to her vitality, refuse to hint at her age.

My mom, standing behind me, next to the bed, entered the conversation: "How are you today, Mom?"

"Oh, all right I guess. . . . " Cundy begins, when a brown-haired nurse came into the room: "Can I interrupt for a minute, Cora? I just need to listen to your breathing briefly."

The nurse glanced over at mom and I, but didn't motion for us to leave the room. She leaned over and pushed a button, raising the top of the bed to an upright position, and asked Cundy to sit up. She undid the back of Cundy's hospital gown and let it slip down to her stomach. As the nurse placed the stethoscope on Cundy's rib cage, I noticed the wrinkled tan skin of Cundy's breasts just above the nurse's hand. I looked up and saw the pain on Cundy's face as she winced and tried to breathe deeply. She looked older than I'd ever seen her before. Her eyes met mine and communicated not shame or embarrassment, but pain and sadness at being handled. I looked back, unable to express anything, then looked at my mom and saw her motion toward the door.

"We'll come back," Mom said, and we headed for the hallway.

After visiting hours were over, my mom drove back to McCook. I had a week off between my graduation and when I was scheduled to start work in the fields, so I stayed in Kearney with my cousin and spent the afternoons and evenings of that week sitting and talking with Cundy in her hospital room. We played cards, watched soap operas, but mostly just talked. Rarely did we talk about her health or the hospital. Whenever one of the nurses or doctors came in to do some tests, Cundy pushed thirty-five cents my way and told me to go get a Coke or something. The lady who shared Cundy's room suffered from emphesema. Whenever she

entered one of her coughing fits, Cundy would lean over and whisper, "Don't ever start smoking, Jack. It's not worth it."

Cundy told me not to worry so much about adjusting to high school. Just give myself time to find a place, figure out how I would fit in. She told me that I needed to be tough at the beginning, to not let new things overwhelm me. We didn't talk much about my problems at home—my declining grades, my conflicts with Mom and Dad, my new hobbies—although I am sure my mom had told her about them. Cundy did tell me that she'd heard about my drinking. "Be careful," she said. "I've known a lot of people who were dead before they needed to be."

It was hard to watch Cundy eat the hospital food. I brought her some candy and cookies to try and relieve the boredom. When she was home, she was always cooking: fried chicken, roast beef, mashed potatoes, corn, and her prized poppy seed kolaches. During the holidays, as many of her seven daughters and fifty grandchildren as could, and whoever else wanted to, came to her house to celebrate. Each of us got a treat after our plates were clean, yet I can't remember when anybody was left empty-handed. When I was younger, Cundy and I used to study catechism together—I was her star student, memorizing the names of apostles and disciples, prayers and events from the Bible. We didn't talk much about that either in the hospital, but every night I watched her say her prayer cards; she'd glance at the Christian image on one side, then read the name of the deceased person and a prayer in memory on the other. She had collected them from all the funerals she'd attended over the years, including those of a husband, two sons, and one daughter.

One afternoon I told Cundy that I was not excited to spend the summer working in the fields, hoeing around watermelon plants. Cundy, a farm wife in her younger years, said, "Look for things while you're out there, Jack, things you haven't noticed before. If you study the prairie, your work will go by quicker and you can learn something, too."

Gradually, in the Kearney hospital, Cundy got better and better, pulling her way back to health. Her ribs began to heal, her breathing became clearer, and the bruises on her chest began to disappear. At the end of the week I returned to McCook to start work. Several days later, Cundy was transferred to the smaller McCook hospital to complete her recovery.

Chad Graff

MEASURING SPOONS

So many people complain about their mothers- in -law. "We just don't speak the same language" is the explanation. My mother-in-law and I don't speak the same language either.

My husband, Steve, and I walk into his parents' home and her eyes light up, welcoming me with their warmth. "Hi!" If a voice can sing, laugh and love all at once, hers can. She asks if we are hungry and then says something to Steve in Korean. I listen, trying to recognize a word or two, but can't.

She is making Yuk Kae Jang, my favorite soup, while making conversation with her daughters. In the midst of buzzing activity, she pulls me by my elbow towards the stove so I can watch as she makes a special marinade. "Take some soy sauce, green onions, sesame oil, some garlic, a little sugar." She throws in some of this and some of that and then does the important taste test. "More sugar," she tells me. Because I am addicted to measuring spoons, I worry that I will add too much. I gingerly add a dash.

"More." She smiles as she stirs. I know I am watching an artist at work and am more generous with the sugar this time.

She motions for us to sit down and calls for the rest of the family. The table becomes busy with eating and conversation. "Ah muh nee" ("Mom" in Korean) laughs as I dive into the Korean dishes she has prepared. I tell her in Korean that everything tastes delicious, and she laughs again. My sister-in-law jumps in. "Lori, Mom tells all of her friends how much you like Korean food. She brags about how you like kimchee too."

"Did you play golf today, Ahmuhnee?" I ask between bites.

She nods with a frown and says that she did not play well. She speaks in Korean, and the room comes to life as her animated voice and moving hands describe what happened on the eighteenth hole. Everyone is laughing, including me. Steve starts to explain what happened, but because her gestures are so dramatic and telling, I already understand. I am not excluded.

As she begins to tell another story, I am impressed with her youthful beauty. I am drawn to her tenderness which surrounds her liveliness. She is the center of the conversation but never demanded such a position.

Dinner ends and I walk to the sink to wash the dishes. Ahmuhnee nudges me out of the way and says, "I'll wash. You sit down."

"No, Ahmuhnee," I explain, "you cooked, I'll clean."

She shakes her head until we compromise and clean together. I try to imitate her thoroughness.

Later, I show her some Korean workbooks I'm using with a tutor. She helps me on a few pages, and then wants me to read a story I haven't seen. "I'll teach you," she explains. I try to keep up with her but lose track of different pronunciations. This language is a tough one. My father-in-law brings out Hooked on Phonics, wanting me to work with her. We go through the lessons, and she reads the beginning words well. She looks at me and says, "I want to read books."

"Amuhnee, we've got to learn the boring stuff first."

She scrunches her nose and waves her hand. We close our workbooks and head for the TV room.

Steve looks up from a yawn and says, "You 'bout ready to go?"

"Sure. I do have an early meeting tomorrow."

Steve's dad adds, "Yeah, go home and rest. Do you want a tee time for Saturday?"

"That'd be great," Steve says, practicing his golf swing. "Bye, Mom, thanks for dinner!"

"Yeah, thanks Amuhnee. It was great!"

She gives us each a hug and hands us a jar of kimchee as we walk towards the door.

We speak the same language after all.

Lori Song

ONE MORNING

Aspen leaves flash in the early morning light. Riding even the faintest breeze, they softly chatter. Calling.

I am sitting on the path, slowly breathing in my view.

There are these little lavender blue weeds growing all around—vetches.

Rich, liquid lavender, bursting.

Why is it that such colors cannot be duplicated? So simple.

Little vetches like this give me strength.

And when I get up real close, the lavender opens up.

If I could jump in and swim, I'd do it on faith.

Garrett Andrews

GUYS' NIGHT OUT

The Medieval Cellar was the third place we'd been. The first was a pub somewhere up on 54th street in Seattle, and I can't remember the second. The last thing I had in mind was a relationship. I had finally given up on that idea because recently they had ended miserably. I couldn't have a relationship*when* I wanted to have it anyway. Life without one was just getting comfortable.

We were fairly drunk but not disgustingly. The Cellar was dark except for the flashing strobe lights that went with the blaring, disco music. Bob Rutter, Bill Roe, and I took a table off to the left. We all lived in Bill's house with a couple of other guys, mostly recent college grads, stuck in that joyful abyss between college and "the next step."

Bob and Bill slipped off after the first skirts they saw, and I saw Mary sitting alone. How did it go?

"May I join you?"

"Do you mind if I sit here?"

"Would you like to dance?"

I don't remember what I said exactly, but I do remember checking Mary out while dancing and saying "yeah" to myself.

"I'm not here alone. My friend sets up the sound system for the band," she said, pointing up to the stage. "But I'm not here with a date. I like to dance, but I don't like to feel that more than dancing is what I have to do to go out."

"I can understand that."

We danced more. I don't think we danced with anybody else that night.

"So how old are you?" I remember asking when the music was very loud.

"Thirty-three."

"Thirty-three, gees, you don't look it."

"Yeah, everybody in my family looks young for their age."

* * *

Mary walked down the street in front of Bill Roe's house in the shortest, leggiest skirt I'd seen in a while. She was there to pick me up because we were going to Bob Pierce's costume party. She walked past the dining room window before she knocked on the front door. Bob's eye caught her. I knew he was wishing that he'd been the one to get to know Mary at the Medieval Cellar.

"The only problem, Bob, is that she's thirty-three."

"That's not a problem for me."

"Well it is for me. Ten years is too much. She'll want kids in five years, and I won't be ready for that until I'm at least in my thirties, and then she'll be in her forties."

I didn't say it, but I couldn't help also thinking: and when I'm in my thirties, what will Mary look like in her forties. Then when I'm in my forties, what will she look like in her fifties, and so on.

* * *

Mary's home was a small, ramshackle old place on the corner of 132nd. When Mary and I awoke, we headed over to Van's Kitchen for a couple of gigantic, spicy omelets.

One of the first things I learned to do at Mary's was clean the cat box. She had four cats. She made it clear that the cats lived there first.

When it rained at Mary's place, she and I'd get out three buckets to catch the water where the roof leaked. Before long, she had put a desk out back on the enclosed porch and run an extension cord out there so I could turn on a lamp and read peacefully for a journalism class I was taking. The weekdays I spent back at Bill's house got fewer and fewer. Pretty soon I was moved in to Mary's house although neither one of us wanted to admit to the other how much we were becoming deeply committed.

* * *

"Well, Mom, she's really great. I mean she's everything, the kind of girl I could marry, but she's thirty-three."

"You know, if you really love her."

"I know."

"Besides, some women really take care of themselves into their forties and fifties. She could do that, you know."

"I don't know, Mom. . . I mean, if it wasn't for this one thing, but. . . if you really love somebody."

* * *

"Thirty-three? What do you mean you think I'm thirty-three? Where'd you get that idea?"

"You told me yourself at the Medieval Cellar the night we met."

"Thirty-three? Are you kidding? I said twenty-three."

"No, you said thirty-three. The music was real loud. . . ."

"No wonder my Dad thinks you're a flake. I said twenty-three. Besides, why didn't you ask me about this if it's been such a problem?"

"Well, why should I have? I had to work it out. I mean you said everybody in your family looked young for their age, and I didn't want to doubt what you said."

"What I want to know is how many people think I'm

thirty-three?"

I ticked off the list. "Bob, Bill, my mom, Dad, my brothers. . . ." The list kept going.

"Get on that phone right now and tell everyone of them I'm twenty- three."

"All right. All right."

"Hi, Mom, the good news is. . . I made the right choice."

Bill McClement

PREDATOR

It's sunrise on the first Monday of our Spring break, and a fellow teacher named Tom, an exchange student living with him named Hiroshi, and I are making good on our plans for a full day of fishing at Tom's spot. Off a forty foot cliff, there's ninety degrees of pristine ocean, bounded by the shore's surf at one end and the jagged tips of concealed lava rock at the other. A cloudless day, low 80s, mild trades cooling us from behind, not another soul anywhere. In the distance, three miles up coast, sulfurous vapor is rising as molten lava fingers find the ocean, creating the newest land on the face of the Earth.

"Today's the day. This is the one. . . . I can feel it," says Tom to himself, while prepping his elaborate gear. And I, too, feel it as I nod to Tom. After countless attempts, something tells me that on this paradisacal day he'll finally land his nemesis, the revered Hawaiian Ulua.

King of the reef, the largest Ulua weighs in at over 120 pounds of streamlined rage. When trying for one, it's not uncommon for your special Ulua line or pole to break. Occasionally, one of these terrible furies even pulls the unwary, fatally-attracted fisherman off the cliff and into the ocean. In these islands, Ulua fishing is like worshipping at the temple, and to catch one is to be ordained. But, as what?

Unlike Tom, I'm fishing for smaller game today, and my gear is quickly ready. With each forearm's flick I cast off another vestige of civilization, naturally, purposefully, like peeling skin off a ripe banana. Casting off, reeling in, casting. Reeling again, slowly, patiently, all in one endless, fluid motion. "Man, it doesn't get any better than this," I say, grinning to Tom. I'm primordially at home, almost too comfortable.

It doesn't take long for me to catch a three-pound Nenui, swinging it up and over, where it flops gasping. Tom, still readying his line, drops everything and insists on de-hooking, gingerly sliding the hapless fish into a live bait well. "Perfect" is all he says, before returning to his elaborate tackle.

Twenty minutes later, and Tom's done. Pounded into a cliff's crack is a metal rod holder. Into it will go the special Ulua pole and its reel, with a cow bell attached to notify him of any action. And this gear will be roped to the cliffs, so the monster's first deadly strike won't drag everything over the edge. One hundred and fifty pound test main line, ending with a special stop ring. From this, fifteen feet of a much lighter line, ending with a twelve-ounce weight, designed to anchor in a crevice of the ocean floor. All this he swings in a slow, forty yard arc, straight out.

Soon the Nenui is ready, artfully impaled by Tom just behind the head with a hook you'd swear could lift a tractor. Squirming, sending out helpless distress signals, the hooked Nenui is attached to eight supposedly rock-proof feet of wire leader, which Tom now connects to and slides down his main line, all the way to the barely submerged stop ring.

"Man, look at his action!" says Tom as we squint at the bait, squirming in its small sphere of space. "It's gonna go, it's gotta go!" More than us, it seems the Nenui knows this, and even three hours later he is still frantic, desperate, actively swimming. "It's gonna go!"

* * *

"RINGINGINGZZZZ!. . ." Tom's line screams me from my casting mantra. He lunges for his pole, already bent incredibly, almost ninety degrees. Thank God for the rope! "ZZZZZ" as the line plays out, burning the reel.

Three times, Tom jerks way back on the rod, setting the hook. Almost as rapidly, Hiroshi and I have cleared our lines and Hiroshi has become an anchor, squatting behind Tom, holding Tom's belt as he grapples.

Two long minutes tick off, with Tom's rod looking like it will snap any second, and his line is still playing out. Tom is barely holding on, sweating and grunting. Then, imperceptibly at first, the rod begins to straighten a little. Tom's about two hundred pounds, but he's aching all over, knees wobbling, forearms quivering from exhaustion. But that fish is still at it, full throttle, although weaker, too, sometimes surfacing to offer a glimpse. "Geez, guys, did you see the size of that thing!" exhorts Tom as his eyes follow the line to the Ulua.

"Tom, don't let 'er get in the rocks! Keep the tension on! Don't you dare screw up, or I'LL KILL YOU! Get tired later!" I plead, nervously watching.

Now, the seconds slow, with two primordial predators pulling, mano-a-mano, each at the end of the line, giving their all.

And then, it's over. All effort expended, the sixty-pound Ulua is only fifty feet offshore, floating weakly, heavily on its side, and Tom's feeble pulls, helped by Nature's currents, are enough to deliver the beast to our cliff's base.

"Hiroshi! Quick! Climb down and net him!" yells Tom, and Hiroshi starts to descend.

As if wakened, I quickly stop Hiroshi and insist to Tom, "You're crazy! He's not going down there!" I wonder what plans, if any, he'd made for actually landing his nemesis. "Oh, brother! You mean you don't have a slide gaff? Tom, I can't believe it!"

"Hand over hand! Come on, you guys!" bellows Tom with an urgency which recognized that the fish, too, might be recuperating. And without waiting, he leans to and begins hauling. Inch by inch, the flapping beast scrapes up the ledge, as fishing line and then God-awful wire leader wraps around and massacres our hands.

After landing the sixty pound fish, we prepare to leave, and Tom is ecstatic. Ulua is a delicacy—it goes for nine bucks a pound at the market, and he's got forty pounds of edible

meat. "Hey, Garrett," he says as we load the truck, "five pounds of this beast is yours."

His words echo in my head. All I can think about are my hands, Hiroshi scaling the cliff's face, and all the rainbow's colors flashing off the dying Ulua as we heaved it into the cooler. I'm as surprised as Tom to hear myself saying, "No thanks, Tom, I've got too much fish in my freezer already."

Garrett Andrews

IMPACT

The cars are ready. Lined up at the start of the flat quarter mile. Roy's Charger against Bobby's Camaro. Nobody figures that Roy has a chance. Most believe that Bobby's car is the fastest in town. Jim drops the makeshift flag. The screech of the cars marking the pavement fills the spectators' ears. At a hundred feet, the cars are still even. The drivers' eyes are locked into each other. Their feet firm against the floor. Young people run down the highway, focused on the dueling cars.

Nobody sees the grain truck crawl onto the highway from the dirt road just past the finish. No way the farmer can judge the speed of the oncoming headlights. Can't distinguish the racers' beams from all the rest. Maybe he figures it's just some kids partying again. Maybe he doesn't take the time to look after another eighteen-hour day in the field.

At the midpoint Bobby has taken a sizable lead and pulls into the right hand lane. Roy drops back in defeat. Bobby sees the truck. So does John, riding shotgun. Instinct takes over. Bobby tries to veer. His car resists the sudden maneuver. His Camaro slams into the truck, sends it lurching forward, spilling freshly harvested corn onto the highway. The sound of the impact is heard in town.

* * *

We only heard about it, Brad and I. Best friends, juniors like Bobby and John. We would have been there, but Brad's the star linebacker on the football team and didn't get out of the locker room. I was in bed, getting some sleep before a tennis tournament. We got the news in the morning. The next evening, we listened to Brian, the son of one of the town's doctors tell us about it.

Man, everybody just kept running down the highway, right up to the accident. It was like we didn't know what we were going to see. Then we got there and couldn't believe it. Bobby's mangled body twitching and jerking. Choking on his own blood.

I'd never seen so much blood. Didn't know why I wanted to look.

John's legs were trapped; he was yelling for help. A couple of guys were trying to pull him out.

You should have seen that farmer. Dived in there and tried to save Bobby. Everybody just looked, covered their girlfriends' eyes. I ran to the farmhouse up the road to call an ambulance. Didn't want to watch somebody die. Couldn't stand the screaming. The people were standing on their porch, looking out there. They'd heard the crash and already called.

My dad said they pronounced Bobby dead about two hours after he got to the hospital. No way they could save him, but they tried. John's alive, but they don't know if he'll walk again.

That night, Brad and I cruise Main just like every Saturday night. Up and down. Around and around. Nothing else to do. Don't want to stay at home and talk about it anymore.

"I went out and ran the quarter this morning after I heard," Brad says.

"You did?"

"Uh huh. On my motorcycle."

"Why?"

He gives me a serious look. "To see if I still could."

"Jesus, Brad. How fast did you go?"

"Ninety."

"Damn man. That's pushin' it."

"It was hard."

"Is anything left out there?"

"Just some corn and patches of blood on the highway."

We go look at Bobby's car. It's been towed to the police impound. Tonight's main attraction. We hardly recognize it. The fastest car in town is scrunched up steel. Shattered windows. The steering wheel is pushed up against the front seat. Front fenders two feet in front of where the driver should be. The chain link fence and barbed wire prevent us from seeing the blood on the seats, the glass on the floor. Otherwise we'd look.

"Fuck'n A man. Stupid ass farmer," someone says. "Should've taken a better look."

Brad tells him to shut up. I recognize his face from the halls in school. I don't know his name.

"Hey, man. I was there."

"Fuck you," Brad glares, and he shuts up.

Back on Main, I've turned up The Scorpions as loud as Brad's stereo will go. "Like a Hurricane" for us and others to hear. Brad drives with a stoic face. For once, we're not looking for cars on the side of the road, in parking lots, ready to tell us about a party or a fight. Just looking straight ahead.

We take about three Mains like that. Not much honking going on. Looks like a mean town.

Then Brad turns to me; his eyes are glossed over, like mine. "Want to go run the quarter?" he asks.

"Hell no. Are you crazy?"

Brad cracks a smile. "Just kidding, little bro'. Cops are probably out there anyway."

"It could of been us."

"Yep. I know. It could of been us."

"Let's get some beer and go somewhere."

"Cool. We haven't done that for a while."

We aren't even to the junction before we see one of our buyers and flag him down. I suggest a six pack, that we take it easy. Brad says twelve, and I roll my eyes and smile. We get our beer and head outside of town. We find a place on the other side of town from where Bobby was killed. Hidden by trees and darkness, we listen to music and down our beers. Brad drinks six; I drink four; we push the other two under the seat and head back to town.

We find a spot in the parking lot at Taco John's. We cram ourselves inside the lobby filled with other high school students looking for a late night snack. I watch Brad bump into somebody, and I see it's the person we saw at the police impound. He bumps into him again, and I see the kid turn around to tell Brad to fuck off. Big mistake. Brad answers, "Let's go then." And in less than a minute the restaurant is empty. People run to their cars and follow each other outside of town.

Chad Graff



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Some of the names have been changed or omitted
to protect against embarrassment or injury.

The writers speak for themselves,
not for the institution.

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CLARA X

I was raised by a black lady named Clara, and my mother sent her away. One day she was there, and the next day she was gone. I never got to say good-bye or thank you. I loved Clara. She was my constant companion, my teacher, my best friend. It was Clara who wiped away my tears and cleaned up my bloody knees. It was Clara who taught me how to cook, how to play, and how to just plain enjoy life. She went with us everywhere: family reunions, camp, back to the Delta for visits, and just out riding.

Clara knew my secret fears and private dreams. It was Clara who helped me sew the ribbons on my first pair of point shoes, Clara who curled my hair, and Clara who held me while sobs racked my skinny, scrawny frame. She never yelled at me or muttered under her breath, but I always knew when I had screwed up 'cause she'd go into the kitchen and start singing spirituals as she banged and clanged the pots and pans. She never held my past mistakes over me though, and I could absolutely count on her. After school she'd be waiting by the building to walk me home. She'd be the last one I'd see waving back at me when they dropped me off at camp and the first one out of the car when it came time to pick me up. She was always in the back of the auditorium when I practiced for my dance programs, always on the bench as I practiced for swim meets, and she was always there to listen, or to laugh, or to console me. I never even realized she was always there. She was just a part of my life, taken for granted, unnoticed, and unappreciated.

And then she was gone.

Mother said Clara's husband was beating her up, and she didn't want my sister and I exposed to *that*. What? The fact that men and women who are married don't get along? We already knew that. My parents never missed an opportunity to tear each other apart in their scrupulously polite conversations. The fact that men hit their wives? Are physical blows worse than verbal ones, or just more noticeable? My mother fired Clara. It never occurred to me to ask Clara her last name, and now, mother doesn't even remember.

When I was twelve years old, I lost the only real mother I had ever known. I search for her still.

Opal Croke

PERFECT SKIN

Walking in Greenwich Village for the first time, this Oklahoma girl was wide-eyed and curious. I wrapped my arm around Steve's and absorbed the surroundings.

"Oooooeeee! Ya'll are goin' make some pretty babies!"

I turned to see a woman carrying a big backpack walking towards us. I wasn't sure what to say.

"Ya see," she continued, addressing me. "Your babies are goin' have perfect skin."

"Thanks," I said, with uncertainty. I studied Steve's tan skin next to this woman's darker complexion. I looked pale in comparison.

"See now," she explained, holding her arm out to make her point, "if he and I had babies, they would be too dark. But mmmhmmm. Your babies are gonna be good lookin'."

Steve and I both smiled, and I wondered why this woman felt that there was a perfect skin type.

She walked away, but then turned to face us again.

"Do you think you could spare some change? I'm outta a job, you see. Can you help me out?"

Speechless once again, I reached into my pockets and awkwardly handed her some change.

"God bless you." She smiled. "Take care of yourselves."

"Sure. You too." I smiled and squeezed Steve's hand as we kept walking. I wondered what couple would have perfect skin next.

Lori Song

BEHIND THE RED KNAPSACK

The pack skimmed along like a supercharged amoeba, taking on different shapes as the runners' little alliances formed and dissolved. An Hawaiian timer at the first-mile mark yelled out "4:29. . .4:30. . .4:31. . .4:32." We shot past him. Nothing mattered but us. Except for the sound of our footfalls and our breathing, everything was silent. Usually somebody in the pack would have cracked us up with a one-liner, but this race started too early. The morning light was still dim. We ran ahead of the Hawaiian heat. There wouldn't be a crowd until we got close to the stadium, six-and-a-half miles away.

I was just getting comfortable, settling down to the pace, reminding myself *the more I relax, the more discomfort I can endure.*

Think only about the present, I told myself.

I looked to my left. Don Clary, the Oregon runner, was settling down, too. A little behind him, Rex Wilson, the Kiwi, ran easily, as though he had thrown an invisible net over the five or six other runners barely in front of us—the lead pack. Behind my right shoulder, I felt the uneven rhythm of Rick Becker's left elbow. He wasn't breathing hard, but his arm seemed an early sign that he wouldn't last. I moved over gradually until I was between Wilson and Clary. Another runner moved into the space between Becker and me. Becker would have relied more on my energy than his own in staying up with the pace. With Wilson and Clary, my energy was more evenly shared.

We had just rounded a corner next to a gas station on our right when out charged a runner in stringy cut-offs and a sagging, hollow tanktop. Weighing him down was a weather-beaten, red knapsack upon his back. It was packed. He must have stuffed everything he owned in it.

The guy went right to the front. He was fashionably ludicrous against the kaleidoscopic images of our shoe-company-sponsored uniforms and the brand new Nikes, Adidas, or New Balances we wore on our feet. I think he was running in a worn-out pair of the original yellow, waffle-soled Nikes.

I looked back at Rick who glanced up at me. Ahead Wilson had nudged Clary with his elbow. Wilson had pointed abruptly at the guy in the cut-offs. I could see Wilson and Clary were conferring. A little wrinkle of conversation was rippling through the rest of the pack. Everybody knew him. Not one of us misunderstood what was happening. All of us had been toddlers when he was at his peak.

The sharp profile of his nose and his sandy brown hair had preserved his youth, but I knew he had to be in his forties. I watched him using his arms efficiently—even as he had to keep reaching back, shoving his knapsack into place. I also realized that he knew the value of a short, efficient stride.

His name was Gerry Lindgren, the former American record holder in the 10,000 meter run . Lindgren had won more NCAA cross country and track titles at Washington State University than I could remember. He had electrified the country at the height of the Cold War with a victory over the Russians in the USA-USSR meet. He had represented the U.S. in the 1964 Tokyo Olympics. In his prime, he was the boy wonder of runners, a Michael Jordan of track and field. Then he failed to make the 1968 Olympic team and some years later had dropped out of sight, abandoning his wife and three daughters and his business.

I had first seen him on ABC's *Wide World of Sports* when I was six years old. It was January 1962, and ABC was televising an indoor meet. My father pointed to Lindgren on TV and said exuberantly, "Look at that little guy go. See, you don't have to be a big ox to make it in sports." After his race, Lindgren stood before the microphone sweaty and boyishly refreshed—the winner! His hair was all disheveled, and he beamed an All-American grin for the camera. I can still remember Jim McKay building him up for the Olympics. I think right then deep inside me was the first time I knew I wanted to become a runner. I wanted to be like him. To be in the Olympics.

Our silence returned. But this time an eeriness accompanied it. Everyone in the pack deferred. Slowly the pack reshaped itself, creating a place in the lead for Lindgren. I saw all the leaders steal their own private glances at him, even Clary, who had represented the U.S. in the 5000 meter run at the1984 Olympics in Los Angeles. The sun had completely risen. The humidity lay ahead of us. The noise of the crowd waited. We waited.

Finally his old knapsack became too much for him. After about five to six minutes at our pace, Lindgren disappeared into the side streets of Honolulu. He had no way of knowing I wouldn't have been there that day if it hadn't been for him.

Bill McClement

LATE MOURNING

"Time to piss the cooler." Uncle Ernie pries himself out of the lawn chair and stumbles toward his van. Stripping off the paint-spattered, plaid shirt, he sways for a moment then reaches inside to pull out the dish pan that he drops to the ground. Dragging the cooler halfway out the side cargo door, he opens the drain and watches the water pour into the pan.

It's already hot under the dining fly erected between our two vans. It is the only shade available; I sit there and study my friend. Six-two, dark hair wild and longish, a hawk's aggressive profile, his legs, visible between the cutoffs and Red Wing boots, show the scars and distortions that mark most of his body. A motorcycle accident in '62 nearly killed him. Even in his art room at school the boots announce this: heel and sole of the left are three inches thick, replacing the lost bone. For fourteen years the door between our classrooms has never closed; he has often weaved among my student's desks joking and helping them with their work. We are merely colleagues but closer than relatives.

Uncle Ernie (a name applied by one of his art students, a Who fan) shoves the cooler back inside, pulls out a few watery cubes and a gin bottle. He drops them into the dish pan and staggers back with this load to sit again. Gin, ice, and the remains of an open beer mix in a plastic tumbler. Stirring the drink with his finger he considers the day's lineup: "Johnson Mountain Boys at one, the Cardinals, then Dell McCoury. Guess I'll go down at two." Bluegrass festivals in July need serious planning when scars cannot take the sun. We had driven in at midnight and set up, then picked in the camp-

ground until dawn. Wandering from camp to camp, fire to fire, we stood and listened, picked and sang, drank. Beer for me, mostly, but I had managed a few pulls from the gin when I had wanted to sleep.

"Girls are supposed to turn up at noon," I remind him. My wife and Rosie, Ernie's girlfriend, are coming in just for the day.

Ernie responds by plunging a washcloth into the dish pan. He bathes his upper body. Eleven a.m. sun makes it ninety in the shade. The ice water is probably refreshing but quite a shock. I look away to other camps.

Children rush across the beaten grass intent on their own imaginings. Breakfasts and lunches take shape on various tables. The smells of wood smoke, bacon, beer, and Port-A-Johns drift in and out accompanied by strains of bluegrass from five or six different camps.

Standing, Uncle drains the dish pan over his head, filling his boots. Tossing the pan into his white van, he again wavers, waiting for thoughts to form. "Should have bought a white one," he tells me. "Probably ten degrees cooler than yours," referring to my light blue van. He is proud of his new Ford. "My retirement home," he calls it. "Two more years."

UNCLERN the vanity plates say.

Pulling his Martin guitar out he says, "Let's pick," meaning he will play along at half speed to any tune I know; I have not been playing long. I get the banjo from my van, slide picks onto my thumb, index, and middle finger, and start a simple roll through cords. D, A, D, G, D. Thumb, index, thumb, middle, thumb, index. . . around and around I roll as he grips a flat pick to strum and pick left-handed. Before the accident he played banjo, right-handed. Now his artist hands are so broken that he can't manage finger picks. Wrist bent at an awkward angle, thumb and fore-finger gripping the triangle of plastic, only his elbow appears to flex as he quickly moves over the strings picking among them in both directions.

Rolling and picking we wander into "Dark Hollow." I sing a verse, and he joins me in a discordant two part harmony. Sweating, drinking, picking we wait out the hours until the stage show starts.

Around noon a couple in cowboy hats go by carrying lawn chairs and a cooler. "Look," the man nods at Ernie's plates, "UNCLEAN."

"Quiet," she says hurrying on.

"I'd rather be in some dark hollow, where the sun refuse to shine, than to be here alone knowing that you're gone. . ." we sing on.

Michael Chirco

LIFE-SIZED

When I was six years old, I'd ice skate with my dad at the local rink. He was good, and we'd skate together, and then at some point I'd be weaving alone through crowds, probably looking for open ice. I must have been tiny because strangers would ask me how old I was and how I learned to skate so well. This disturbed me enough that I asked my father what I should reply. "Tell them you're twenty-one." So I did.

I remained small and coordinated, a great advantage in junior high hoops. Gawky adolescents ran down the court like unhappy pelicans, incapable of making layups. It was easy to weave through them too, for a time. By high school, however, they'd developed jump shots. My set shot was easily denied. And in the other big game, I seemed breast-high to most of the girls I talked to.

At some point after college, I had a tremendous growth spurt, unusual for someone in his twenties. Even stranger, I wasn't aware of it until years later, when Annie, the new school counselor, inadvertently pointed it out.

"How tall are you?" she asked during lunch at school.

How tall am I? 5'3", 118, of course. But that's not how I felt. "It depends on what I'm doing," I replied honestly.

Laughing: "Do you care to explain that?"

"Well, if I'm playing hockey, I'm about 6'2", 180, heavier with pads. If I'm in a kayak, I'd say 5'10", a light 160. With a woman, we're about the same size." Yeah, that seemed about right.

She kept laughing. "How tall is your father?"

"He's enormous. Larger than life. I mean B-I-G. Say 5'6"."

Now we were both laughing, but the conversation stayed with me.

* * *

My size *does* vary. You don't step onto the ice if you're 5'2", a foot shorter than 90% of those out there. You hit the ice running, 180 pounds plus, knowing people are going to get out of your way. I don't want to hurt anybody, but my job is to put the puck in the net.

Still, a varying size can be confusing. It's not a clothing issue. But photographs, for instance, can't seem to capture reality. Again, I seem unaccountably small next to friends I know are the same size or smaller.

During college, when I visited my folks after a fall of ski-training Nautilus, I was hoping my father would notice a change. He could always tell if I was a pound heavy or light, instantly incorrectly correlating this to my mental health. Now, clearly, I was bigger.

"Dad, I've been working out all fall. Can't you see?"

"Peter, we are not big men." This came as a shock.

And last year, in a hockey scrimmage, I jumped over the boards—" Changing on the fly," pro hockey style—to sub for Donny on left wing. I misjudged my leap and fell as I landed. "Be careful, Big Guy," he laughed, stepping over the boards onto the bench.

Odd, I don't remember the boards being so high.

Peter Cogan

DEAR JAKE OR ALLYCEA,

O.K. Pal, you're not even born yet and you've got your parents aggravated. You're late—you haven't called—and if your present behavior is any indication, I'm dreading your adolescence already.

You've got the makings of a Trickster. Twice you've sent us scurrying frantically to hospital. And twice we've returned—dejected and abashed. The first story I'm reading you is the "Boy Who Cried Wolf."

In composing this letter, I'm tempted to start giving sage advice. In fact, that's what you're probably expecting. However, I'll resist the urge for two reasons: One, by the time you'll read this I'll have harangued you with countless buckets of wisdom. And two, I don't want to sound like Yoda in *Star Wars* . (I know, drop your eyes back from the top of your head, I just made one of the ancient allusions which you hate.)

Your mom and I are ready. We've got cribs, cradles, bouncers, car seats, bassinets. I tell all my friends how we've bought you all these things so you can *sleep around*. But you're playing coy and hard to get. Maybe that means you're a girl. Nah, the last time we had an ultrasound the doctor pointed at a ghostly image fleeting and pulsing on the screen and said, "Ahmm, so you want to know what Baby is?" Mom and I chorused, "No!" But then the whole ride home we deconstructed the doctor's words. "If he saw something, well, then. Hmmm, dat's MY BOY!" But today the nurse said your heartbeat was in the feminine range. What's *that* mean? I hope my telling you this doesn't create any gender tension.

I've spent eight months searching for funny things to say about your impending arrival. I've watched you stretch and kick against Mom's abdomen. At times you looked as if you were working the speed bag. We've played that eternally stupid schoolyard game "Punch for Punch," when you'd thump your mom from the inside, and I'd whap back. It was a grand old time for me—a bonding moment—although, your mom was never as enthused or amused.

Preparing for your debut has been a perspective-altering experience. The newspapers read differently: global warming, nuclear-toting terrorists, AIDS all resonate a little grimmer. Milk cartons with smiling kids on the back and a 1-800 number to call, don't get poured so fast. In my morbid moments, I wonder. . . .

Now to some impure thoughts. I gotta admit I've popped the fantasy tape into the ol' daydream VCR. I've seen you dribble down the court, poised and in control, your hips dance a shadow to the right, freezing your defender before you drive the left side of the lane, and kiss the ball in off glass (actually when I'm feeling chipper—you dunk). It's the move we worked on at the park all those years. Pandemonium ensues, but you scan the stands and across the stadium we scrunch our faces into the wink/grimace (yeah, the one Mom hates). I help you write your graduation speech. I read your novels and your poems. But these are mere dream acrobatics, next to what I really want. You'll know by the time you read this. We . . . .

Wow. Any day now it's gonna be WE . . . .

Hurry up, I'm dying to get to know you.

Anxiously awaiting sleep deprivation,

Dad

RESERVATION

I am not a wannabe, but I don't wannabe another complacent, suburban, white boy either. *Chad Graff*

BACKBOARDS

I sat in the backseat of the familiar yellow Cadillac and tried to sing along with the latest Rick Springfield hit but couldn't. My heart was beating too loudly and swallowing was difficult. I tried to smile as I gazed out the window, but my writhing, sweaty hands gave me away. Mother looked at a map and announced, "I think we are only a few minutes from the tournament site. Are you ready for your opponent?"

"Sure," I lied. "I'm kinda nervous though."

"Lori, there's nothing to be nervous about. Would some Pepto-Bismol tablets help?"

"I guess so." I eagerly chewed the pink peppermint pills, hoping they would do that coating thing in my churning stomach. They didn't.

* * *

I had picked up a tennis racket when I was ten and had fallen in love with the sport. My parents had a backboard built on our driveway, and I would spend hours practicing and creating matches against my favorite tennis pros. That soon led to tennis lessons and then competition. Wide-eyed and ready, I stormed into my first tennis tournament. No expectations surrounded this little kid whose tennis skirt was too long, tennis racket too big. Not until I started to win. My fear of losing began to overshadow my love for the game.

* * *

Filled with Pepto-Bismol and nervousness, I trudged up to the tournament desk. I scanned the draw to find my name and my opponents, holding my breath. I saw my mom walking towards me and went to tell her the details. "I think I have an easy draw until the quarterfinals."

"What happens then?"

"I have to play Megan." Just saying the words made me nervous.

"You won't have any problem, Lori." It was so simple to Mom. "You've beaten her before."

That was the problem. Megan and I were good friends but also fierce competitors. I had beaten her weeks before and hoped that there wouldn't be a rematch.

The quarterfinals arrived before I knew it. I nervously began to warm up against Megan while gasping to catch my breath. "Relax, Lori," I whispered to myself. "C'mon. You can win this." I was not convinced.

People began to gather around our court. My latest crush, Eric, waved and gave me a thumbs-up sign. Megan and I started the match, and I tentatively won the first few games. I gulped water during the breaks as if it could somehow fill me with comfort and confidence. I managed to win the first set, but it wasn't enough to calm my boiling stomach. I began to sweat in a way that sounded alarm. I hit a backhand and my stomach heaved. "*No!*" I argued. "You cannot get sick!" Another rally, blurred forehand after forehand. The next heave claimed victory, and I dropped my racket, vomiting water and pink bits of Pepto-Bismol onto the court.

In front of my mom. My friends. My crush.

In my sickness, I was forced to retire the match and give Megan the victory. Walking from the court, I heard Eric's laughing voice in a crowd. "That reminds me of a time when my dog threw up Cheerios all over our carpet."

My face burned with embarrassment as I listened to the last words that Eric would ever direct towards me. I walked to the bleachers where my mother sat, longing for her support, but unable to create conversation. She sat in silence, lips pursed and arms crossed.

"I'm sorry, Mom," The words barely escaped from my trembling lips.

She was not ready to respond.

I picked up my water jug to take a drink. The lid had been loosened and fell to my lap, covering me with icy cold water.

I felt so helpless. So alone. I turned only to see two kids, hitting tennis balls against a backboard, and I started to cry.

Lori Song

ROUGH DIRTY STRAW

The summer I was thirteen we were on the farm in upstate New York. Dad directed Ken, the young and cocky hired hand, "Go on out there and get that manure spreader goin'." Ken responded, "Fuck off, old man." And he was gone. Dad fired him. No surprise there. Those were the days before liberated youth had found its voice.

My mother had a store of reasons to be glad the hired hand was gone. Mom said he peed out the bedroom window at night, too lazy to get himself to the bathroom. Of course, she didn't like it any better when he did get to the bathroom because there he peed all over the floor. Ken's hasty departure was a happy occurrence, except for one thing—who would help Dad through a summer of milking, haying, and combining? The family at home then was Dad, Mother, and we three girls.

Twelve-year-old Lindsay would never do what she was told without turning it into what she wanted in the first place. *Fuck* was a word she knew well even then. Dad didn't outright know that, but he sure knew her. Then Sarah, even if she hadn't been so little, she'd never have been worked like that. Dimples and sweet shyness. . . all she needed was that sweet Shirley Temple smile and to be quiet.

So, it was no shock when Dad said, "Cat, you're the oldest. Just looks like you're gonna have to get up and help me out there until I can find another hired hand."

My quivering one-hundred-and-seventy-six pound, 5' 4" body felt nothing but joy. Chosen to be with Dad—now wasn't that almost as good as being a boy? I knew it wasn't, didn't I, even then? Dad sure knew.

Four o'clock, my father's step, his strong, gentle hand on my shoulder, and his quiet words, "Come on, Cat. Time to rise and shine." I knew what to do. I'd learned early to watch my dad, to try to figure out ahead what needed to be done. He'd love me then, wouldn't he?

I hastily stuffed myself into a pair of my dad's jeans, the only garment I could entertain any hope of fitting my body into. I'd never be able to really fit those jeans though, those rough, righteous, riddled-with-sweat dad jeans.

On our walk to the barn, Dad told me, "Go on, now. You need to get those cows down here as quick as you can. Now you don't wanna run 'em."

I trudged up into the fields into the fields to find the cattle. There were old dead trees with the moon shining on them. They looked like scrawny arms reaching out. I tried to stay away from them. I found the cows, gathered them down to the barn.

"Well, Bessie isn't here, and Popeye isn't here. You'd better go on up there and bring 'em down." Dad's words cut clearly through the early morning air. I felt my ineptness keenly. I hadn't done the job right.

I made my way back up through the fields in the quiet dawn, listening to my feet as they slipped in the dewy grass and on the rocky paths. I saw Bessie and Popeye behind those dead trees. So I held my breath and poked in and about till they came around. We ambled on back to the barn, to the smell of the cattle, and to the muffled sounds of their hooves stamping in the straw of their stalls.

I walked into the barn behind Bessie and Popeye. Dad glanced up, "Bring that stool on over here." And he pushed a cow's tail out of his face as he washed her udder and teats and put the milker on her. She turned her head, her huge eyes looked at us inquiringly. Dad emptied the milkers into the large metal buckets. His words moved through the quiet, "Now, Cat, you want to carry two of these at once so you're balanced. If you don't, the milk'll slop all over the place." Two at once. It worked. Of course.

After we finished the milking, Dad let the cows out into the barnyard, "While I take care of this, grab that old bucket over there and fill it with some milk. I want you to feed those calves. Then we'll go on up and see what mother fixed us for breakfast."

I filled the bucket and carried it back to the wooden pens where the weaned calves were. They were warm and smelled sweet like the milk I fed them. They butted their heads against the old bucket as I held it tightly against my legs. The rough dirty straw, so pungent—all the smells and textures return me so easily to those quiet times with Dad. The silence of the barn, except for the movements and bawlings of the animals, and Dad's occasional, "Move over, Bessie," as he milked. Being with Dad that summer was comforting. He needed me.

Cathy Harris

MONTANA MADNESS

We hauled ass out of Kalispell at ninety miles an hour, young, drunk, and belligerent on a warm Montana summer's night.

"Play the fuckin' Wild Tape," I yelled through the rush of wind and fire of sun, lighting the tops of the Rocky Mountains like orange frosting on a marble cake. Cliff, crazy Mississippi rebel, one hand holding the steering wheel of his Triumph-Six convertible, switched his beer to his driver's hand and popped open the deck, flipping in the request.

"God said to Abraham kill me a son. Abe said to God you must be putting me on"—Bob Dylan singing "*Highway 61 Revisited*," and us, full of ourselves and our youth, not thinking about any metaphysical implications as we sped down

Highway 2 on our way back to Glacier National Park and the lodge we were both working at for the summer.

"Ow, ow, ow," I screamed, standing on the floorboard, my fist pumping upward in a strange kind of anger and defiance at a frightened couple we passed and left choking on the black smoke spewing from our muffer-less car. This was one thing I could do, act the part of the drunken fool, to compete with Cliff, the consummate good ole boy, people-pleaser, and ladies' man. Before I met him and his reckless brand of youthful rebellion, I had never known what it was to spit in the world's face. I had never had this much fun.

"God damn, I need to pee like a wet reindeer." Cliff dragged those *e*'s out in his down-and-dirty Mississippi drawl and pushed the accelerator farther into the floor. He had just finished his math degree at a small home-state teacher's college and came back to Montana for his third summer to "get drunk and get laid."

"Gimme That Wine," Hendricks, Lambert, and Ross spat out a skat tune, and I threw an Olympia can into the gust of wind that blew it back over the open convertible onto the hood of an old station wagon we passed.

"God damn!" Cliff bore down even harder, our speed probably three times that of the car we had just left sucking our exhaust. "Don't get none on ya," he drawled, one of his favorite expressions that seemed in our drunken state to apply to this moment. "We need to get us some more Oly."

We pulled into the Coram Bar north of Hungry Horse and piled out of the Triumph and into the bar. The place was nearly empty, just one old guy drinking a bottle of beer and cracking apart peanuts; we quickly ordered a six-pack of Olympia to go and returned to the car.

"Did I ever tell you what it was like kissing Leslie Morris?" Cliff strung out this young woman's name as if it were a string of chili peppers drying in the sun. Leslie was probably the prettiest and nicest person we worked with at Lake McDonald Lodge. The fact that Cliff had been with her meant that he possessed that special knowledge of what to do with women, something I desperately wanted but had no clue about.

"Kissing Leslie Morris," Cliff started, jumping back into the sports coupe and popping a beer, "is like kissing a duck's ass. Do you know what kissing a duck's ass is like?"

I looked at Cliff as I opened my own beer. I didn't know if he was serious or joking. "No."

"It's mighty damn cold, and before you can kiss it, you've got to blow away the feathers."

Cliff started laughing as he started the engine and backed out onto the highway, nearly hitting a pick-up that honked and swerved into the opposite lane. I laughed along with him, yet somehow I didn't think the joke, if that's what it was, was so funny. I didn't even understand his off-beat simile. I kept seeing Leslie Morris, her bright, pretty face, the sincere warmth she generated whenever she said hello, and I compared this pristine image to the ugly way Cliff had violated her with his nasty little anecdote. I wanted to throw the beer out of the car and then bail out as well. The Beatles' "Long and Winding Road" came on his homemade tape, and suddenly I wished I was walking down the road away from Cliff, away from everyone, away from myself.

But the Triumph was fishtailing down the highway at ninety again, weaving back and forth over the yellow line.

"Live the wild life," Cliff roared.

I was caught on a runaway roller coaster, and my stomach was ready to drop the night's beer and pizza onto the pedestrians gawking below. We were zooming ahead in fast forward, engulfing the world like a subconscious rat-tat-tat of rapid eye movements, and then before I could even think about telling Cliff to stop he blew past the park's west entrance gate hollering "park employees" at the open-mouthed young ranger manning the station.

"We're gonna git in trouble," I babbled like the child-like twenty-one-year old I still was; Cliff, however, was weaving around one car, then another, bearing down the pavement toward his own vision of Hell.

"Better than reading that Nitschke guy, huh?" Cliff laughed. He always confused the philosopher I read in front of the lodge's fireplace in the middle of the night with the Green Bay Packer's legendary middle linebacker.

"Get Back," the Beatles sang, but I knew that was impossible now. Following fast on our smokey trail like the sheriff in a Western movie was the green Park Ranger car with the its red flashing light. I didn't know if Cliff was planning on stopping, but when he pulled over I felt my tension ease. "You were having a good time, weren't ya?" The ranger, a square-faced man in his mid-forties, glared down into the sports car as if he was inspecting a toilet bowl. His accent was a photocopy of Cliff's.

"Yes, sir," Cliff started, dragging out the sir. "My foot got stuck somehow."

"Stuck? What the hell you mean 'stuck'? Where you from anyway?"

"Mississippi?"

"Mississippi? Where in Mississippi?"

"Cleveland." Cliff flashed him a shit-eating grin.

"God damn." The officer matched Cliff tooth for tooth. "Ain't it a small world. I've got relatives in Cleveland."

And in less than four minutes, the family trees of Cliff and the ranger settled and located, we were back on the road, though at a slower pace.

Twenty years later, whenever I'm guzzling a beer and listening to raucous music from my uncertain past, I think of those wide-open Montana highways, and I think of Cliff.

Jim Schmitz

SAFE PASSAGE

After surging up a small hill on the Frost Trail, I smile, feeling the breastbone tug of gravity. I flap down the hill. I make a hollow chunking as I cross the bottom's platform bridge. The trail narrows and makes a sharp right.

Two ten-year-olds, holding painted walking sticks are on the trail; they are facing each other, and the boy farthest from me holds his stick in both hands aloft. He stops. They both look at me.

"Hey," I say, opening my left hand, looking for a place to slide by on the right. One has a T-shirt with Marvel Comic's Wolverine.

"Hey," they imitate in turn. I do not look down. They're half as big as I am.

"We allow you to pass!" shouts Wolverine-Boy. He turns and starts running, giving me the middle of the path. I laugh, but don't look into his face. I can hear the footfall of the other boy behind us as he follows. The rhythm of my breathing changes. I can't see either stick.

"We allow you to pass! We allow you to pass!" again, this time hysterically. We reach the beginning of the meadow. *Wow!* I think, *where the hell are their parents*? They are very close. I wait to hear a Jack Merridew cry "Get Piggy! Get Piggy!" before the first blow. Matching my speed, running in the grass off the flat of the trail, they lifts their painted sticks and looking at me yell "C'mon! We've got to get away from the Nazis!"

I surge, laughing, running again with boys I swore I'd always know, the Nazis close behind us.

Tom Beach

PASSING ACTION

The first academic quarter ended on a Friday in early November, and grades were due that Monday. This meant a weekend of bubbles—the kind which provide a reason for #2 pencils to exist.

Drone-like, I pigeon-holed each student, completing each section of the computerized grid. There were GRADE, ABSENCES, and TARDIES bubbles for which I tallied the numbers. These were followed by six bubbles in a section titled COMMENTS, which concerned student attitude and performance. My choices all began with "Needs improvement in—"

"I'll tell ya' what needs improvement," I muttered as I snapped the final grid onto the completed pile. I arrived at school early Monday morning, and I'd spent the whole weekend staining these empty circles.

I checked in, then hustled to my room to prepare for the day. And there was Jake, waiting for me by the door. "Hey mista', howzit!" with his eyes gleaming, a grin plastering his face.

"Oh, hi Jake. You're a little early, aren't you?" I sleepily mumbled as I let us both in.

"Yeh, mista', bright and early. Gotta' look sharp!" he said.

Sitting at my desk, I quietly sipped my coffee, thinking "*This is strange*." I knew Jake—he was in my Senior remedial English class, and had good attendance and attitude, but poor performance. He was also a full-blooded Hawaiian, and English was not his primary language.

A minute went by as Jake stalked around the desks and chairs, and I finished my coffee and settled. Then I took out my papers, ready to begin work. Seeing this, Jake was immediately at my desk. "Mista'," he whispered.

"Hmm," I responded without looking up.

"Mista'," again, more loudly this time, demanding my attention. I stopped and looked up. No smile now, his forehead was furrowed, his jaw set, and his eyes gazed down on mine. "How'd I do, grades-wise, Mista', fo' da quata?"

Upon learning that he'd barely passed, Jake momentarily froze. A relieved "Ho, da' kine, right on!" followed. Then, he spontaneously reached into his folder and shared a Polaroid of himself. He was standing next to his pickup, smiling in a subtle yet knowingly triumphant way. Inside the back, filling up much of the pickup, with its oversized pair of razor white tusks, hooves awkwardly splayed in discordant directions, bristling black hair covering its body, was a 350 pound boar.

Throat slit. A small pool of red congealed in a hollow of the lowered tailgate.

The photo swallowed me whole for about ten seconds and then freed me. Jake focused on my stunned reaction the entire while and, once released, I stared at him. His eyes glistened. Speechless, all I could do was shake my head in awe and wonder. Thoughout my few years here I'd heard about the area's wild pigs, but I'd never imagined such a huge boar.

He and I continued staring at each other for a few more seconds. Then, without words, he slipped the shot back into the recess of his folder and, satisfied, he marched out the door.

Garrett Andrews

FACULTY STYLE

I was walking down the hallway on my way to class, weaving through the traffic of students. Two girls stood in the middle having a conversation.

"I don't have any shit to wear tonight," the one girl says, casting her hair back over her shoulder and clutching her books against her chest.

"Neither do I," her friend said snapping gum in her mouth and blowing a bubble.

I leaned towards them, and I said in passing, "Even if you did, why would you *wear* it?"

"What?" they answered in chorus.

I continued walking, choosing not to give them a detention for cursing and making them write the school rules as a punishment. Before I turned into my class, I glanced back at them. They blushed and giggled back, and I marched in with the sound of the bell ringing.

Robert Baroz

JUST FOR PEANUTS

After school in the fall of my junior high years, my sisters and I'd get off the bus, change into work clothes, and walk half a mile to neighborhood cotton or corn fields to help gather in their crops. Our income was necessary to the family's survival.

One hot September evening, during a cotton-weighing break in Hubert Mauldin's field, another neighbor told us she'd stacked all the peanuts she'd grown that year across the road in Hubert's mother's old house, and to go on over there and get us all we wanted while we were resting.

We surely wanted to take her up on the offer, but Daddy was standing by the scales, and he'd always told us to say we weren't hungry when people offered us something to eat.

At the time, we didn't understand why, if we were hungry, and folks offered us something, we shouldn't take them up on their offer. But now, looking back, I realize that around where we lived most people existed at pretty much a survival level. In order to maintain their dignity, they'd offer a guest the best—or last—of whatever food was in their house, and mean for it to be taken. But it was understood that guests (especially children, I suppose), who were not able to weigh the fragile balance of subsistence, could put the host and his family into further deprivation by accepting their kindness.

So, this day, we thanked her and said we weren't hungry. But we went back to our cotton rows, thinking about the peanuts in that house.

The next Sunday Dad went to one of his friend's houses to do some dog trading. We knew he'd be gone for at least three or four hours, and we'd be left to do whatever we wanted.

Before his pickup dust had settled, my younger sister and I were out the door and on our way to the Mauldin house. Of course, we had to be careful not to be seen by neighbors. They'd probably think we were up to no good and tell Daddy, so we sneaked across roads, fields, ditches, and woods—tense and watchful as we progressed.

Finally, we scuttled through the front, unlocked door. Each room was like an empty, musty box. Floors creaked with each step, and whispers echoed against wallpaper, torn and peeling. Trash and newspapers cluttered the floor—cobwebs dangled from ceilings. In a back room, we found the mound of drying peanuts, still smelling like fresh dirt.

Just as we were about to scoop handfuls into our shirt-tails, we heard a tractor. Peeking out the window, we saw Hubert Mauldin drive up with his turning plow. When he stopped and got off his tractor, we dropped our peanuts to the floor and began looking for how we could get out. We knew if he caught us there, he'd think we were trying to steal when we'd been told we could have some. But the windows were all froze shut, and the only place to hide was a back closet piled up with rotting, musty clothes. Looked like it might be full of snakes as well. We got behind the door and watched through its crack. Barely breathing, about to pee in our pants.

Hubert walked to the porch, picked up a wrench, and walked back to his tractor. As soon as he disappeared around the bend of a field road, we got out of there and ran home as fast as we could.

Hadn't even eaten the first peanut.

Annie D. Smith

ZIG ZAG EDUCATION

"Put your left foot in, put your right foot out, zig to the left, zag to the right—INCOMING!" And the line of dancers hurl themselves to the ground.

War? No.

New-age square dancing? Nah.

This high steppin' was the Dewey Shuffle. *Dewey* because the choreographers were a bunch of John Dewey High School juniors, the *shuffle* because we didn't want to give the sniper a still shot.

Nestled in between the Coney Island train yards and the Marlboro Housing Projects, my alma mater resembles a jail from an aerial photograph. Dewey was a large brick building whose perimeter was surrounded by a 20-foot-high chain link fence topped off with swirls of razor wire. Aerial appearances however, belied its character. Dewey was a magnet school and the blend of a motivated student body and an inspiring faculty produced a dynamic environment.

Nothing skitters down a school hallway faster than a rumor, so when I heard a kid got shot in the courtyard, it was still fresh news. Within minutes, the principal was on the intercom. "There has been a minor incident. A student has suffered an unidentified injury. The police are investigating. The front courtyard is closed until further notice."

"Roger, Daddyo'," cracked a kid from the back.

Within minutes the school was a set for a Dirty Harry movie: a SWAT team, squad cars, ambulances, fire engines, helicopters, news crews.

In English class, Mr. G, engaged us in a discussion on how euphemisms are used to control potentially manic situations.

Before the end of the day, there was another announcement. "All students and staff will be dismissed through the back entrance to the school. Please follow the directions of all uniformed personnel and do not—under any circumstances—loiter in the area." With that, approximately 3,700 Dewey students went home.

Our situation was explained over the intercom the next day in homeroom. "Yesterday, an unidentified student received a superficial wound in the heel. Another student was also shot, but the bullet lodged in a bookbag. Police believe that the bullets came from one of the Project buildings. Until further notice the front of the school is strictly off limits. We have been assured by the authorities that the situation is in control. The administration expects students and faculty to conduct themselves normally."

In English class, Mr. G had prepared a special selection of *The Iliad* for us to discuss. But before we got to that, he asked us to define *normal.* And, operating off record, he informed us that the slug had been stopped by a copy of *Moby Dick.* Someone chirped in from the back, "About time someone found a use for it."

For the next two days, the school was like midtown when the President visits the United Nations. We became an institution of weavers and jukers. We scampered about like pieces on a checkerboard. After four days of hysteria, the tensions abated, and it was back to the routine. The only reminder was increased police presence and barricades in front of the school. Soon, any residual anxiety became public domain for the tricksters.

Bull's-eye shirts became the rage. Aspiring thespians would abruptly clutch their necks, overturn their desks, and send vampire blood spraying. Rumors proliferated. "It's a kid who flunked out." "It's a conspiracy plot." "It's a spurned lover." "It's a project demonstration from the Kennedy & The Sixties class." My personal favorite was "It's Dean Fordo's new cut policy." Inspired by a reading of Chaucer, five seniors were photographed with posteriors bare, beaming a vertical

smile towards the projects holding a sign reading, "AIM FOR THE NETHER EYE."

Teachers latched onto the built-in motivation like lamprey eels. In Physics, we studied vectors, angles, and force. In Calculus, we analyzed statistical possibilities: which window, what the probability was of being a target. In English, we had to write a point-of-view assignment in the persona of the shooter (I think this is where many of the rumors began).

School has never had the same zig an' zag.

Sam Intrator

TEACH SCREECH

I was a small girl in my lavender dress with its puffy sleeves and flounce—oh, how I cried when I had grown too big for it. Lavender, my mother's scent, my comfort and this day, my fifteenth or so in a new school, I needed comfort. My brusque, matronly second grade teacher didn't exactly fit with my shy, fold-your-hands-in-your-lap-and-don't-say-a-word parents' manner of raising three girls.

"Phonics!" I still shudder at that screech—*phonics*, that omnipotent answer to all the woes of "How do we get them to read?" Unexpectedly, that teacher's screech was directed at all of us—and sliced through me again and again as I tried to stop shaking. For the first time in my small life, I could not learn. Dad and Mother assessed me, defined me by what a good little girl I was, what a bright mind I had. Teacher screech—all those floating *u*'s and little teepees above the letters just confused me. Failure. I could not do this phonics stuff.

Please let me go away into my place. Let me alone. Golden ringlets, properly folded hands, a quiet smile in response to everyone—just let me alone. . . . Give me back my book, my pages, my stories. Don't, don't, don't make me feel worthless. I just want to read. . .really I can. Can't you please take away your saggy arms, frowning face, and coffee breath? Take them and let me be with my books and my world. I don't need you, teacher, to help me turn the pages.

Cathy Harris

BREAD LOAF: AN ENGLISH TEACHER'S *WEST WORLD*

Dear Reader,

This is really weird, but I'm going to ask your indulgence just for a few minutes. It's weird because of the connection I'm about to make; you must indulge me because I don't want you to make the same mistake so many of my students do when I offer them a literary allusion or analogy. And that is, Dear Reader, don't carry my connection too far. Don't try to connect too much stuff, 'cause then it just won't work. I'm trusting you to do that. Okay?

When I first arrived here at Bread Loaf and for the rest of that week, I was more and more astounded at what I was hearing and seeing. Sentences with the words "syntax," "rhetorical," "narratology," and "hegemony" in them. Groups pouring over articles. Going to drama workshops. Listening to panel discussions. Even people reading to each other.

Oh, I'd heard about Bread Loaf. For goodness sake, I'd been reading the brochure for twelve years, so don't get me wrong; I figured it'd be something like this. But no locks on the doors? Real quiet? People who were sincerely interested in all this stuff? Too good to be true.

Just like *West World*. Remember that movie? Yul Brynner and Richard Benjamin spend their vacation at a not-to-be-believed fantasy resort where rich folks get to do what they've always dreamed about. Yul and Richard spend their days being real-life cowboys, shooting it up in gunfights, riding the range on round-ups, and drinking in saloons. Okay, so the movie wasn't that great, and the analogy only goes so far (that's where your indulgence comes in, remember?). Anyway, sometime during my first weekend here, I figured it all out: Bread Loaf is this English teacher's *West World*.

Think about it. All I've done here for six weeks is read, write, eat, sleep, and enjoy the scenery. I've met some unbelieveable people, had some knock-out conversations, learned a bunch of new stuff, and read some fabulous books.

Yul? Richard? Move over. Now, I don't know what goes on here in the middle of the night (oops! there I go, carrying things too far), but from six till midnight at least, Bread Loaf has got to be the best thing that ever happened to this English person. Thanks guys.

Analogously yours,
BJ Everson.

GETTING UP AGAIN

I'm lying on my belly on top of the mesa with my fingernails dug deep into the earth. The wet snow seeps through my jeans like water dampening a paper towel, and I feel the heat of a bruise cutting fast into my right knee, the result of my fall. This reminds me of the end of Hemingway's *For Whom The Bell Tolls*, Robert Jordan sitting helpless with a broken leg against a tree waiting for the enemy to overtake him. I'm not in the Spanish Civil War, but the reality I'm living carries its own set of problems, matching any conflicts found in fiction.

This is Hopiland, a four-thousand-square-mile Indian reservation carved out of an obscure corner of northeastern Arizona, and I'm an Anglo school teacher, my daily battles concerned with getting kids to listen and read and think. School's out for the day, though it never ends in my mind, and I hiked up here on top of Keams Canyon because I don't want to grade papers or brood anymore about why the things I'm trying in class every day aren't working.

The northwesterly wind blows the soft dust gathered from the fragile desert floor probably close to fifty miles an hour over my prone body. It's a gentle breeze by Western standards, but cold enough to sting as it penetrates my sweatshirt and pants. I shouldn't have been hurrying, but when I've got something on my mind I press hard and end up making mistakes.

Get up, just do a push up, I tell myself, but I don't budge. I imagine the inevitable moment when my knee would touch ground, the pressure of the bone pushing against solid rock, and I remain still underneath the juniper. I don't want to move.

"Your kids don't listen to you, and you're not consistent in enforcing the rules." That's what my supervisor, the junior high principal, told me this afternoon. Though I don't want to admit it, I think what she said is true. Kids giggling in the back row when they're supposed to be working on grammar, not turning in homework, swearing and fighting in the halls, vandalizing textbooks—I'll agree I battle daily with those problems and more. Yet there are reasons why my kids act out, why they thumb their noses at me and at even the most experienced teachers, Hopi and Anglo alike.

One of my ninth graders frequently misses a week at a time because of the colds she catches when her parents get drunk and lock her out of the house, forcing her to sleep in the barn. My best writer spent a weekend in jail for beating up her mother. Add to those extreme cases the standard examples of girls who become pregnant and drop out, and the daily bedsheet lists of students too drunk or stoned to show up for class, and it's easy to see why the classroom is often chaotic and the kids aren't performing. No, my kids aren't listening, and I can't think of any rule or law of logic that can squelch the pain and drown the confusion that prevents them from seeing how the things I ask of them will ever matter.

I roll over onto my back, sit up, and reach inside my daypack where I remembered to stuff a box of raisins. I enjoy the sun that has crawled out from behind a cloud to warm the late March afternoon. Up here on the mesa, infinity stretches out in all four directions. I feel swallowed up by a large nothingness that at the same time nourishes and satisfies.

Hopis have lived on this patch of high desert plateau for more than thirteen hundred years, peacefully accommodating the white man for the past three hundred. The treatment we've given them in return, while perhaps not as brutal as that inflicted on the surrounding Navajo tribe or Plains Indians, has hardly been exemplary.

We've brought these artistic and spiritually-inclined people the benefits of modern living, yet we've also suppressed their indigenous culture and way of life. They don't fit into the greater white-world mosaic—we never let them join or even ask them if they want to partake—and the result is the high unemployment and ensuing dysfunction that creates an atmosphere of despair my students float in every day.

I'm up on my feet now, the pain subsiding, realizing I don't need to stay here any longer. Robert Jordan couldn't get up, but I can. "One thing well done can make. . ." was a sentence he started but didn't complete when the Spanish Falangists moved in on him. *One thing well done can make a difference* is what I think about my own classroom. I consider the things I have accomplished with my students. We've created an in-class magazine of traditional Hopi stories written by the students about their animal clans and ancestral myths. Some of these stories have been published during this past year in such national magazines and newspapers as *Skipping Stones* (Spring 1993) and *Native Monthly Reader*. (Academic Year 1992-1993). "The Deer," by Nolon Sulu, "Coyote and the Pretty Girl," by Carmell Dewakuku, and "The Bear," by Tamanie Lomayaktewa are seventh-grade-level stories that express a humor and wisdom that offer spiritual possibilities for healing the sickness that plagues all of us caught up in the material ugliness of the modern world.

Now I'm off and running to the trail at the edge of the mesa where I cut through the rocks and drop to the canyon floor. In spite of my shortcomings, I still believe I have something to offer. Hopi Kachinas dance every summer on these mesa tops in ceremonies that remind their people of the importance of tradition and how it's tied to the present and the future. Racing through the wind, I realize the answer is to link this culture with my own and help my students define themselves and their place in both.

Jim Schmitz

ELBOW KISSING

When I was four years old, Donald Leslie told me that if I kissed my elbow—the funny bone part—I would turn into a boy. Since Donald Leslie, my cousin, was ten years old and my hero, I believed him. I spent the next several years secretly trying to kiss my elbow. Secretly, because when I tried to do it around the boys, they all laughed and rolled around on the ground hooting and hollering. I didn't like being made fun of, so I learned to wait until I was sure I was alone to twist and bend and smack. Actually, if the truth be told, sometimes I still try to kiss my elbow, just for the challenge of it.

Back then I wanted to be a boy 'cause boys didn't have as many rules and didn't have to do housework. They didn't have to act like "little ladies" and they didn't appear to get as many wet, sloppy kisses from the aunts. Boys didn't have to do "good works"—which never ever were fun or felt good. Hemming dish towels, visiting old people in the hospital, and learning all the things a future wife and mother should know. They could climb trees whenever they wanted. Boys could scream and yell and be mean, and everybody thought it was just wonderful that they were so full of life. Boys got good toys that moved and banged and bumped, I got dolls that were useless once I had cut their hair off. Boys got "to do," girls were "not suppose to."

Donald Leslie continued his boy life as a Naval Officer, NASA test pilot, and Pentagon mystery man. We can thank Donald Leslie for Cruise missiles. He received a medical discharge just two months before making Admiral. He is still my hero. And me, well, I found lots of fun things to do as a girl, wife, and mother. It's not so bad being a girl.

I guess the real reason I always wanted to be a boy was so I could be free. Free to run, free to climb, free to hoot and holler, and free to please my mother who always wanted a boy.

It's only been recently that I've begun to wonder if even being a boy would have ever been enough for her.

Opal Croke

W.I. THAT'S WHY—NUMNUT

Before there was Rambo, there was Iggy's father.

He appeared on the stoop one day when Iggy and I were engaged in some high stakes, ten-year-old baseball card trading.

"C'mere you nubhead," he growled, gripping my shoulder with five cement blocks of fingers, long black hair sprouting from the knuckles. "Whtya' doin?"

"Tradin' cards," we mumbled. Mr. Pacuzzo's muscles caused everybody I knew to mumble. Ya felt shrunk when he was around.

"Lemme see dat." He grabbed the Wayne Garrett and Sal Bando cards we were about to swap and began studying their statistics.

Iggy and I remained very quiet.

"Ya ever wonder why two guys, both born in California, both 27, both 6' 2", both 194, both baseball players, can be different?"

Iggy and I remained very quiet.

"How come one guy hits for .290 and the ot'er for .234? Wydya' think one's a stud and one's a scrub?"

"How'd I get these," he continued, ballooning his bicep, "and numnut tinkerbelle's got those?" he jerked his thumb at the slight and effeminate Mr. Bederman, whose sweatervest-wearing poodle was pooping in the street.

Iggy and I remained very quiet.

"W.I. dat's why. One guy *WANTS IT*— de ot'er *DON'T*."

* * *

I've always remembered Mr. Pacuzzo's lesson. I can't honestly say that I would buy a copy of his book if he wrote a *Life's Little Instruction Book*; however, I've never forgotten the rule of W.I. In fact, it has provided insight into a minor medical mystery that involved my dad and his doctors.

My dad wasn't built like Mr. Pacuzzo, but he could walk down the block shirtless without Mr. P calling him a twinkie. Still, Mr. Pacuzzo would always corner him on the stoop and tell him, "Wydon'tya lift weights, instead of doing all that fairy swimming. Den you'd get some *real* pecs."

"But, I've got muscles, Tommy. You wanna race me in the pool?" I was always proud when my dad teased Mr. Pacuzzo.

Mr. P. would shake his head, swell his chest, and roar, "Muscles are like money. Why have it if you ain't gonna flaunt it."

You see, my dad was a swimmer. Five days a week my dad went to the pool at the Y and swam a mile and a half. He was always in great shape, but he was lean and tapered. Mr. Pacuzzo was swollen and pumped. In high school I remember being traumatized when girls would come over the house and say something like, "Your dad sports a *fine* body."

So, three years ago, I was surprised when my parents sat me down at the dinner table and told me in solemn tones that my dad was going to undergo a *procedure* because he had a complete blockage of one coronary artery and significant blockage in the other.

* * *

Just last month, my dad got the news. The cardiologist said he was amazed that my dad appeared to have reversed his condition. I guess, heart disease is like the deficit—it only gets worse, and the best you can do is stabilize it. The doctor said his team of researchers wanted to understand the specifics of my dad's rehabilitation regimen and how he manages to stay committed to such a rigorous routine.

In four years, my dad hasn't eaten a thing other than beans, pasta, and vegetables. Monday through Friday, and occasionally on Saturday, he wakes up at 4:00 a.m. and speed walks seven miles. Every afternoon he swims a mile and a half. He never misses a day.

I picture the doctors sitting around with my dad's cardiograms, studying the vital statistics—just like Iggy and I used to do with baseball cards—trying to figure out how my dad managed a miracle. Well, they need a consultation with Mr. Pacuzzo. He'll show up in a tank top, call 'em *numnuts* an' *tweetybirds*, yank 'em by their stethoscopes and explain, "W.I.—dat's how you get a ticker back in cruisin' shape."

And although my dad's routine is not conducive to inflated pecs, I know Mr. Pacuzzo would make an exception for him. He would throw a beefy, hairy arm around my dad's shoulder and say, "We ain't like da rest of dem twinkies. We got W.I."

Sam Intrator

AIRPORTS

I pick up the phone and dial from memory.

"Hello?" The voice sounds gentle and familiar.

"Hey Ro! It's Lori."

"You sound so close. Where are you?"

"I'm in the Dallas airport, on my way back to Vandy. I would love to see you, but I've got such a short layover."

"You know what? I'm coming to Nashville in a couple of weeks to surprise Billy. Do you think you could pick me up when I get there?"

"Of course! Listen, they're calling my flight. Call me with the details, Okay? I love you!"

"I love you too, my friend."

* * *

A few weeks later, I drove to the Nashville airport to pick up Ro. It was six in the morning and I was running late, still sleepy. As I looked for the gate, I saw Ro walking towards me. Her bright smile complemented her dark hair and striking features. Our steps quickened into an embrace. Ro was so small, but her hug was strong.

"How can you look so good this early?" I asked.

"Believe it or not, I slept in the airport!"

"What? Are you crazy?"

"I must be." She laughed and put her arm around me as we made our way to the car.

"Does Billy have any idea that you are here?"

"No idea!" There was a refreshing lightheartedness in her voice.

I drove into Billy's driveway. Our timing was perfect. He walked out to get his paper and did a doubletake as Ro jumped out of the car. She stood on her tiptoes to hug and kiss him. I smiled and turned on the radio.

I liked seeing my friend so in love.

* * *

Friendships have often frustrated me. One friend pours out her feelings but never listens to me. I share my thoughts with another friend but he remains a mystery. I was beginning to think this was just a hazard of friendships until I met RosaLynn.

We shared a dream to someday start a home for troubled teens, a dream that began when we worked together at a Christian camp. I learned so much from Ro. I watched as campers would run to her for conversation.

"RoRo! Will you sit at our table for lunch?"

"RoRo, I wish you were my counselor."

"Ro, I need to talk to you about a letter I got today."

She always had time. She shared love as though it were in endless supply. I looked forward to breaks in our schedules when we could sit and talk. One day by the pool, we talked about difficult campers. "Lori, Robin was caught sneaking into the kitchen last night with some other campers."

"Really? What's going to happen?"

"Well, I think they're going to have to work in the kitchen for a while. I'm going to work with them."

"Good for you, Ro." I looked up to see an older camper running by.

"Hi Roz!" she screamed.

It was understood that you never said her name with a short *o*. Ro's eyes widened, and I watched as she cringed behind her wave. I tried to hide my smile, which she caught, and we ended up laughing together.

* * *

Few people knew that Ro stubbornly fought a battle with cancer and won. She was often guarded about her own needs. The day her sister called to tell me that Ro had a serious appendicitis attack, we all prayed that it wasn't the cancer in disguise. Ro, fearing the same thing, struggled to ignore the pain, which made the operation especially complicated and emotional for her. I decided to fly to Dallas and surprise her.

I hid in the dining room while her brother helped her get to the couch. I jumped out and said, "Hey Ro!" She started to cry. I had never seen Ro cry before and, as I hugged her, I knew she was trusting me with a vulnerability she rarely showed. Tears came to my own eyes, thankful that Ro allowed me to give to her as she always gave to me.

"You are a precious friend," she whispered.

* * *

The last summer I worked at camp went by too quickly. Before I knew it, it was time to say goodbye. I ran around, making sure I saw everyone I needed to see. I saved Ro for last.

"I'm heading out, Ro."

"I'll miss you my friend."

I hugged her and started to cry. "They say a friend is special if she's worth crying about." We laugh.

"You know I'll be in touch," she reminds. "This isn't really goodbye."

* * *

I'm walking in the Dallas airport again. I wish I could call RoRo, but I know she's working in Missouri. I look up, surprised to see two former campers walking towards me. "Hey Robin! Liz! What are ya'll doing here?"

"I knew you were going to be in Dallas," Robin quietly says. "Do you want to sit down?"

Everything around me becomes foggy and distant. I ask, "What's wrong?"

Robin starts, "RoRo was driving. . . ."

She doesn't have to finish. Somehow I know. "Oh, God. No!" I start to cry and hide my face in my hands. But then I need to hear more. "What happened?"

"RoRo was going to surprise Billy this weekend. A man in a truck hit her head-on."

"Ro's. . . dead?" I don't want to say that word. I'm waiting for Robin to tell me that it isn't true.

I start to sob again. I am aware that they are calling my flight but I linger in the quiet, mournful reunion with Robin and Liz. Finally, I walk in a daze towards the plane. I find a seat in the back and cry the whole way home. I hug my knees and stare out the window, ignoring the glances of fellow passengers.

"Why? Why did this have to happen?" I clinch my fists and pound on the arm rest, wanting to scream as loud as I can. I want to see her, to talk to her, to ask her how I'm supposed to deal with this. The whole thing seems impossible, unbearable. *What am I going to do without her?*

My best friend. Gone. The loss haunts me.

At her funeral I gasp when I see the closed coffin. So small. So final. Loneliness fills me as I sit in the pew, surrounded by hundreds of people.

When I return to school, I walk to my mailbox and find a postcard that RoRo had sent to me wrote a week before her death.

"My precious friend," she begins, "What I wouldn't give to be able to talk to you right now."

What I wouldn't give, Ro.

Lori Song

RELAXATION

"Here comes a stranger," Rob, the Comedian, said, "we'll ask him if he has change for the dollar." The others dropped back at the Stranger's approach. "Excuse me," almost after he had passed, "we were wondering if you could change our dollar."

Someone in the audience gasped when the pistol came out, and somewhere in the theater a laugh sounded. Rob took the money and backed away. The gun barrel was the last thing to disappear. Then Rob laughed.

"Nice job," Larry said, leaning over two rows of theater seats to pat me on the shoulder. "Yiddish folk tales are hard to do."

"Thanks," I said. "Good luck." He smiled as I got out of my seat and moved toward the stage where my students emerged to warm applause. They came offstage and took seats in the first two rows, while Larry's kids got up and went backstage to prepare for their scene.

It was Friday, opening night of a three-day high school theater festival. Our drama club was competing for the sixth consecutive year. My students' performances had won some trophies and scholarships in the past, and so had Larry's productions. We were friendly rivals; we liked each other's work. I did one-acts while he usually cut full length plays.

For this festival I had chosen *A Dollar*, by the Yiddish playwright David Pinski. It had everything I look for in a one act play: good characters, minimal setting, simple technical requirements, and it had not been done before at this festival. I had unearthed Pinski, a mainstay of the Yiddish theater in New York early in this century, in an old collection of plays. This would show that I was a student of theater and had done my homework. I didn't depend on the catalogues. I did research.

The kids had worked hard and presented a spirited performance. I wasn't sure we would win anything this year, but I knew we hadn't embarrassed ourselves. My students could relax now and enjoy the rest of the weekend.

Larry had chosen a comedy I had never heard of, about a writer who is so frustrated by rejection slips that he nails a publisher's office door shut and forces her to listen to his book. It was the sort of play that would be good summer stock fare. His kids played it well and earned a lot of laughs.

"A nice job," I told my students. "Comedy is hard to play. This will be stiff competition."

"I really liked the guy who played the author's roommate," Krista said.

"And what did you think of his performance?" I winked.

"Oh, Mr. Chirco," she blushed.

Shaking hands with Larry I said, "Nice job. Really a lot of fun."

"Thanks," he grinned. "Now we can relax."

We took our seats as the judges made their way toward the stage to give comments on the four performances of that first evening. I was prepared to sit back and wait my turn, as they always took the shows in order. For nearly half an hour they held forth about the musical comedy that had opened the evening. The three judges were all professors at local universities, and each had an area of specialty to talk about. These sessions were good lessons for my students.

The music professor spent a good deal of time speaking about vocal technique and demonstrating what he meant. The others followed with more good lessons about acting, staging, costumes, giving specific notes to individual actors. They had liked the show.

I knew they would not like the second entry, a play called *Oliver Twisted*. It was one of those abhorrent comedies that fill the catalogues. The sort of show that depends entirely on a string of verbal and visual puns. A real groaner.

"I know we have taken a long time speaking about the first performance," began the stern drama professor, fixing us with a stare as steely as her grey hair, "but we feel it was a good show that can be improved with work."

I could not repress my smile as I whispered to my wife, "That means it won't be a winner."

"The next show," the judge continued, "should never see the light of day."

Yes! I thought to myself. I had read the judges correctly about *Oliver Twisted*. Knowing what the judges want and giving it to them is an important part of success at these festivals.

"This is a bad play," she continued, "and you shouldn't waste your students' time with bad plays."

"The catalogues are filled with good plays," another judge picked up. "You need to do your homework."

"In fact," the first judge stepped straight down to the edge of the stage to drill us again, "the last three plays are all bad plays, and your directors are to blame."

I knew I had misheard her. I sat up and leaned forward.

"We really don't have much to say about any of these shows. It is impossible to discuss the acting in such weak vehicles. You students deserve better."

I was dazed. My ears burned, my heart pounded. I became angry. I wanted to stand up and argue with her, show her that I knew what I was doing. I sat.

In the next twenty minutes, they did not find one positive thing to say about any students' work. It was as if their dislike of the plays made the work of thirty students worth nothing. They berated the directors instead. I was sorry for letting my students down, for leaving them open to this.

"Produce the great plays of this century and the classics. Don't waste the time of your students or your audience."

Then it was over. The crowds cleared out, and we went back to the nearly silent dressing rooms to change and pack up.

Standing outside the dressing room as the girls changed, I could see Larry talking to his cast. His shoulders sagged, and he looked tired. I straightened up when he turned toward me.

"Well, at least it's over," I offered.

"Yeah," he sighed, "now we can relax."

When they appeared in street clothes, Krista and Heather were crying.

"Why didn't she give us any notes?" Rob was looking for an argument.

"I don't know," I said.

"We were much better than that second play, at least we knew what we were doing."

"I'm sorry," I said. "It's not your fault. You did everything I asked of you, and your work was good. Let's get back to the hotel, order some pizzas, and get some sleep."

I was up until three talking with them, encouraging them.

I didn't sleep for three days.

Michael Chirco

CEMETERY

Epitaph from the cemetery between Bread Loaf and the Robert Frost Trail: "Perley H. Smith was killed by the explosion of a cannon on July 4, 1894."

Bill McClement

TIME TRAVEL

Whose house was this? Did they sit on this porch in the evenings? What was it like in this house on winter mornings?

They sit along side roads and back up from highways, some on the edges of cornfields and others by fence rows. In Kansas, Ohio, South Carolina, and Vermont. Old, abandoned, never-to-be-lived-in-again houses of thirty, forty, fifty years ago. Their porches sag, their walls lean, their roofs no longer keep out the rain. They stir memories of another time.

I am not a wistful person, nor do I give over to wishful thinking on a regular basis, but every now and then, when I pass by these places, I pause and yearn for just a moment to be able to travel back in time, to witness for myself what life was like here.

Who built this place, and who lived here forty years ago? Who washed these windows, and who swept this porch? Did the clematis grow here then as it does now, climbing up to the corner of the chimney? Now its vine clings to the uneven, broken brick, and the stark white of the trumpet blooms decorate the lifeless shell in a queer, lavish way. Did children play here?

From the highway the house seems to fold into the landscape, disappearing as a house and reshaping as a natural part of the yard and shrubs. I've seen evidence of this along many roads and highways, when only four walls are left to stand against each other without a roof over their heads. Then when nothing is left but a chimney. Then, nothing. Houses age like people, having more and more of a past and then only memories.

Barbara J. Everson

GIVING THANKS

Driving Route 2 west towards Boston, around the Fitchburg area, is the closest I'll ever come to Indy racing. The road takes several smooth, banked curves, the speed limit of 60-65 feels like 90-95, and the constant traffic demands awareness and maneuvering. And then the pit lane: several abrupt entrances onto 2, where the driver has no chance to bring his vehicle to highway speed. Another variable.

I was heading home for Thanksgiving, early Thursday morning. Cool, but not cold. Down vest weather, sunglasses for the morning glare, but not enough sun that my hat had to be on forwards.

I came around the corner and saw a car entering the speedway from the pit lane. My 60 versus his or her 20. A quick glance in the mirror for the left lane: a large blue sedan, gaining fast. Options: hit my brakes hard or cut off the sedan. I moved left in front of the sedan, passed the pit car, and swerved back to the right lane. And kept my cruise control engaged. Nice.

Two men glared at me as they passed. "Hey, guys . . ." I said with my arms, shrugging my shoulders. "Seemed like the best, safest move, don't you think?"

"No." More glaring.

Two middle age guys, conservative dress, probably on their way to Digital in Westford, twenty miles west—harmless. "Fuck you," with my finger.

* * *

"Fuck you," with two blue, flashing lights from inside their unmarked, Masshole police car. "Pull over, jerk."

Off with the hat. Off with the sunglasses. Out of the car, approaching the sedan fast. I would argue my case, explaining why the safest move—the only move—was to move left, pass, move right. And why, by implication, their blazing down the left lane was the true cause of the problem. I was angry.

Two 6 foot-plus, 200-pound-plus men approaching fast, no longer looking like Digital execs, one screaming: "Don't *ever* give me the fucking finger." Two strides closer. "Who the *fuck* do you think you are?"

This didn't sound like the last cop who stopped me—an accidental swerving in 1984. What happened to sensitive, New Age cops?

"All I was trying to—" and he pushed me against the back of my truck.

"You're lucky I don't *break* your fucking finger."

Time for a new strategy: I would not argue my case. I would not explain my move. I would listen, nod my head, and try not get beaten up. Could I actually be assaulted on the side of Route 2, by a cop, on Thanksgiving day? I started nodding, and he kept yelling. His sidekick was the wide, silent type, looking on with glee? admiration? nervousness?" . . . So get the *fuck* in your car, and get the *fuck* outta here" with one more shove. And no "Have a nice Thanksgiving."

* * *

By the time I got to Westford, 30 minutes away, I was back in Thanksgiving mode: hat and glasses. And I'd even stopped shaking.

Peter Cogan

WHAT ALE'S YOU?

The bus driver takes my ticket, and I climb up the stairs onto the bus bound for Burlington. I see the rows of tired eyes and people who prefer to sit alone as I trudge down the aisle and find an open set of seats. *I'm finally getting away from school for a while. Thank God.*

I slide into the window seat and set my bag down beside me. I pull out my notebook. *Might as well get started on my homework.*

Mmmmm. Let's see. My assignment this week is: No assignment. Write about what you want to write about. Write what's asking you to be written. If you've been writing short pieces, try a long one. If you've been writing long pieces, try a short one. *Huh. What can I write about? I've already written a lot about my family. Most people are writing about their*

families. It seems everyone knows about parent conflicts and dead grandmothers. Mine are starting to sound mild. . . . Maybe I could write about having nothing to write about? Nothing to add to what is already being said. I could make a journey piece out of it. Yeah, that's it. Here I am on the bus, searching for one of those bus stories Annie brings to class. Hell. I bet a lot of people have already written about having nothing to write about. Man, what am I going to do?

My eyes are getting heavy. I put my notebook away. I pull out a book and start to read.

I wake up an hour later as the bus pulls into Burlington, my book squeezed between me and the arm rest, some of the pages are folded over, creased. *Great.* I put my book away.

* * *

I step off the bus onto the street in downtown Burlington and light a cigarette. I take my first deep breath in weeks and blow a nice long stream of smoke into the air.

"Excuse me. You know what time it is?" I stop a man who looks like he's in a hurry.

"Yeah. It's uhhh 7:20."

"Thanks." *Cool. I've got more than an hour before my train leaves.*

I cut across the street and glance at a place on the corner. *What Ale's You?* the sign asks. *More than you want to know,* I think. *It must be a bar.* I step on my cigarette, walk down the stairwell, and open the door into the smoky room. I walk over to an open seat on the corner and set my bag down. I am sitting under the TV.

"What can I get ya?"

"What do you have on tap?"

"Bass Ale, Long Trail Ale, Newcastle Ale, Pete's Wicked Ale, Sam Adams. . . ."

"I'll have a Sam Adams."

"Twelve or sixteen ounce?"

"Sixteen. Do you have a menu?"

"No. Only food we serve is pizza, from next door. A medium is $8.95; a large is $10.95."

"Do they have slices?"

"No."

"Thanks. Just the beer."

The bartender brings me my beer. "That'll be $3.25, please." A couple minutes later, the news is still on, I got a sip or two left, and I don't think I have enough money in my pocket for another beer and the cab ride to the train.

"Where you comin' from?"

I look over and see the guy sitting next to me, drinking beer and filling the ashtray. He's well-built, has obviously been working hard today. He has a hat on. *McGrunding Trucking.*

"Down by Middlebury," I say.

"What are you doin' down there?" he asks.

"Goin' to graduate school."

"What are you studyin'?"

"Reading and writing," I mumble.

"What?"

"Reading and writing. I'm a high school teacher during the year," I say, a little clearer, a little louder.

"Oh. I thought you said *riding*. I was like—what? They got horses down there or somethin'?"

I smirk, chuckle softly. *They could have horses. Some students might get a polo game goin'* We look up and see Hillary Clinton's face on TV. "Man," he says, "they should make her President. She's running things. She wears the pants in that house."

"Uh huh."

"Can you imagine though, if we had a woman president? That time of the month would come. We'd be havin' crazy things happenin'. Think of her talkin' to the country."

"Yep. Probably be starting wars and stuff. One week a month." I smirk again. *Where the hell is this discussion going? That wasn't a very good thing for me to say.*

"How do teachers do? How much you make bein' a teacher?"

"Not very well. I make a little more than twenty."

"Wow. Even I do better than that."

"What do you do?"

"I drive a truck. My beast is parked outside. Ain't gotta a college degree, ain't gotta a high school diploma, don't have much choice. Was in the Army for a while. Got kicked out though. Right before I was supposed to try for the Navy Seals."

"Really?"

"Yeah, I took the swimming test, and they found out I could swim and stay under water for a long time. The instructor said, 'What do you do?' I said, 'Infantry.' He said, 'You oughta try for the Seals.' I said 'No thanks.' 'Why, you a coward?' he asked. 'No, I ain't a coward. But I don't want to die neither.'"

"That's funny."

"I was gonna try out though. But then I got in a fight with an asshole sergeant, and they gave me the choice of discharge or two months in the stockade. I spent a day in the stockade and said 'Get me the fuck outta here.'"

"That sucks. How old were you?"

"I was eighteen. That's when I learned to drive a truck."

"Wow."

"I do alright though. I'll make more than thirty this year. Gotta work seven days a week, sixteen, seventeen hours a day though. Get paid thirty cents a mile."

"Jesus. Where do you live?"

"New York."

"You have a family?"

"Yeah. Wife and two daughters."

"How old are they?"

"Six and eight."

"Great ages. I've got nephews that old."

"Yeah. My kids got this skin disease, though. Eczema. They're scratchin' all the time. It bothers 'em real bad. They don't want to take baths or nothin'."

I wince.

"That's the only thing they got from their mother. They look just like me. But they got her skin disease. I tell my wife, 'Couldn't they've looked like you and got my skin?'"

I take the last drink from my beer. He looks at my empty glass. "How much that beer cost you?"

"I don't know. $3.25."

"Jesus. I hope it was good. This here's only a dollar fifty." He lifts up what I assume is a Bud draft and takes a drink.

"Doesn't matter now." I pat my belly.

He laughs.

"Do you get home very often?" I ask.

"Nope. I was only home for an hour and a half last week."

"That's it?"

"Yep. Long enough to unpack and throw my clothes in the washer. My wife cooked me something to eat. And we watched some TV. Then it was on the road at two in the morning for this job. I pulled over at 7:00 and slept in the back for a few hours. I'd worked twenty-two-and-a-half out of twenty-four hours. Woke up at noon and drove here. Just missed closing. So I'll drop my load tomorrow morning and head back."

"Damn. That's pushin' it." *He didn't even tell me if he got laid.* I look up and see the bartender.

"Did you want another beer?" he asks.

"Yeah. I'll have a Budweiser," I say, setting two dollars on the bar. I turn back to the conversation. "An hour-and-a-half at home. That's unbelievable."

"Yeah. But you gotta go when the jobs come up, if you want to make any money. I figure if God wanted to get me, He would've got me six months ago."

"Why, what happened?"

"Well, I was on a long trip up north into Canada. I'd been goin' for more than twenty-four hours straight. It was like six or seven in the morning. Kept callin' the company and sayin' I need to stop and get a room. They told me to pull over and sleep in the cab. This was my old truck. Man, I envy guys that can sleep like that, sittin' up in the cab." He mimics a stiff, straight-up position on his seat. "But I can't. So, I just kept drivin', and I fell asleep at the wheel."

"No way."

"Yeah. God's truth. Woke up goin' 65 miles an hour down the highway, my truck was sideways."

With his fingers he shows me his truck going down the road. "The road was goin' this way," he runs his finger straight, off the bar, toward the bottles of liquor against the wall, "And my truck was goin' this way," he runs his other finger sideways, across the imaginary road he just drew.

"Jesus."

"I went straight down into the median. I looked ahead and saw all this commuter traffic streamin' down the road on the other side. I was headed right for them. I figured I could go straight and take a bunch of cars out, or I could try and turn my truck back and have 'bout a ninety percent chance of flippin' the trailer. . . So that's what I did."

"What? What did you do?"

"I tried to turn back and flipped it. Couldn't take all them cars out. But next thing I knew my truck was on its side, slidin' down the area between the roads, probably goin' fifty, maybe fifty-five miles an hour."

"And you're here?"

"Yeah. I was gettin' tossed all around. Then my leg got caught under the steering wheel, and I couldn't move. My truck slid to a stop. I couldn't believe I was still alive. My leg was trapped though. It was two hours before they got me out."

"How long were you in the hospital?"

"Three days. They wanted to keep me for two weeks, but I said I can do the same things I'm doin' here at home. Healin', watchin' TV, chillin' out. So they let me go home. My wife got me a twelve pack every day. And I just hung out, watched the tube, waited for the kids to get home from school."

"That's cool."

"Yeah. First day I was in the hospital though, the nurse came in and said, 'Do you know a Mr. Thompson?'"

"I said 'Yeah, That's my supervisor.' She says, 'He's on the phone for you.' 'Tell him I don't want to talk to him,' I said. four times, I did that. Next day, nurse comes in, 'Do you know a Mr. McGrunding?' I said, 'Uh huh. . . , that's the owner of my company.' 'He's on the phone for you,' she said. 'Tell him I don't want to talk to him,' I said. Did that four times too."

"That's great."

"Next day, last day in the hospital, I finally called them up. Both of 'em got on the phone. First thing they said was 'Why didn't you want to talk to us?' 'Cause you wouldn't wanted to hear what I had to say.' I said. They asked me if I was alright. I said 'Yeah, I'm alright. But the truck ain't. You don't want to see the truck.'"

"Did you get to see it?" I ask him. "The truck?"

"Yeah, I went and saw it. One side of the cab was fine, you couldn't tell anything happened. Then the other side, the side I was on, was slanted down like the front of one of them old TR7s or something. It was totalled. Cops came into the hospital and told me they made five arrests when they showed up with the ambulance to haul me out. Said there were three pickups stopped and people were loadin' up wood from the spilled load into the back of their trucks. Now, that's morbid. Those people didn't even check to see if I was alive or if they could help get me out or nothin'. I was in there strugglin'; I didn't know what was gonna happen."

"Fucking assholes."

"Yeah. But the cops also found the Bible I had in my glove compartment, under the trailer in the grass. It was in perfect condition. Like nothin' happened. Everything else blew away."

"Sounds like God was tellin you somethin'."

"No kidding."

I glance up at the clock. *It's eight o'clock. About ten minutes before I got to leave for the train.*

"Bunch of the drivers keep tellin' me I should sue. But what have I got to sue about? They paid all my hospital bills. Gave me $400 a week while I couldn't work."

"Have the conditions changed, for the drivers?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you said all you wanted to do was get a room and get some sleep."

"Oh yeah. They changed that stuff right away. They bought a bunch of new trucks. All the new trucks have sleepers in the back."

"Good."

"Yeah. I've got a new truck now. They didn't give it to me right away, but about two months after I got back to work. It barely had 3000 miles on it when I got it. Sleeper and everything."

"That's cool."

"Yep. They give me the good routes too, overnigh t trips where you can make some money. You know, if I'd been mangled or somethin', I mean lost an arm or a leg or a few fingers, and the Department of Transportation said I couldn't drive anymore, took away my A license, then I would've sued the hell outta them. But they took care of me. And I'm doin' good now. Takin' care of my wife and kids. Got a house. Well, not a house, but an apartment. I'd like to get a house."

I'm getting nervous, fidgeting on my seat. The clock says 8:10. "Sounds good. You'd have to wait a hell of a long time for anything to happen if you sued anyway."

"Exactly. I got three years to think about suing. I expect the company to be good to me. Besides, if I sue, who's gonna hire me?"

"Nobody."

"Right."

I start sitting up in my seat. "Hey man. I gotta go. I'd love to hang out and talk with you some more, but I have to catch a train. It was great meetin' you."

"Hey, you too." He puts out his hand. "Tom."

I shake his hand. "Chad. I'm glad you're alive Tom."

"Yeah, me too."

"See ya."

"Yeah. I'll see ya."

I sling my bag over my shoulder and walk out of the bar. I glance down the street and see Tom's semi, *McGrunding Trucking* is painted in blue on the grey trailer. *Wow. I'm havin' a good weekend already.* I walk across the street and open the backdoor of a taxi. "Can you take me to the train station?"

"Sure. Get in." says the taxi driver.

"Thanks. What time is it?"

"8:15. What time's your train leave?"

"8:30. Can you get me there?"

"Sure kid, I'll get ya there."

Chad Graff

OXFORD CORRESPONDENCE

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

31 March 1993

Dear Bread Loaf/Oxford Student:

This is a first effort to help you make your travel plans for your summer at Lincoln College, Oxford. An additional letter full of useful details will be sent to you in May.

You should secure a valid passport at once, a task that can take several weeks. You can obtain a passport application from your travel agent or town clerk. If you already have a passport, make sure it is valid past the date of your planned return to the U.S.

You should make your flight reservations as soon as possible, if you haven't already. Be sure to shop around if you can; there is a wide range of rates and plans. If you are departing directly from the States, please let me know the following: 1) date of departure; 2) point of departure from the U.S.; 3) airline and flight number; 4) time of departure and arrival. This information will assist the Bread Loaf/Oxford staff if you don't turn up when you're expected.

Plan to arrive in Oxford no later than Monday, July 5, so that you can at least begin to get over jet-lag by Registration Day at Lincoln on July 6. Some seminars last year began meeting as early as Tuesday. Lunch at 1:00 p.m. on Monday is the first meal served. Your room will be available at Lincoln on July 5. If you have trouble booking lodging at Oxford before then, write to Miss Joy Makin, The Steward, Lincoln College, Oxford OX1 3DR, United Kingdom. A good bet at Oxford for room and board that's not too expensive is the Walton Guest House, 169 Walton Street, Oxford (011-44-865-52137).

Tutorials conclude by Friday, August 13, but you're welcome to stay for the final Banquet and Commencement on Saturday evening, August 14; there is always a memorable ceremony for the graduates. You should plan to leave Lincoln by Sunday morning, August 15, but you can make reservations during the summer to stay on at the Mitre, a bed-and-breakfast hotel run by Lincoln across the street from the College. Rates are L14.45 a day for bed and breakfast. You will not be able to stay on in your room at Lincoln.

Most flights to London from the States leave either early in the morning or late at night. Because of the five-hour time differential from the East Coast, night flights usually arrive in London early the next morning so that you will have no trouble making direct connections to Oxford. Early morning departures, on the other hand, arrive in London around 10:00 p.m., too late to make connections to Oxford. If you arrive in London at night, hotel accommodations are highly desirable, even essential, but expensive. Details on how to proceed to Oxford from Heathrow and Gatwick airports will be sent out in my next letter. Beware of standby air tickets or charter flights, which may encounter delays or rerouting to Stansted in Essex (involving a long and complicated trip to Oxford). Be sure to have a reservation for your return flight.

On the typewriter/computer front, the most important thing for you to know is that Oxford tutors do not insist that you type your papers, so you may elect to spend the summer

writing everything if longhand if you wish. There will be limited availability of computers at Lincoln College itself. There have been difficulties in the past with our gaining sufficient access to these computers, and I am working right now to try to ensure better availability; I will let you know of our progress on this front in the May letter. Typewriters and computers can, of course, be rented in Oxford, but they are expensive. If you wish to transport your own computer, remember that all electrical equipment must be fitted with an adapter (purchased here since they are not generally available in Oxford). For information on the reliability of adapters, I must refer you to whatever academic or commercial computer experts you can find.

Airlines allow two suitcases--any weight--and one piece of carry-on luggage. If you plan to ship anything ahead, you should know that surface shipping takes at least two months and that air freight is expensive. If you must send ahead, please address the label as follows:

(Your name)
Bread Loaf School of English
Lincoln College
Oxford OX1 3DR
United Kingdom

HOLD FOR ARRIVAL: July 5

Neither Middlebury nor Lincoln College can assume any responsibility for items lost either in transit or after arrival at Lincoln College.

Oxford's Bodleian Library has just informed Bread Loaf that all summer-school students will be charged a L20 fee for the use of the Bodleian. We regret this additional cost, but it's not in our control.

Under the United Kingdom's medical program, you must have American medical insurance to cover pre-existing problems. National Health will, at the discretion of our Oxford doctor, meet expenses of emergencies encountered during the summer. Expenses of hospitalization are paid by National Health under normal circumstances. Be sure to bring your medical insurance forms for claiming expenses under your own medical insurance plan in order to expedite payment to our Oxford doctors, should you need their services.

You can purchase your books at Blackwell's, one of the world's greatest bookstores, or at several fine paperback bookstores, all just a few blocks away from Lincoln on Broad Street. You should, however, read as many of the texts as possible prior to the session. Books published in the U.S., although cumbersome to carry over, are usually less expensive. (Consult the course-listings in the Bread Loaf bulletin for information on books: occasionally a professor recommends your purchasing an American edition not available in the U.K.). Students in Professor Donadio's course should purchase their books here and take with them, as they probably will not be available in the United Kingdom.

Every year, in revising this letter, I dislike its tone of legalisms and warnings, which make the trip to Oxford sound like a dangerous and harrowing ordeal. In fact, as hundreds of old Bread Loaf students can tell you, the trip and the entire summer session are usually wonderful, unforgettable experiences. I hope and trust that your own trip and summer will be wonderful and unforgettable; I'll be sending you more information in May, and I look forward to seeing you at Lincoln in July.

Best wishes,

Jim Maddox

James H. Maddox
Director

JHM/elh

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753-6131
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

May 18, 1993

Dear Bread Loaf Student at Lincoln College:

I am sending along the last set of details for your trip to Oxford. I hope that this information will make your trip easier and your arrival at Lincoln more pleasant.

There are several enclosures for you to glance over, respond to, and digest before the summer begins.

Your bill has been mailed to you. It is due and payable upon receipt, prior to your leaving for Oxford. Bills not paid by the deadline given by Middlebury College will be charged a late fee.

For those of you receiving a Stafford Loan, you should be aware that loans will not be disbursed as one lump sum. Payment will be divided into two segments: one at the beginning of the session and one during the middle of the session. Since the session is so short, it can be difficult to get these checks back and forth from the United States quickly, so you should not count entirely on these funds for living expenses.

It is perhaps best to take your money in traveler's checks (American Express, Barclay, Visa) in pounds; banks charge 55-75p or more for an international exchange transaction. If this transaction fee is not of concern to you, traveler's checks in dollars are fine. (Traveler's checks in pounds eliminate the uncertainty of currency fluctuations; the dollar may rise or fall in value, relative to the pound, while you are in Oxford.)

We believe that the most widely accepted American credit card in the United Kingdom is Visa.

Be sure to convert enough money into British currency at the airport (at the latest) to get you through the first weekend.

There isn't time sufficient to open summer checking accounts at Oxford; even a certified cashier's check will take two weeks to clear. Personal checks (yours, or those made out to you) are uncashable. You should probably take about $1,200, or the equivalent in pounds, in traveler's checks for spending money while at Lincoln. Students in the Page and Stage course should expect to spend another $450 on tickets. Seniors will also encounter some graduation-week extras including, but not limited to, a token fee for the rental of the hoods which are a part of the graduation ceremony.

In some of the following information, the phrasing assumes that you will be in Lincoln College's lodgings, right at the College. We don't mean to ignore the Bread Loaf students living with their families in Museum Road.

Following are the instructions for arrival at Heathrow Airport (commercial flights: Concourse C):

1. Go through Immigration, present passport, explain nature and length of stay.
2. Collect luggage downstairs.
3. If you have nothing to declare (hardly anyone ever does), go through customs exit, green aisle.
4. If you still have no British currency, get dollars converted to pounds at the Barclay's Exchange, near the customs exit.
5. You can take a direct bus to Oxford from Heathrow and Gatwick (X70). Joy Makin and Dennis Kay of Lincoln College strongly recommend the bus. There is frequent service, and it's cheaper than other means of transportation.
6. Or you can buy a British Rail (Air-Rail link) ticket to Oxford at the window next to Barclay's. Follow coach signs outside and get the Brit Rail coach (bus) direct to Reading Station. Board express train north to Oxford. Outside Oxford station, get a cab to Lincoln College (tip 20%). At the main entrance to Lincoln (the Porter's Lodge), give your name to the Porter, who will give you your room assignment.
7. You will be met by a Bread Loaf Green Ribbon Greeter.
8. Get over jet lag.

And here are the Instructions for arrival at Gatwick Airport (charter flights):

1. After you go through Immigration and pick up your luggage, you can get to Oxford by bus (a 2-hour trip) or a bus-train link. There are two direct trains per day via Reading. There are many more trains with a change at Reading.
2. You can get a convenient direct bus to Gloucester Green, Oxford, a ten-minute walk or short taxi ride to Lincoln.
3. There is also a train from Gatwick to Victoria Station, London. At Victoria Station, take the Circle Line Underground (subway) west to Paddington Station. Get express to Oxford (1 hour). Or you can catch the X190 bus from Victoria Coach Station to Oxford.

Lincoln College cannot accommodate early arrivals (before July 5); nor will the Mitre Inn (near Lincoln) be available. So if you plan to arrive early you must make your own arrangements with hotels or guest houses. The medium-priced guest houses in the attached description have been recommended by Bread Loaf students and by Joy Makin, the Steward of Lincoln College.

Please send us your expected time of arrival, if you haven't already, so that we can give Joy Makin an accurate meal count. Lunch is at 1:00 and dinner at 7:00.

Your room at Lincoln will be ready on Monday, July 5. There are shared bathrooms in most entries. Most bedrooms have hot water. The number of rooms in each entry varies from two to twenty-five. Some rooms are outside the College itself, directly across the Turl (a medieval street not as wide as the road to the Barn at Bread Loaf). Some Bread Loaf students will be lodged there, since it is not possible to accommodate all Bread Loaf students in rooms within the College.

Registration Day is Tuesday, July 6. You will need to register in the Bread Loaf office (Staircase VIII) after taking your luggage to your room. After registration you can spend the day going to Blackwell's (the great bookstore, not far from Lincoln), checking out the location of the tutor's College where your seminar will be held (many of your first seminars will be held on Tuesday, July 6), or simply--and pleasurably--getting acquainted with Oxford. Stephen Donadio will be in the Bread Loaf office during the day for registration and will have maps of Oxford for you. He will be assisted by Sandy LeGault and Andrea Baier, the two Assistants to the Director in residence at Lincoln, who are ready and willing to help you adjust to Oxford, socially and academically.

Dennis Kay will take you over in groups to sign in at the Bodleian Library. You will need to pay a 20 pound fee for the use of the Bodleian; you will also need two passport-sized photographs of yourself; if you have some such photos on-hand, bring them with you; or get them in Oxford from the coin-operated machine in St. Aldate's Street or in the Covered Market, a block from Lincoln.

There will be an introductory meeting on Registration Day at 5:00 in the Oakeshott Room and a reception at 6:15 in the BecKington Room before dinner at 7:00. A short ceremony of welcome will follow afterwards in Hall.

In the Oxford system, you will be expected to read your papers before your seminar group or in tutorial. Do try to get as much reading done in advance as you possibly can. You'll then be happier in July, since substantial secondary reading will be assigned.

Your mailing address for the summer will be:

(your name)
Bread Loaf School of English
Lincoln College
Oxford OX1 3DR
United Kingdom

The main phone at the Porter's Lodge of Lincoln College can be direct-dialed from the States: 011-44-8654-279800, (for person-to-person calls from the States: 01-44-865-279800). If necessary, the Porter will take an incoming message and leave it on the Bread Loaf bulletin board outside the Porter's Lodge. Should you wish to receive international calls between 1:30 and 2:30 p.m., Oxford time, the Bread Loaf office phone at Lincoln is: 011-44-865-279818.

Casual clothes are fine for travel and daily wear (corduroys, slacks, jeans, shorts, shirts, sweaters, informal dresses, skirts and blouses). One or two dressy outfits for our more formal evenings, opening night, our evenings in Stratford and London, and Commencement would be appropriate. Don't forget your raincoat. It's probably safe to underpack; there is a wide variety of stores in Oxford if you forget anything. Good walking shoes are a must.

The Lincoln doctors (McPherson, Fowler, McLennon and Lloyd) do not treat visiting students on the National Health Service. There are reasonable rates for an office consultation (a minimum of 10 pounds) or for a visit in College (a minimum of 15 pounds in daytime; a minimum of 20 pounds between 11 p.m. and 8 a.m.).

Lincoln has washers and driers for your use. The College provides blankets, linens and towels, but not face cloths.

There will be modest computer facilities available for Bread Loaf students in Lincoln College: we anticipate that two or three IBMs and two Macs will be available, along with a laser printer and a dot-matrix printer. If you wish to bring your own laptop with you, I advise that you consult closely with a computer specialist about the purchase--and the reliability--of a convertor, necessary to adapt your machine to European electrical current. Maybe most to the point: remember that your papers may be handwritten at Oxford, so that computers are less of a necessity than they are in Vermont or in Santa Fe.

Lincoln has squash courts and tennis courts; bring your own squash and tennis rackets if you want to play. These courts are not always available, but other tennis courts in the City are available for about 5 pounds for 6 weeks. There is a 20-minute walk to the courts. Bicycles may be hired on a daily or weekly basis.

For general information on Oxford and Great Britain, Bread Loaf students recommend a good student guide like **Let's Go**. You will be given a map of Oxford and a copy of **Vade Mecum**, a handy guide around Oxford.

Radios or stereos will not be allowed in the Lincoln College rooms.

The weather is at least as unpredictable as Vermont's. Days can be warm (80 degrees), although the average Oxford temperature in July is 60. It does rain in Oxford, even on sunny days.

Oxford is five hours ahead of Eastern Daylight time. Daylight lasts until 9:30 p.m. or so.

Student guests can be accommodated at meals in Hall if responsible warning is given at the Bread Loaf office. You will be asked to sign up and to purchase a meal chit the day before. If you plan to have overnight guests, make reservations for them to stay in the Mitre, a nice bed-and-breakfast hotel across the Turl from Lincoln and operated under the auspices of Lincoln. If you'd like to stay in Oxford after Bread Loaf closes, you can book a room at the Mitre. During the summer your guests can be accommodated there for 14.45 pounds per diem for bed and Continental breakfast. The cost for meals for your guests in Hall will be 3.15 pounds for English breakfast, 5.05 pounds for lunch and 7.70 pounds for dinner.

Please note that your guests are not permitted to reside in College. Violations of Lincoln's regulations could create an embarrassing hassle for the School, but especially for you. You will be billed by the College and your guest will be asked to leave. We are guests of Lincoln College and are expected to abide by the rules of Lincoln College. (Sorry to bear down so hard on this point: it's important.)

The entire School will make picnic excursions to the Main House in Stratford-upon-Avon to see **King Lear** on July 19th and to the Barbican in London to see **The Winter's Tale** on August 6th. Tickets have been purchased for you.

I hope that this letter answers all of your outstanding questions. I hope as well that the trip will not be an anxious one (despite all of this letter's concentration upon rules and cautions), because the summer holds every promise of being a wonderful one: Oxford, after all, is Oxford. I look forward to seeing you there myself in July.

Cordially,

Jim Maddox

James Maddox
Director

JHM/elh

Guest Houses
(Bed and Breakfast)

Acorn Guest House
260 Iffley Road
Oxford OX4 1SE
United Kingdom
Phone: 865-247998

Combermere House
11 Polstead Road
Oxford OX2 6TW
United Kingdom
Phone: 865-56971

Mr./Mrs. K. M. Flanakin
103 & 105 Woodstock Road
Oxford
United Kingdom

Old Parsonage Hotel
3 Banbury Road
Oxford
United Kingdom

Mulberry Guest House
265 London Road
Headington
Oxford OX3 9EH
United Kingdom
Phone: 865-67114

Portland House
338 Banbury Road
Oxford OX2 7PR
United Kingdom
Phone: 865-52076

The Ridings
280 Abingdom Road
Oxford OX1 4TA
United Kingdom
Phone: 865-248364

Lakeside Guest House
118 Abingdon Road
Oxford OX1 4PZ
United Kingdom
Phone: 865-244725

Norham Guest House
16 Norham Road
Oxford OX2 6SF
United Kingdom
Phone: 865-515352

Walton Guest House
169 Walton Street
Oxford
United Kingdom
Phone: 865-52137

Summer Program: _____

Please turn in at the Bread Loaf Office upon arrival.

Name _____
LAST FIRST

Date of Birth: _____

Home Address: _____

_____

Home Tel: (____) _____

S.S. # _____

HEALTH FORM

INSTRUCTIONS: This form must be completed, signed, and submitted in order for you to attend Middlebury College. The information will be held in confidence as part of your health records at the College. Contents of your health file will not jeopardize your admission to Middlebury College. *It is in your interest that your health records be complete.* Please attach additional sheets if necessary.

Please return the completed forms to the address above. Thank you for your cooperation.

PERSONAL HEALTH HISTORY

Have you ever had or have you now: (Please check and describe at right of each item)

	YES	NO	YEAR	COMMENTS		YES	NO	YEAR	COMMENTS
Migraine					Jaundice or hepatitis				
Frequent or severe headache					Rectal disease				
Fainting spells					Kidney or bladder infection				
Concussion or severe head injury					Kidney stone				
Head or neck x-rays or radiation treatments					Albumin or blood in urine				
					Mother used D.E.S. during pregnancy with you				
Sinusitis									
Hearing loss					Abnormal pap smear				
Other ear, nose & throat trouble					Fibrocystic breasts				
Eye trouble other than for glasses					Bone, joint, or other deformity				
Asthma					Shoulder dislocation				
Cigarette or other tobacco use					Knee problems				
Pneumonia					Recurrent back pain				
Chronic Cough					Neck and/or back injury				
Tumor or Cancer					Broken bones				
High blood pressure					Swollen or painful joints				
Rheumatic fever					Arthritis, rheumatism or bursitis				
Heart Trouble					Paralysis				
Tuberculosis or positive TB test					Diabetes or sugar in urine				
Pain or pressure in chest					Thyroid trouble				
Lyme Disease					Skin disease				
Cogenital heart disease					Pilonidal cyst				
Mitral valve prolapse					Epilepsy or seizure disorder				
Elevated cholestrol					Malaria				
Blood disorders					Mononucleosis				
Anemia					Learning disability				
Shortness of breath					Obesity				
Severe or recurrent abdominal pain					Positive HIV Antibody test/AIDS				
Hernia					Vegetarian				
Ulcer (duodenal or stomach)					Chronic Fatigue Syndrome				
Irritable bowel syndrome					Eating disorder				
Inflammatory bowel					Problems with alcohol or drug use				
Lactose intolerance					Serious depression				
Self-induced vomiting					Excessive worry or anxiety				
Gall bladder trouble or gallstones					Sexually transmitted diseases				

Please check each item "YES" or "NO."
For every item checked "YES," please explain fully in blank space on right

YES	NO	Have you ever experienced adverse reactions (hypersensitivity, allergies, upset stomach, rash, hives, etc.) to:	If yes, please explain fully: type of reaction, your age when the reaction occurred, and how often the experience has occurred.)
☐	☐	Penicillin	
☐	☐	Sulfa	
☐	☐	Other antibiotics (Name: _____)	
☐	☐	Aspirin	
☐	☐	Codeine	
☐	☐	Other pain relievers (Name: _____)	
☐	☐	Horse serum	
☐	☐	Local anesthetics	
☐	☐	Other drugs, medicines, chemicals (Name: _____)	

YES	NO	Are you allergic to:	
☐	☐	Foods (please list) _____	Name of allergist: _____
☐	☐	Stinging insects (please specify _____	Address: _____
☐	☐	Molds, pollen _____	_____
☐	☐	Animals (please specify) _____	Telephone: ( ) _____
☐	☐	Other (please specify) _____	Date series begun: _____
☐	☐	Do you receive allergy desensitization injections?	Please describe any adverse reactions to these injections:
☐	☐	Do you wish to continue allergy desensitization injections at Middlebury College Health Center? If so, please supply the information in the right-hand column.	_____
			_____
			_____
			_____

—Please bring your serum with you, along with complete directions and a schedule for the injections—

YES ☐ NO ☐

Do you use medicine regularly? Please list any drugs, medicines, chemicals, vitamins and minerals (both prescription and non-prescription) you use and indicate how often you use them. We recommend that you bring what you anticipate needing.

(Name) _____

(Name) _____

(Name) _____

Please indicate year for any of the following childhood illnesses you have experienced:

Chickenpox_____ Measles_____ Rubella (German Measles)_____

Diphtheria_____ Mumps_____ Scarlet Fever_____

YES ☐ NO ☐ Have you ever had any problems for which you have received counseling or psychotherapy? If so, please describe.

YES ☐ NO ☐ Have you ever been a patient in any type of hospital? (If yes, specify when, where and diagnosis.)

YES ☐ NO ☐ Have you had any operations? (If yes, please describe and give year in which they were performed.)

YES ☐ NO ☐ Have you ever had any serious illnesses or injuries other than those already noted? (If yes, specify when and where and give details.)

YES ☐ NO ☐ Do you use corrective eyewear?

Please copy your prescription(s) here:

Eyeglasses: prescription:

Contact lenses: prescription:

Note: We recommend that you bring an extra pair.

Has any blood relative of yours had any of the following?

	YES	NO	RELATIONSHIP
Diabetes			
High blood pressure			
Stroke			
Cancer (Type:_____)			
Heart attack before age 55			
Cholesterol or blood fat disorder			
Alcoholism			
Sickle cell anemia			
Glaucoma			

	YES	NO	RELATIONSHIP
Depression			
Other serious illness (specify):			

If either parent or any sibling is deceased, please list relationship to you, age at death, and cause of death.

IMMUNIZATIONS

VACCINE TYPE	MONTH, DAY & YEAR FOR EACH DOSE					10 YEAR BOOSTER
	1	2	3	4	5	
DPT or Td (Diphtheria, Pertussis, Tetanus or Tetanus, Diphtheria)						
Polio - not required after 18th birthday						
Measles (red or hard measles) check type: ☐ Live ☐ Killed* ☐ Unknown *reimmunization required	Vaccine Date:___/___/___ Titer Date:___/___/___ Disease Date:___/___/___					
Rubella (3-day or German measles)	Vaccine Date:___/___/___ Titer Date:___/___/___ Disease Date:___/___/___ Result:_____ Was disease diagnosed by a physician?					

Measles and rubella vaccine - must be repeated if administered before first birthday.

Have you ever had to discontinue study or restrict activities because of physical or nervous disturbances? If yes, explain fully.

Have you ever had any limitation placed on the amount and type of physical exercise? If yes, explain fully

SOURCES OF HEALTH CARE

Please list the names, addresses, and telephone numbers of physicians, psychologists, or other health caregivers you now consult.

Name Field

Address

City, State

Tel. ( )

Name Field

Address

City, State

Tel. ( )

HEALTH INSURANCE COVERAGE

Please list below any current insurance coverage such as Blue Cross/Blue Shield, public assistance, or private insurance.

INSURANCE COMPANY	ADDRESS	GROUP/POLICY NUMBER

EMERGENCY NOTIFICATION

In case of emergency please notify:

Name

Relationship

Street

City State

Zip Telephone ( )

Work Telephone ( )

In case of emergency please notify:

Name

Relationship

Street

City State

Zip Telephone ( )

Work Telephone ( )

My signature below indicates that:

- I consent to medical and nursing treatment by the staff at the Health Center.
- the information on this form is correct and complete to the best of my knowledge.
- I understand that Middlebury College views my health as chiefly my responsibility.
- If I require services, prescriptions, or referrals beyond the primary care services available at Parton Health Center, I shall assume the financial responsibility or negotiate satisfactory arrangements with the caregiver.
- I hereby authorize the release of any information on file pertaining to my condition of health. I understand that my contacts with health and counseling services are held in confidence but that confidentiality may be broken if my life or that of any other person is in danger.

DATE SIGNATURE OF STUDENT

DATE SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR GUARDIAN
(required if student is not yet 18 years old or if insurance listed above is in parent's or guardian's name)

IF YOU HAVE ANY QUESTIONS, CALL THE HEALTH CENTER AT 388-3711, ext. 5135

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

June 1993

To Faculty, Staff, and Students at the Bread Loaf School of English:

We write to you concerning the Human Immunodeficiency Virus (HIV) which causes the Acquired Immunodeficiency Syndrome (AIDS). Recent statistics show a significant increase nationally in the number of AIDS cases reported in the past year. In addition, recent statistics from the Center for Disease Control indicate that over 253,448 Americans now have AIDS and that many more have been infected by the virus (HIV). Most of these people do not know they are carriers. The AIDS epidemic continues to be of concern nationally and, therefore, it must also concern each of us at Middlebury. Members of our community have received treatment for the virus which causes AIDS.

We believe it is important that you understand what resources are available on campus in the areas of education, diagnosis, treatment, and support. We also believe it is important that we inform you of the policy guidelines at Middlebury.

The American College Health Association (ACHA) provides a series of guidelines for college policy based on facts from the best recent medical data available. Middlebury College has used those guidelines and adapted them to our particular needs.

ACHA recommends that colleges not adopt blanket policies concerning individuals with AIDS or AIDS-related conditions. Rather, it suggests that certain guidelines be followed and that the college analyze and respond to each case individually. Middlebury College has established a committee of three people whose responsibility it is to do this. For the 1993 school year these individuals are:

1) Ruth K. Grant, M.D., College Physician
2) Gary Margolis, Ph.D., Director of Counseling and Human Relations
3) Kathleen Ready,MSN, Head Nurse

In order to provide essential medical support, appropriate health and hygiene counseling and related assistance, any member of the community who has tested positive for HIV or who has AIDS or an AIDS-related condition are strongly recommended to consult with either the College Health Center or their own physician. In addition, individuals who are HIV positive or who have AIDS, are asked to consult with one of the

individuals named above. Responses to such occurrences will be guided both by Middlebury's commitment to the protection of individual rights, including confidentiality, and by necessary consideration of the community public health interest.

If you think you may have been exposed to AIDS or have symptoms of AIDS, we strongly urge you to make contact with the college Health Center. Through the Health Center you will receive information, evaluation, counseling and support, and education regarding testing options. Confidentiality is maintained in accordance with laws governing the privacy of medical information.

It is important that we all be acquainted with the latest information concerning AIDS. We strongly urge each of you to read the enclosed handout which contains guidelines for handling blood and body fluids, and information on HIV, which everyone needs to know. Additional information phamplets, such as AIDS...What Everyone Should Know and Make Sex Safer pamphlets, and free condoms are available to all members of the community at the Parton Health Center in the waiting room, and in the stairwell on the east end of Carr Hall and at Cornwall Infirmry.If you have any questions regarding AIDS or HIV, we encourage you to speak to a nurse at the Cornwall Infirmy. Or if you prefer to speak with a resource outside of the College, we encourage you to call the toll-free hotline at the Vermont Health Department (1-800-882-AIDS). This information is free and calls are confidential.

Remember studies and guidelines from the Center for Disease Control and the Public Health Service indicate that individuals with AIDS or AIDS-related conditions do not pose a health risk to others through casual contact. Available evidence indicates that AIDS is transmitted only by intimate sexual contact or by exposure to contaminated blood.

Sincerely,

Yonna McShane , MEd.
Health Educator
Counseling and Human Relations

Ruth K. Grant, M.D.
Medical Center Director
Parton Health Center

Kathleen Ready. MSN
Head Nurse
Parton Health Center

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE HIV TASK FORCE
GUIDELINES FOR HANDLING BLOOD AND BODY FLUIDS

"Guidelines for Handling Blood and Body Fluids" refers to the "Universal Precautions" measures one takes to prevent the transmission of bloodborne diseases such as hepatitis B and HIV. They are called universal because they are recommended whenever there is potential exposure to blood or body fluids of another individual whose infection status is most likely unknown.

Bloodborne diseases can be transmitted from an infected individual to another when there is sufficient contact between the infected individual's blood, semen, vaginal secretions, or blood-containing fluid and another's non-intact skin or mucous membranes. These diseases can also be transmitted through a puncture wound with a contaminated needle or sharp object. Middlebury College therefore recommends the following for the handling of blood and body fluids:

1. Barrier methods such as gloves are strongly recommended whenever someone is at risk for direct exposure to another individual's blood or body fluids. The Health Center will provide gloves to anyone who requests them, free of charge. Members of the custodial staff should wear latex gloves when cleaning bathrooms. The custodial staff should disinfect reuseable gloves after contact with blood or body fluids.

2. Good handwashing is important after any potential contact with blood or body fluids, even if gloves are worn. If you get blood or body fluids on your skin, wash well with copious amounts of soap and water. If you come into direct contact with blood or body fluids, we recommend speaking with a nurse at the Health Center.

3. Procedures for the decontamination of environmental surfaces and objects soiled by blood or body fluids should be adopted and implemented. The Public Health Service recommends the cleaning of contaminated surfaces with a household bleach (Clorox) and freshly diluted 1:10 - 1:100 in water.

   Students should contact the custodial staff at ext. 5243 to clean any blood spills, rather than attempting to clean it themselves. If it is after-hours or on the weekend, Campus Security should be contacted.

4. Extreme caution should be exercised in disposing of needles. Students and employees may obtain an infectious waste container from the Health Center, if needed.

5. Laboratory courses requiring exposure to blood such as finger pricks for blood typing or examination should use disposable equipment. No lancets or blood-letting devices should be reused or shared.

6. No student is required to obtain or process the blood of others.

7. Implements that may become contaminated with blood such as razors, toothbrushes, or tweezers should never be shared by individuals.

Rev. 3/92

AIDS AND HIV - WHAT WE ALL NEED TO KNOW

AIDS and the HIV infection does not discriminate based on sex, sexual orientation, race, socio-economic class, etc. Many men and women who are HIV positive do not realize that they are carrying the virus because it is not unusual for individuals to remain symptom free for many years. However, people who have the HIV infection can transmit the virus to others even if they have no symptoms. HIV can be transmitted by semen, blood, blood products, and vaginal and cervical secretions. Theoretically , the virus is contained in other body fluids, however, whether or not it is present in sufficient amount to transmit the infection is unclear. You can reduce your risks of being infected by HIV if you:

1. Make well informed and safe choices about sexual activity. If you do <u>not</u> have vaginal, anal, or oral sexual intercourse, you will be providing yourself with excellent protection against the sexual transmission of HIV.

2. <u>Always</u> use safe sex practices if you are engaging in sexual activity involving intercourse and take precautions with every partner. Communicate assertively with your sexual partner and always use latex condoms when engaging in intercourse. Spermicides containing nonoxynal-9 may increase the protection provided by a condom. Latex squares or dental dams are rubber devices that may be used during oral intercourse. The level of protection this practice provides is not known, but it is logical to assume that this may reduce the risk of acquiring HIV if they are used properly and consistently.

3. Separate alcohol and drug use from sexual activity. Having sex when you are drunk or drugged, often results in not practicing safer sex. Alcohol and drugs impair cognitive function, making adequate decision making more difficult. They also make communicating more difficult.

4. Never share needles or engage in any other activity which may result in exposure to blood. (see the other side of this handout for more information on blood precautions).

Remember your behavior determines your risk for acquiring HIV. If you do not engage in risky behavior, you greatly reduce your risk of infection.

Remember studies and guidelines from the Center for Disease Control and the Public Health Service indicate that individuals with the HIV infection or AIDS do not pose a health risk to others through casual contact.

Health Education 4/92

SEXUAL HARASSMENT

Sexual harassment is a violation of an individual's basic civil rights and will not be tolerated by Middlebury College. Sexual harassment is against the law and violates Middlebury College's Policy.

Middlebury College's Harassment Policy Statement (1992) prohibits harassment based on sex, sexual orientation, race, religion, national origin, age or physical ability. This policy states:

"As an educational institution, Middlebury College is committed to maintaining a campus environment where bigotry and intolerance, including discrimination on the basis of sex, sexual orientation, race, ethnicity, religious beliefs, physical ability or age have no place, and where any form of coercion or harassment that insults the dignity of others and interferes with their freedom to learn or work is unacceptable. Harassment, as defined below, is antithetical to the mission of this College. In addition, many forms of harassment have been recognized as violations of the civil rights laws by the Federal Courts, by the U.S. Equal Employment Commission, by the State of Vermont and by the U.S. Department of Education.

Middlebury College defines harassment as verbal or physical conduct which on the basis of sex, sexual orientation, race, religion, national origin, age or physical ability has the purpose or effect, from the point of view of a reasonable person, either of interfering with an individual's educational or work performance or of creating an intimidating, hostile or offensive educational, work or living environment. Harassment includes such conduct specifically directed at an individual or a small group of individuals and expresses hatred or contempt on the basis of stereotyped group characteristics or because of a person's identification with a particular group. Harassment also includes violence in word or deed or attempts to incite violence directed against members of these groups because of their group identification. In addition, harassment may include repeated slurs, or taunts in the guise of a joke, or disparaging references to others, when such conduct is based on sex, sexual orientation, race, ethnic origin, religion, physical ability or age.

With specific reference to sexual harassment, in addition to conduct which creates a hostile environment, sexual harassment includes what a reasonable person would judge to be unwelcome sexual advances or requests for sexual favors which explicitly or implicitly affect educational or employment decisions concerning an individual. Those in positions of authority must recognize that in their relationships with subordinates and students there is always an element of unequal power. It is incumbent upon those with authority not to abuse the power with which they have been entrusted.

Moreover, Middlebury College embraces the ethical standard set forth by the American Association of University Professors, which holds that a professor, in order to encourage the free pursuit of learning, must avoid any exploitation of students for his/her private advantage. Accordingly, faculty and staff members should be aware that romantic and sexual involvements with students over whom they have direct or indirect authority are discouraged by Middlebury College, even though such involvements need not always constitute a form of sexual harassment.

Middlebury College recognizes that the protection of free and open speech and the open exchange of ideas is essential to any academic or artistic community, crucial for the activities of scholars and artists. It is, therefore, an important element in the "reasonable person standard" to be used in judging whether harassment has occurred. This harassment policy statement is meant neither to proscribe nor to inhibit discussions, in or out of the classroom, of complex, controversial or sensitive matters, including sex, sexual orientation, race, ethnicity, religious orientation, age or physical ability, when in the judgement of a reasonable person they arise appropriately and with respect for the dignity of others. Middlebury College is a community of learners and as such recognizes and affirms that free and honest intellectual inquiry, debate, and constructive dialogue are vital to the academic mission of the College and must be protected even when the views

expressed are unpopular or controversial. Middlebury College also recognizes, however, that verbal conduct can be used specifically to intimidate or coerce and to inhibit genuine discourse, free inquiry and learning. Such abuses are unacceptable. If someone believes that another's speech or writing is offensive, wrong or hurtful, he or she is encouraged to express that judgement in the exercise of his or her own freedom of speech or to seek redress when appropriate.

Middlebury College maintains that all members of its community have the right to participate in the life of the College without harassment or intimidation. The College remains firmly committed to protecting these rights for all members of the College community."

It is important to recognize that both men and women are affected by and can be the recipients of sexual harassment. Sexual harassment can occur between a faculty member and a student, a supervisor and a student employee, an adviser and a student, a staff person and a student, or between two students. Sexual harassment may also occur between a supervisor and an employee, two members of the staff, two members of the faculty, or a faculty member and a staff person. Sexual harassment may also involve groups of people.

Examples of possible sexual harassment include, but are not limited to, the following:

- repeated homophobic graffiti on an individual's message board
- intrusive questions about one's personal life
- intimidation, hostility, or condescension which is based on a person's gender or sexual orientation
- repeated slurs, taunts, or humiliating jokes when such conduct is based on sex or sexual orientation
- repeated requests for socializing when a person has indicated he/she is not interested
- unwanted physical contact such as touching, pinching, brushing up against, patting or rubbing a traditionally sexual part of a person's body
- trapping a person or in some way blocking movement
- demands or requests for sexual favors accompanied by threats about grades, recommendations, or your job.
- promises of preferential treatment in exchange for sex
- touching a person on a traditionally non-sexual part of the body after that person has indicated no desire for such physical contact
- continuing to write suggestive notes or letters after being informed they are unwelcome
- harassment, or retaliation of any kind for having previously filed a complaint

What you can do to protect yourself:

- Be sure the harasser knows you do not welcome this treatment and be clear about your limits: say "no" or "stop"
- Avoid answering personal questions
- Document where, when, and how you are being harassed

If you would like to speak to someone regarding harassment, the following campus resources are available to listen to you, inform you of your rights and also what options are available to you:

Staff:	Ted Mayer	53
	Judy Olinick	55
	Sage Russell	5187
	Pat Santner	5158
	Charles Sargent	5333

Faculty:	Martin Beatty	5956
	Janine Clookey	2256
	Kevin Moss	5786
	Allison Stanger	5023
	John Walsh	5626

Each of the people mentioned have been designated to listen to your concerns. Your discussions with any of these resource people will be confidential and will not necessarily commit you to further action.

If you are a student, other resources on campus are : The Center for Counseling and Human Relations, Parton Health Center, the nurse at Bread Loaf, the College Chaplain, the Director of Health Education or Dean of Students. If you are an employee, you may also contact the Human Resources Department, your supervisor or your department chairperson.

If you wish to file a formal complaint regarding harassment, contact the Human Relations Officer, Karen Andrews at Ext. 5518.

Many forms of sexual harassment also violate Federal and State Laws. You may also contact the Civil Rights Division of the Attorney General's Office in Vermont at 828-3171 and you may contact the Regional Office of the U.S. Department of Education Office for Civil Rights in Boston, MA at (617) 223-9662 for advice and support. If you are an employee, an additional resource is the district Equal Employment Opportunity Commission office at (617) 565-3200. If you choose to contact one of these offices, your conversations will be confidential and will not commit you to further action unless you choose to file a complaint with one of these offices.

NOTE: At the Language Schools, many different cultures are represented, each with its own patterns of personal behavior. Cultural differences do not excuse inappropriate or offensive behavior; they do call for particular awareness of and sensitivity to other people's rights and dignity.

You have a right to be treated with respect and dignity as an employee or student at Middlebury College.

NOTE: For a full statement of College policy and options available within the College for resolving a complaint, see the College Handbook. Copies of the College Handbook are available at the Office of Health Education, Carr Hall or the Dean of Students' Office, Old Chapel.

Revised4/93
Summer Sessions

Yonna McShane
Office of Health Education

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753-6131
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

May 17, 1993

Dear Student:

Attached you will find the information booklet **"Drugs, Alcohol, and You - Your Accountability and Responsibility at Middlebury College."** On December 12th, 1989, former President George Bush signed into law the Drug-Free Schools and Communities Act Amendment (Public Law 101-226). This legislation requires American colleges and universities to distribute the information contained in the aforementioned booklet to all students, including students in programs abroad and off-campus programs.

It is important that students recognize drug and alcohol abuse as serious health issues. It is also important for those who need it to know where confidential, medical, and psychological help is available. If drugs and/or alcohol are a concern in your life, you are encouraged to contact the Director of your Bread Loaf program who will assist you in locating medical and/or psychological services for more information regarding treatment options.

I urge you to read the attached booklet in its entirety.

Sincerely,

James Maddox

James Maddox
Director

Drugs, Alcohol and You

Your Accountability and Responsibility at Middlebury College

Office of Health Education
Summer 1993

MIDDLEBURY'S POSITION

Middlebury College is deeply concerned about illegal drug use and alcohol abuse in our society and in our community. The College regards illegal drug use and alcohol abuse as a problem which can affect the entire College community. It is important that you as a member of the Middlebury community to be aware of the College drug and alcohol policy as well as pertinent State and Federal laws. It is also important that all members of our community know where help is available for those who need it.

DRUG LAWS

There are a number of State and Federal laws prohibiting the possession, use, sale, and distribution of illicit drugs such as marijuana, cocaine, L.S.D., crack, heroin, etc. Legal sanctions for conviction include: required community service, significant fines, and lengthy imprisonment. For example, in the State of Vermont, a first time offense for the possession of less than two ounces of marijuana carries a penalty of up to a $500 fine and six months' imprisonment; the unlawful sale of less than one-half ounce of marijuana carries a penalty of up to a $10,000 fine and two years of imprisonment. The unlawful possession of cocaine in the amount of less than 2.5 grams carries a penalty of up to a $2,000 fine and one year imprisonment. The distribution of cocaine in an amount less than 2.5 grams can result in a penalty of $75,000 fine and 3 years' imprisonment.*

(*See appendix for more information regarding State and Federal sanctions.)

It is important to note that because of new Federal regulations, if you are prosecuted and found guilty of a drug charge, your Federal Aid grants may be jeopardized. In addition, a felony conviction from a drug charge will prohibit entry into some professions.

WHAT ABOUT ALCOHOL

Alcohol is a drug and for many in our community it is an illegal drug. It is illegal in the State of Vermont for people under the age of 21 years to possess or drink alcoholic beverages. It is also illegal to misrepresent one's age in order to obtain alcoholic beverages, and to supply or sell alcoholic beverages to someone under the age of 21 years. The following are pertinent Vermont laws pertaining to alcohol:

DWI

23 VS 1201 (a) (1): A person shall not operate, attempt to operate, or be in actual physical control of any vehicle on a highway while there is .08 percent or more by weight of alcohol in his blood as shown by analysis of his breath or blood; or

(2): under the influence of intoxicating liquor; or

(3): under the influence of any other drug or the combined influence of alcohol and any other drug to a degree which renders him incapable of driving safely.

PENALTY: 1st offense: 90 days loss of license; fined not less than $200 nor more than $750 or imprisoned not more than 2 years; or both

PERSONS UNDER 18 YRS; ALCOHOL CONCENTRATION OF 0.02 or MORE

15 23 VSA 1216: A person under the age of 18 who operates, attempts to operate or is in actual physical control of a vehicle on a highway when the person's alcohol concentration is .02 or more commits a civil traffic violation subject to the jurisdiction of the traffic bureau.

PENALTY: No fine or points are assessed for a violation of this section, rather the offender's license to operate is suspended until an alcohol and driving education program has been completed. A second offense requires alcohol screening and satisfactory completion of a therapy program. The person is also subject to recall of his provisional license for violation of this section

FURNISHING ALCOHOL TO MINOR

7 VSA 658: A person who sells or furnishes a minor malt or vinous beverages or spirituous liquors shall be fined not less than $200 nor more than $1,000 or imprisoned not more than two years; or both.

POSSESSION OF ALCOHOL BY MINOR/MINORS MISREPRESENTING AGE TO PROCURE OR POSSESS LIQUOR

7 VSA 657: A minor who falsely misrepresents his age for the purpose of procuring or who procures malt or vinous beverages or spirituous liquors from any licensee, state liquor agency, or other person or persons or who possesses malt vinous beverages or spirituous liquor for the purpose of consumption by himself or other minors, except in the regular performance of his duties as an employee of a licensee licensed to sell alcohol liquor, shall be fined not more than $500 or imprisoned not more than 30 days; or both.

ADULT IDENTIFICATION CARDS

7 VSA 669: Any person who misrepresents his age, or practices any deceit in the procurement of an adult identification card, or uses or exhibits for the purpose of obtaining alcoholic

beverages the identification care of another person or one which has been forged or altered; any person who loans or transfers his identification card to another for use in procurement of alcoholic beverages shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and shall be fined S50, which fine shall not be suspended.

Issues of civil liability also arise if you serve alcoholic beverages to a minor or to a person who is apparently under the influence of an intoxicant. "You are liable" means "you are legally responsible". For example, if you supply alcoholic beverages to an underage person and then there is an accident, you may be held liable for damages. Where significant property destruction, serious injury, or death results, damages can amount to enormous monetary settlements.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE DRUG AND ALCOHOL POLICY

Middlebury College opposes the illegal possession, distribution, and consumption of alcohol and the possession, manufacture, distribution and use of illegal drugs. The College also opposes the possession and use of prescription drugs by persons for purposes other than those prescribed by a licensed physician. Drugs other than those prescribed by a licensed physician for legitimate health purposes may not be used or stored on College property.

Students of Middlebury College, including the Bread Loaf School of English and the Language Schools, are subject to the College Drug and Alcohol Policy and rules and regulations while on College premises or College-related premises or when involved with off-campus college-sponsored events or off-campus events sponsored by registered college organizations. In assigning sanctions for violation of College policy, the circumstance surrounding the offense and the severity of the incident and any prior disciplinary history for the individuals involved will be taken into consideration.

The College campus, including the Bread Loaf campus, is subject to Local, State, and Federal laws concerning the possession, use, distribution and manufacture of drugs including alcohol. Students must be aware of and abide by these laws or face the possibility of legal prosecution. Middlebury College opposes the use of illegal drugs and does not provide students with a haven from the law. The College will not inhibit the legal prosecution of any member of the College community who violates Local, State, or Federal law. Law enforcement officers, when in possession of the proper documents, have a legal right to search any and all buildings on the campus without prior notice. The College also reserves the right to furnish the police with information regarding illegal activities.

DISCIPLINARY RESPONSE:

At Middlebury College those students found selling, manufacturing, or in possession of drugs in amounts that indicate drug sales or distribution will face penalties ranging from suspension to expulsion from school. Students or organizations found illegally selling, manufacturing, or distributing alcohol will face disciplinary action up to and including possible expulsion. Those students using illegal drugs, or in possession of amounts which appear to constitute "personal use" will face penalties ranging from official warning to indefinite suspension. The illegal use of alcohol will result in penalties ranging from warning to indefinite suspension. Involvement with or dependency upon drugs or excessive or illegal use of alcohol will also be viewed by the College as a health concern as well as a disciplinary matter. In these cases a drug/alcohol assessment will be required at our Center for Counseling and Human Relations or with an off-campus specialist. In addition, in instances where a student's name occurs repeatedly in connection with a drug or alcohol problem, even though no concrete evidence or direct witness is involved, a Dean will contact the student and meet with him or her. In these instances:

1) students may be encouraged or required to undergo a drug/alcohol evaluation;

2) if applicable, a student's parents or guardian may be notified of concerns about a student's drug or alcohol problem. In disciplinary situations and the situations of concern mentioned above, a student may be required to withdraw from the College until successful resolution of the problem is documented to the satisfaction of the College.

HEALTH RISKS AND OTHER EFFECTS

The non-medical use of drugs and the abuse of alcohol is clearly antithetical to physical and mental development. Research and clinical observation indicate that drug and alcohol abuse can lead to a lack of motivation, lowered academic performance, antisocial behavior, and serious chemical dependency. Such abuse can be life-threatening. Even early on in an abuse pattern a drug, including alcohol, can place a person at risk for committing acts he/she would normally never do. For example, in the United States alcohol is linked to 1/3 of all suicides and 1/2 of all homicides, and approximately 50% of all convicted criminals report that they were under the influence of alcohol when they committed the crime. In addition, an estimated 60% of child and spousal abuse and 41% of assaults are

drug-related. It is estimated that 75% of rapists and 55% of their victims were impaired due to drug-alcohol usage at the time of the rape.

Drug and alcohol consumption causes a number of marked changes in behavior and perception, which can place a person at increased risk for accident resulting in bodily harm.

In regard to alcohol consumption, even low dosages significantly impair the judgment and coordination required to drive a car safely or perform other tasks in a safe manner. For example, in the United States alcohol is linked to 1/2 of all automobile fatalities, 60% of motorcycle fatalities, 60% of all fatal falls and 70% of all drowning deaths. Moderate to high doses of alcohol causes marked impairments in higher mental functions, severely altering a person's ability to learn and remember information. Very high doses cause respiratory depression and death. If combined with other central nervous system depressants such as some seizure medication, antihistamines, sleeping pills, etc., much lower doses of alcohol will produce the effects just described.

Repeated use of alcohol and other drugs can lead to chemical dependency. When dependency has occurred, sudden cessation of intake is likely to produce a variety of withdrawal symptoms including anxiety, irritability , insomnia, tremors,, hallucinations, convulsion, etc. Student withdrawal from some drugs, including alcohol, can be life-threatening.

Drug and alcohol use has significant effects on the body. The long-term consumption of drugs and/or alcohol will lead to a general deterioration of health. The following are just some of the serious physical consequences: heart disease and failure; liver disease including hepatitis and cirrhosis; gastrointestinal disorders; cancer of the lungs, pancreas, esophagus, stomach and mouth; respiratory disorders including pneumonia and chronic bronchitis; malnutrition; high blood pressure;
impotence; agitation and high anxiety; depression; perforation of the nasal septum; brain damage.

Drug and/or alcohol use impairs judgment, reasoning, and communication. When judgement is impaired, students can be placed in a situation which can increase the risk of date rape and also the risk of contracting sexually transmitted diseases including the HIV virus which causes AIDS. Drug and alcohol use can also impair the functioning of the immune system which increases a person's susceptibility to contracting the AIDS virus if exposed.Drug and/or alcohol use during pregnancy can cause severe birth defects including physical abnormalities. deafness, mental retardation, and malformed brains. In addition, many babies are born with addictions to substances their mothers use.

For more specific information regarding illicit and frequently abused prescription drugs, see the Appendix.

COLLEGE SERVICES: INFORMATION AND HELP

Students who are concerned about their own or a friend's use of alcohol or drugs are encouraged to seek assistance through Middlebury's Counseling and Human Relations Services or the Parton Health Center, both located in Carr Hall. Bread Loaf students may also seek medical consultation through the Cornwall Infirmary on the Bread Loaf campus. Professional staff are available twenty-four hours a day to provide care and treatment for individuals related to the use of alcohol and drugs. Members of the Counseling and Human Relations Services and Parton Health Center provide supportive counseling in addition to psychological and medical evaluations on a confidential basis. They help students to identify and understand the signs and behaviors associated with substance abuse, including usage patterns, motivations and negative consequences. They can also provide useful information for evaluating and confronting a friend about the use of alcohol and drugs. Also available is referral information about community resources including private counselors, self-help groups, and comprehensive treatment facilities. Services provided by the Health Center, the Cornwall Infirmary and Counseling Services are confidential. Emergency medical treatment can be provided by the Health Center or Porter Medical Center.

The Director of Health Education provides educational materials for individuals and programs for the College community that address the many issues surrounding alcohol and drugs. The Office of Health Education is also located in Carr Hall.

Alcoholics Anonymous, Narcotics Anonymous, Al-Anon, and Adult Children of Alcoholics groups meet regularly in Middlebury and welcome student participation. A listing of meeting times and locations is available through the Office of Health Education, Parton Health Center, Center for Counseling and Human Relations and the Cornwall Infirmary.

COMMUNITY RESPONSIBILITY

Middlebury College believes that drug and alcohol problems affect our entire community and that each of us has a responsibility to help safeguard the community health by respecting College policy and intervening in situations of abuse. Any member of the College community having knowledge of the possession or use of illegal drugs by an individual on campus is urged to confront the person and encourage the individual who is using illegal drugs or abusing alcohol to seek counseling and/or medical assistance. All members of the community are asked to help protect the community health by informing appropriate College staff members of instances of drug dealing.

APPENDIX

Drugs:

The State of Vermont Statutes cover a wide range of drug offenses, including the possession, cultivation or manufacture, sale, delivery, and the sale or delivery of drugs on school grounds (elementary, secondary or vocational schools). Among other provisions the State laws create the following maximum sentences for first offenses:

Drugs		Penalties
Marijuana		
Possession -	less than 2 oz.	$500 fine and/or 6 months imprisonment
	2 oz. or more	$10,000 fine and/or 3 years imprisonment
	1 lb. to 10 lbs.	$100,000 fine and/or 5 years imprisonment
	10 lbs. or more	$500,000 fine and/or 15 years imprisonment
Sale -	less than 1/2 oz.	$10,000 fine and/or 2 years imprisonment
	1/2 oz. to 1 lb.	$100,000 fine and/or 5 years imprisonment
	1 lb. or more	$500,000 fine and/or 15 years imprisonment
Cocaine		
Possession -	less than 2.5 grams	$2,000 fine and/or 1 year imprisonment
	2.5 grams to 1 oz.	$100,000 fine and/or 5 years imprisonment
	1 oz. to 1 lb.	$250,000 fine and/or 10 years imprisonment
	1 lb. or more	$1,000,000 fine and/or 20 years imprisonment
Sale or delivery -		
	less than 2.5 grams	$75,000 fine and/or 3 years imprisonment
	2.5 grams to 1 oz.	$250,000 fine and/or 10 years imprisonment
	1 oz. or more	$1,000,000 fine and/or 20 years imprisonment
L.S.D.		
Possession -	less than 400 micrograms	$2,000 fine and/or 1 year imprisonment
	400 micrograms to 4,000 micrograms	$25,000 fine and/or 5 years imprisonment
	4,000 micrograms to 40,000 micrograms	$100,000 fine and/or 10 years imprisonment
	40,000 micrograms or more	$500,000 fine and/or 20 years imprisonment
Sale -	less than 400 micrograms	$25,000 fine and/or 3 years imprisonment
	400 micrograms to 4,000 micrograms	$100,000 fine and/or 10 years imprisonment
	4,000 micrograms or more	$500,000 fine and/or 20 years imprisonment
Heroin		
Possession -	less than 200 milligrams	$2,000 fine and/or 1 year imprisonment
	200 milligrams to 1 gram	$100,000 fine and/or 5 years imprisonment
	1 gram to 2 grams	$250,000 fine and/or 10 years imprisonment
	2 grams or more	$1,000,000 fine and/or 20 years imprisonment
Sale -	less than 200 milligrams	$100,000 fine and/or 5 years imprisonment
	200 milligrams to 1 gram	$250,000 fine and/or 10 years imprisonment
	1 gram or more	$1,000,000 fine and/or 20 years imprisonment

Appendix (Con't)

Depressants, Stimulants, and Narcotic Drugs (other than Heroin and Cocaine)		
Possession -	less than 100 times the recommended individual therapeutic dosage	$2,000 fine and/or 1 year imprisonment
	100 to 1,000 times the recommended individual therapeutic dosage	$25,000 fine and/or 5 years imprisonment
	1,000 to 10,000 times the recommended individual therapeutic dosage	$100,000 fine and/or 10 years imprisonment
	10,000 times or more the recommended individual therapeutic dosage	$500,000 fine and/or 20 years imprisonment
Sale -	less than 100 times the recommended individual therapeutic dosage	$25,000 fine and/or 5 years imprisonment
	100 to 1,000 times the recommended individual therapeutic dosage	$100,000 fine and/or 10 years imprisonment
	1,000 times or more the recommended individual therapeutic dosage	$500,000 fine and/or 20 years imprisonment
Hallucinogens other than L.S.D.		
Possession -	less than 10 doses	$2,000 fine and/or 1 year imprisonment
	10 to 100 doses	$25,000 fine and/or 10 years imprisonment
	100 to 1,000 doses	$100,000 fine and/or 10 years imprisonment
	1,000 doses or more	$500,000 fine and/or 15 years imprisonment
Sale -	less than 10 doses	$25,000 fine and/or 5 years imprisonment
	10 to 100 doses	$100,000 fine and/or 10 years imprisonment
	100 or more doses	$500,000 fine and/or 15 years imprisonment
All Drugs other than Marijuana		
Manufacture or cultivation		Maximum penalty $1,000,000 fine and/or 20 years imprisonment

Second offenses, selling to minors, or selling on school property carry more severe sanctions.

Controlled Substances - *Uses & Effects*

DRUGS/ CSA SCHEDULES	TRADE OR OTHER NAMES	MEDICAL USES	DEPENDENCE Physical	DEPENDENCE Psychological	TOLERANCE	DURATION (Hours)	USUAL METHODS OF ADMINISTRATION	POSSIBLE EFFECTS	EFFECTS OF OVERDOSE	WITHDRAWAL SYNDROME
NARCOTICS										
Opium II III V	Dover's Powder, Paregoric Parepectolin	Analgesic, antidiarrheal	High	High	Yes	3-6	Oral, smoked	Euphoria, drowsiness, respiratory depression, constricted pupils, nausea	Slow and shallow breathing, clammy skin, convulsions, coma, possible death	Watery eyes, runny nose, yawning, loss of appetite, irritability, tremors, panic, cramps, nausea, chills and sweating
Morphine II III	Morphine, MS-Contin, Roxanol, Roxanol-SR	Analgesic, antitussive	High	High	Yes	3-6	Oral, smoked, injected			
Codeine II III V	Tylenol w/Codeine, Empirin w/Codeine Robitussin A-C, Fiorinal w/Codeine	Analgesic, antitussive	Moderate	Moderate	Yes	3-6	Oral, injected			
Heroin I	Diacetylmorphine, Horse, Smack	None	High	High	Yes	3-6	Injected, sniffed, smoked			
Hydromorphone II	Dilaudid	Analgesic	High	High	Yes	3-6	Oral, injected			
Meperidine (Pethidine) II	Demerol, Mepergan	Analgesic	High	High	Yes	3-6	Oral, injected			
Methadone II	Dolophine, Methadone, Methadose	Analgesic	High	High-Low	Yes	12-24	Oral, injected			
Other Narcotics I II III IV V	Numorphan, Percodan, Percocet, Tylox, Tussionex, Fentanyl, Darvon, Lomotil, Talwin[2]	Analgesic, antidiarrheal, antitussive	High-Low	High-Low	Yes	Variable	Oral, injected			
DEPRESSANTS										
Chloral Hydrate IV	Noctec	Hypnotic	Moderate	Moderate	Yes	5-8	Oral	Slurred speech, disorientation, drunken behavior without odor of alcohol	Shallow respiration, clammy skin, dilated pupils, weak and rapid pulse, coma, possible death	Anxiety, insomnia, tremors, delirium, convulsions, possible death
Barbiturates II III IV	Amytal, Butisol, Fiorinal, Lotusate, Nembutal, Seconal, Tuinal, Phenobarbital	Anesthetic, anticonvulsant, sedative, hypnotic, veterinary euthanasia agent	High-Mod.	High-Mod.	Yes	1-16	Oral			
Benzodiazepines IV	Ativan, Dalmane, Diazepam, Librium, Xanax, Serax, Valium Tranxene,, Verstran, Versed, Halcion, Paxipam, Restoril	Antianxiety, anticonvulsant, sedative, hypnotic	Low	Low	Yes	4-8	Oral			
Methaqualone I	Quaalude	Sedative, hypnotic	High	High	Yes	4-8	Oral			
Glutethimide III	Doriden	Sedative, hypnotic	High	Moderate	Yes	4-8	Oral			
Other Depressants III IV	Equanil, Miltown, Noludar, Placidyl, Valmid	Antianxiety, sedative, hypnotic	Moderate	Moderate	Yes	4-8	Oral			
STIMULANTS										
Cocaine[1] II	Coke, Flake, Snow, Crack	Local anesthetic	Possible	High	Yes	1-2	Sniffed, smoked, injected	Increased alertness, excitation, euphoria, increased pulse rate & blood pressure, insomnia, loss of appetite	Agitation, increase in body temperature, hallucinations, convulsions, possible death	Apathy, long periods of sleep, irritability, depression, disorientation
Amphetamines II	Biphetamine, Delcobese, Desoxyn, Dexedrine, Obetrol	Attention deficit disorders, narcolepsy, weight control	Possible	High	Yes	2-4	Oral, injected			
Phenmetrazine II	Preludin	Weight control	Possible	High	Yes	2-4	Oral, injected			
Methylphenidate II	Ritalin	Attention deficit disorders, narcolepsy	Possible	Moderate	Yes	2-4	Oral, injected			
Other Stimulants III IV	Adipex, Cylert, Didrex, Ionamin, Melfiat, Plegine, Sanorex, Tenuate, Tepanil, Prelu-2	Weight control	Possible	High	Yes	2-4	Oral, injected			
HALLUCINOGENS										
LSD I	Acid, Microdot	None	None	Unknown	Yes	8-12	Oral	Illusions and hallucinations, poor perception of time and distance	Longer, more intense "trip" episodes, psychosis, possible death	Withdrawal syndrome not reported
Mescaline and Peyote I	Mexc, Buttons, Cactus	None	None	Unknown	Yes	8-12	Oral			
Amphetamine Variants I	2,5-DMA, PMA, STP, MDA, MDMA, TMA, DOM, DOB	None	Unknown	Unknown	Yes	Variable	Oral, injected			
Phencyclidine II	PCP, Angel Dust, Hog	None	Unknown	High	Yes	Days	Smoked, oral, injected			
Phencyclidine Analogues I	PCE, PCPy, TCP	None	Unknown	High	Yes	Days	Smoked, oral, injected			
Other Hallucinogens I	Bufotenine, Ibogaine, DMT, DET, Psilocybin, Psilocyn	None	None	Unknown	Possible	Variable	Smoked, oral, injected, sniffed			
CANNABIS										
Marijuana I	Pot, Acapulco Gold, Grass, Reefer, Sinsemilla, Thai Sticks	None	Unknown	Moderate	Yes	2-4	Smoked, oral	Euphoria, relaxed inhibitions, increased appetite, disoriented behavior	Fatigue, paranoia, possible psychosis	Insomnia, hyperactivity, and decreased appetite occasionally reported
Tetrahydrocannabinol I II	THC, Marinol	Cancer chemotherapy antinauseant	Unknown	Moderate	Yes	2-4	Smoked, oral			
Hashish I	Hash	None	Unknown	Moderate	Yes	2-4	Smoked, oral			
Hashish Oil I	Hash Oil	None	Unknown	Moderate	Yes	2-4	Smoked, oral			

[1]Designated a narcotic under the CSA. [2]Not designated a narcotic under the CSA.

Federal Trafficking Penalties

As of November 18, 1988

CSA	PENALTY		Quantity	DRUG	Quantity	PENALTY	
	2nd Offense	1st Offense				1st Offense	2nd Offense
I and II	Not less than 10 years. Not more than life. If death or serious injury, not less than life. Fine of not more than $4 million individual, $10 million other than individual.	Not less than 5 years. Not more than 40 years. If death or serious injury, not less than 20 years. Not more than life. Fine of not more than $2 million individual, $5 million other than individual.	10-99 gm or 100-999 gm mixture	METHAMPHETAMINE	100 gm or more or 1 kg or more mixture	Not less than 10 years. Not more than life. If death or serious injury, not less than 20 years. Not more than life. Fine of not more than $4 million individual, $10 million other than individual.	Not less than 20 years. Not more than life. If death or serious injury, not less than life. Fine of not more than $8 million individual, $20 million other than individual.
			100-999 gm mixture	HEROIN	1 kg or more mixture		
			500-4,999 gm mixture	COCAINE	5 kg or more mixture		
			5-49 gm mixture	COCAINE BASE	50 gm or more mixture		
			10-99 gm or 100-999 gm mixture	PCP	100 gm or more or 1 kg or more mixture		
			1-10 gm mixture	LSD	10 gm or more mixture		
			40-399 gm mixture	FENTANYL	400 gm or more mixture		
			10-99 gm mixture	FENTANYL ANALOGUE	100 gm or more mixture		

	Drug	Quantity	First Offense	Second Offense
	Others[2]	Any	Not more than 20 years. If death or serious injury, not less than 20 years, not more than life. Fine $1 million individual, $5 million not individual.	Not more than 30 years. If death or serious injury, life. Fine $2 million individual, $10 million not individual.
III	All	Any	Not more than 5 years. Fine not more than $250,000 individual, $1 million not individual.	Not more than 10 years. Fine not more than $500,000 individual, $2 million not individual.
IV	All	Any	Not more than 3 years. Fine not more than $250,000 individual, $1 million not individual.	Not more than 6 years. Fine not more than $500,000 individual, $2 million not individual.
V	All	Any	Not more than 1 year. Fine not more than $100,000 individual, $250,000 not individual.	Not more than 2 years. Fine not more than $200,000 individual, $500,000 not individual.

[1]Law as originally enacted states 100 gm. Congress requested to make technical correction to 1 kg. [2]Does not include marijuana, hashish, or hash oil. (See separate chart.)

Federal Trafficking Penalties - Marijuana

As of November 18, 1988

Quantity	Description	First Offense	Second Offense
1,000 kg or more; or 1,000 or more plants	**Marijuana** Mixture containing detectable quantity*	Not less than 10 years, not more than life. If death or serious injury, not less than 20 years, not more than life. Fine not more than $4 million individual, $10 million other than individual.	Not less than 20 years, not more than life. If death or serious injury, not less than life. Fine not more than $8 million individual, $20 million other than individual.
100 kg to 1,000 kg; or 100-999 plants	**Marijuana** Mixture containing detectable quantity*	Not less than 5 years, not more than 40 years. If death or serious injury, not less than 20 years, not more than life. Fine not more than $2 million individual, $5 million other than individual.	Not less than 10 years, not more than life. If death or serious injury, not less than life. Fine not more than $4 million individual, $10 million other than individual.
50 to 100 kg	**Marijuana**	Not more than 20 years. If death or serious injury, not less than 20 years, not more than life. Fine $1 million individual, $5 million other than individual.	Not more than 30 years. If death or serious injury, life. Fine $2 million individual, $10 million other than individual.
10 to 100 kg	**Hashish**		
1 to 100 kg	**Hashish Oil**		
50-99 plants	**Marijuana**		
Less than 50 kg	**Marijuana**	Not more than 5 years. Fine not more than $250,000, $1 million other than individual.	Not more than 10 years. Fine $500,000 individual, $2 million other than individual
Less than 10 kg	**Hashish**		
Less than 1 kg	**Hashish Oil**		

*Includes Hashish and Hashish Oil

(Marijuana is a Schedule I Controlled Substance)

Bread Loaf School of English
Middlebury College
Middlebury VT 05753

ACCIDENT INSURANCE

Middlebury College does not provide sickness insurance, but does automatically provide accident insurance for students while they are enrolled in the summer session.

Boston Mutual Life Insurance Company will pay for the expense of treating injuries up to a total of $2,000 for any one accident. The company will cover the first $100 of an accident. Claims in excess of $100 will be paid only to the extent that they are not payable under the terms of other policies covering the student.

Covered treatment includes x-rays, laboratory tests, surgery, physician's visits, nursing care, hospital care and treatment, and prescription drugs. The expense for dental treatment of injuries to sound natural teeth is limited to $1,000.

Claims: In the event of accident, claims should be reported to Boston Mutual Life Insurance Company, Claims Division, 120 Royall Street, Canton MA 02021 within 30 days from the date of the accident. Medical bills must be submitted within 90 days from date of treatment. Claim forms are available from the Parton Health Center, Middlebury College (802-388-3711, Ext. 5135). If you have any questions concerning the limitations and exclusions of this plan or filing a claim, please contact Walter W. Sussenguth and Associates, the plan administrator at the above address, or use the toll-free number: 1-800-669-2668, Ext. 445.

The insurance will be effective for the periods indicated below:

English School, Vermont	29 June - 14 August 1993
English School at Lincoln College, Oxford*	5 July - 14 August 1993
English School at Santa Fe	29 June - 12 August 1993

*Under Britain's medical program, you must have medical coverage to meet the treatment of medical conditions and problems you have on arrival in Britain. National Health will, at the discretion of our doctor, meet expenses of emergencies encountered during the summer. Expenses of hospitalization are paid by National Health under normal circumstances. Be sure to bring your medical insurance forms for claiming expenses under your own medical insurance plan.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH, LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD

INFORMATION SHEET

Please Print or Type

NAME: _____
Last First Middle

PASSPORT NO. _____ DATE OF ISSUE _____

PLACE OF ISSUE _____ EXPIRATION DATE _____

NAME AS IT APPEARS ON PASSPORT _____

PERSONAL SICKNESS & ACCIDENT INSURANCE (if any)

Name of Company _____

Policy No. _____

_____ _____
Father's Name Address

_____ _____
Mother's Name Address

_____ _____
Spouse's Name Address

ADDRESS & TELEPHONE NUMBER (with area code) OF PARENTS OR NEXT OF KIN (Please give relationship.)

_____

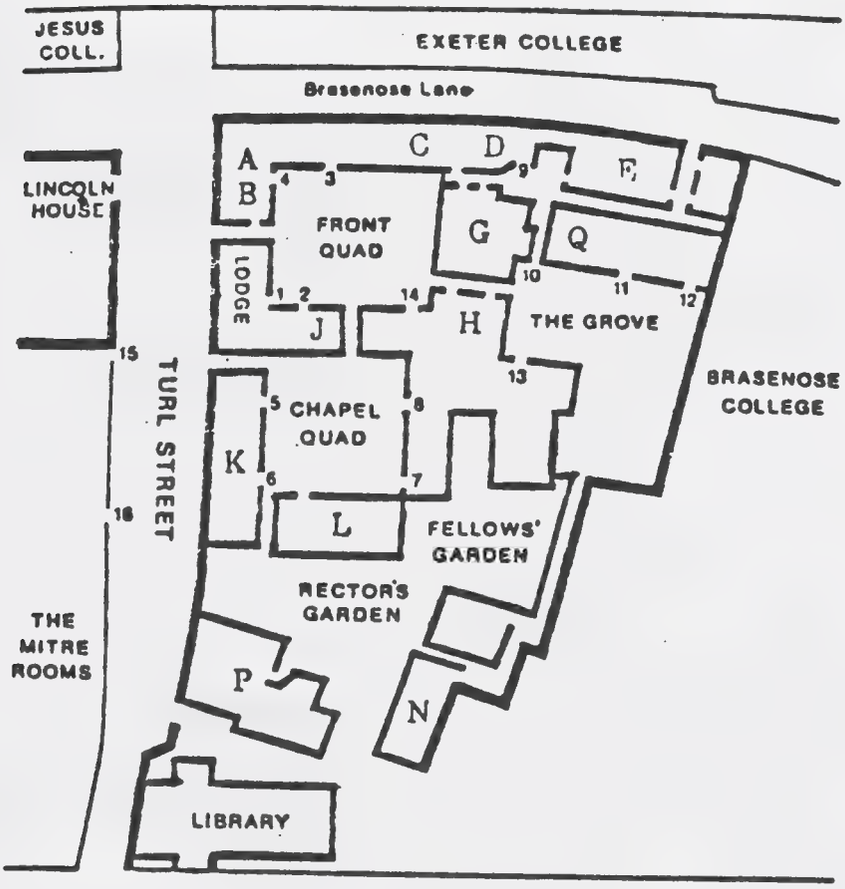
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Signature _____ Date _____

LINCOLN COLLEGE

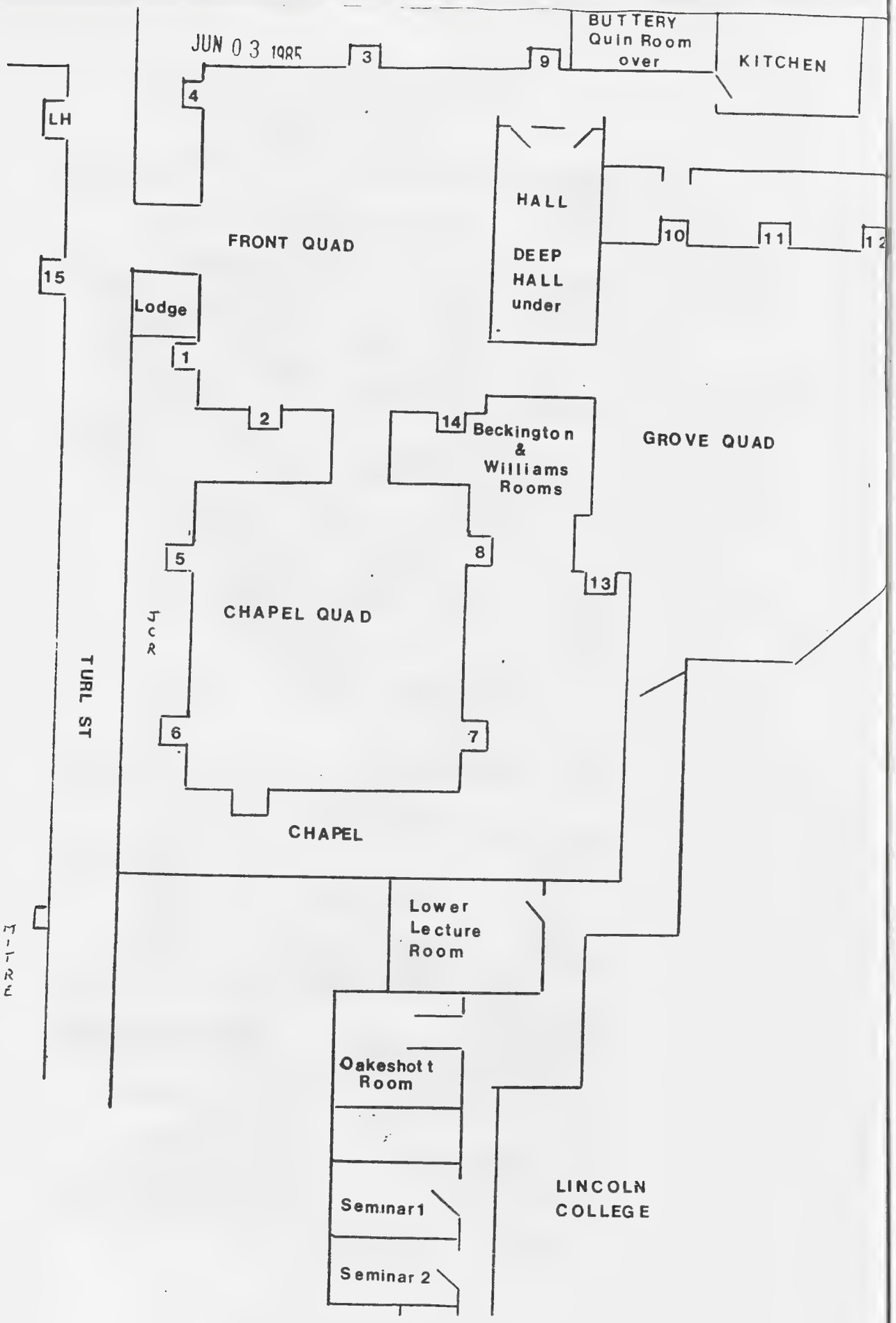
Sketch Map

GROUND FLOOR PLAN



A Bursar's Office
B Steward's Office, Rector's Office & College Secretary's Office above
C Senior Common Room
D Buttery. Quin Room above
E Kitchen
G Hall. 'Deep Hall' under
H Beckington Room. Williams' Room
J John Wesley Room, over: War Memorial facing Chapel Quad
K Junior Common Room
L Chapel
N Lecture Room
P Rector's Lodgings
Q Middle Common Room
R New Bear Lane Building

NB Numerals indicate staircase numbers


JUN 03 1985
BUTTERY
Quin Room over
KITCHEN
LH
HALL
DEEP HALL under
FRONT QUAD
Lodge
Beckington & Williams Rooms
GROVE QUAD
CHAPEL QUAD
JCR
TURL ST
CHAPEL
Lower Lecture Room
MITRE
Oakeshott Room
Seminar1
Seminar 2
LINCOLN COLLEGE
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
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12
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14
15

TO 901018023880927 P.01

Oxford to Heathrow & Gatwick daily

Oxford Gloucester Green bus sta bay 7	Heathrow Airport central bus sta.	Heathrow Airport terminal † 4	Gatwick Airport south terminal	Gatwick Airport north terminal
0200 →	0250	→	0405	0410
0500 →	0610	→	0705	0710
0530 →	0640	0700		
0630 →	0740	0800		
0730 →	0840	0900		
0800		→	1005	1010
0830 →	0940	1000		
0930 →	1040	1100		
1030 →	1140	1200		
1100 →	1210	→	1305	1310
1130 →	1240	1300		
1230 →	1340	1400		
1330 →	1440	1500		
1400 →	1510	→	1605	1610
1430 →	1540	1600		
1440 →	1550	SUNDAYS ONLY		
1530 →	1640	1700		
1540 →	1650	SUNDAYS ONLY		
1630 →	1740	1800		
1700		→	1905	1910
1730 →	1840	1900		
1830 →	1940	2000		
2000 →	2050	→	2205	2210
2030 →	2140	2200		
2300 →	2350	→	0105	0110

You should allow sufficient time to check in for your flight.
Heathrow airport central bus station is for terminals 1, 2 & 3.
† Use the free shuttle bus to & from Terminal 4, when there is no through X70.

Due to limited space, we ask you to restrict your luggage to 2 suitcases per person. Extra items such as trunks, cycles, skis, etc., will only be carried at the driver's discretion.

ALL OUR COACHES ARE NO SMOKING

NO NEED TO BOOK AHEAD

PLEASE PAY ON THE COACH

OXFORD TO	HEATHROW	GATWICK
single	£8	£15
day return	£10	£16
period ret	£11	£18

Reduced fares for students and pensioners are not available on X70.

Please phone for season ticket rates.

Information correct at 10 May 1993. Check before travel in case of subsequent revisions.

GATWICK - HEATHROW to OXFORD

19-MAY-1993 10:03 FROM LINCOLN COLLEGE OXF

Gatwick & Heathrow to Oxford daily

Gatwick Airport sth. term. bay 8	Gatwick Airport north term. stop 4	Heathrow Airport † term. 4 bay 17	Heathrow Airport central bus sta. bay A	Oxford Gloucester Green
0200	0205 →	0240	0250 →	0400
0500	0505 →	0540	0550 →	0700
		0710	0730 →	0840
		0810	0830 →	0940
0800	0805	→	0900 →	1010
		0910	0930 →	1040
		1010	1030 →	1140
		1110	1130 →	1240
1100	1105	→	1200 →	1310
		1210	1230 →	1340
		1310	1330 →	1440
		1410	1430 →	1540
1400	1405	→	1500 →	1610
		1510	1530 →	1640
		SUNDAYS ONLY	1600 →	1710
		1610	1630 →	1740
		SUNDAYS ONLY	1700 →	1810
		1710	1730 →	1840
1700	1705	→	1800 →	1910
		1810	1830 →	1940
		1910	1930 →	2040
		2010	2030 →	2140
2000	2005	→	2100 →	2210
		2210	2230 →	2340
2300	2305 →	2340	2350 →	0100

† Use the free shuttle bus to & from Terminal 4, when there is no through X70.

X70 INFORMATION

24 hour timetable Oxford (0865) 722270
General enquiries Oxford (0865) 711312
or London 081-668 7261

OXFORD CityLink

Oxford Bus Company
395 Cowley Road
Oxford OX4 2DJ

LIFE AT LINCOLN: HOUSEKEEPING FACT SHEET

1. MEALS

Meal Times

All meals are served in Hall at the following times:

	Monday-Sunday
Breakfast	8:00 a.m.
Lunch	1:00 p.m.
Dinner	7:00 p.m.

If you are on a special diet, please bring your diet identification card with you to every meal.

Coffee is served after Lunch and Dinner in the Junior Common Room (JCR), across from the Bread Loaf office in the Chapel Quad.

Signing Out for Meals

Every morning a sign-out sheet for lunch and dinner will be posted on the bulletin board. If you are planning to miss a meal, you MUST sign out for that meal by 10:00 a.m. on the day in question. There are two important reasons for this procedure: the kitchen needs a fairly accurate head count for meals; otherwise food is wasted or there is not enough; and Bread Loaf must settle weekly accounts with Lincoln based on attendance at meals. Please make signing out for meals a priority.

Guests at Meals

Guests (including Bread Loaf students not on the meal plan) may dine in Hall at the following rates, payable in the Bread Loaf office:

Breakfast:	£3.15
Lunch:	£5.05
Dinner:	£7.70
High Table Dinner:	£10.05

The office MUST be notified of lunch and dinner guests by 10:00 a.m. on the day in question.

Your guests can be accommodated at the Mitre for bed and breakfast for £14.45 per day.

2. DEEP HALL

Lincoln's very own pub is located underneath the Hall, accessible from the Grove Quad down Stairway 10. Deep Hall is open before lunch and dinner on every day except Sunday. It is perfectly acceptable to grab a pint, a glass of wine or

whatever at Deep Hall and bring it upstairs to have with a meal. The pub also sells wine by the bottle to take away.

Regular Deep Hall hours are:

Monday - Saturday: 11:30 until 1:00; 5:30 until 8:00
Wednesdays and Fridays: Open in the evening until 11:00
Sundays: Closed

3. OFFICE HOURS

Once registration is over and things settle down a bit, the Bread Loaf office will be open weekdays at the following times: 9:00 - 11:00 a.m. and 1:30 - 3:00 p.m.

4. TELEPHONES

Outgoing Calls

Most phones - including the pay phones in Stairway 14 (Lincoln House), Stairway 6 in the Chapel Quad, and Stairway 10 in the Grove Quad - operate with phone cards which can be purchased at the Porter's Lodge, the Post Office, and various shops around town. When the phone card is inserted, a digital display tells you how much money is left on the card; once you're connected, the display counts down so you know how much time is left (and can see it ticking maddeningly away). This system allows you to make direct-dial calls to the States or anywhere else at the lowest rate possible, which is still not so cheap. It is, in fact, far cheaper to call from the U.S. to England as opposed to the other direction, which is a good thing to keep in mind if you plan to spend hours talking with someone at home.

If you want to make collect or credit-card calls to the States, dial 155 for the International Operator. The local operator is 100; Director Inquiries is 194. You can make operator-assisted calls from any phone, including pay-card phones.

Local, collect, and credit-card calls may be made from the Bread Loaf office during office hours. You may also use the Bread Loaf phone for international and long-distance calls by first ascertaining form the operator what the charges will be per minute, timing the call, and paying us in the office. Keep in mind, however, that these calls are no cheaper than calls made with a phone card.

Incoming Calls

Be warned that the Lincoln College pay phones have been rigged so that they will not ring, and as a result will not accept incoming phone calls. However, all other pay phones around Oxford do.

You may also arrange to have people call you in the Bread Loaf office during office hours. Please don't arrange to receive a phone call in the office at any other time unless, of course, it is an emergency.

Messages can be left at the Porter's Lodge at any hour of the day (not after 11:00 at night, when the Porters go to sleep).

5. LAUNDRY

There are two laundry rooms in Lincoln: one directly downstairs from the Bread Loaf Office (Stairway 8 in the Chapel Quad) and one up two flights in Stairway 15 (across from Lincoln's main gate, next to the book shop). Washers and dryers take 10p coins (40p per wash load; 10p for about 20 minutes of drying time).

The laundry room in Stairway 15 has and ironing board and permanently affixed iron. The other laundry room (Stairway 8) has only an ironing board. Irons can be signed out from the Porter's Lodge.

6. MAIL

Mail arrives once a day, first thing in the morning, and is distributed in the Hall at breakfast. The mail remains in Hall throughout the day, though it is moved around to a windowsill or side table.

The Porters will weigh letters and sell postage if they're not too busy. The main Oxford Post Office is located down St. Aldgates Street, on the right just past the Tourist Information office; another, smaller post office is located on Michael's Street near the Nosebag cafe.

7. SECURITY

The peace and quiet inside the walls of Lincoln can beguile you into forgetting that Oxford is a big, busy modern city. There is always the possibility of theft, and in past years several items were stolen from the rooms of Bread Loaf students. Unfortunately, we are particularly vulnerable at the beginning of the program when intruders can go unidentified amidst so many unfamiliar faces.

Always lock your door when you leave your room, even if you'll be gone for a short time, and even if your room is in an isolated place. If you live on the ground floor, or if your window looks out onto an accessible ledge, be sure to lock your window when you leave the room as well. (If you lock your keys inside your room, there is a spare at the Porter's Lodge.)

Though the streets of Oxford are perfectly safe during the day, in past years some students have been harassed when walking around alone late at night. If you'll be walking about long after the pubs close, try to go with someone else.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

June 1993

Dear Colleague:

All grades of students at Bread Loaf are reported by letter. More important than the grade on the transcripts are the brief comments I'll ask you to write on each student at the time you submit your grade. These comment cards are enclosed. These judgments become a part of the School's records and are most helpful in determining whether to readmit a student and in the preparation of letters of recommendation. Attached is a statement on School policy regarding these comments since they are included under the Family Educational Rights and Privacy Act of 1974.

I should like to suggest the following scale, but please remember Middlebury's computer has not been programmed to take Oxford grades:

Description	Oxford	Bread Loaf
A truly exceptional achievement.	A+, A	A+
Excellent work.	A-, A--, AB	A
Very good work at the Master's level.	BA, B++	A-
Good work; probably the average Bread Loaf grade.	B+?+, B+	B+
Competent performance, entirely creditable, but in the lower range of your class.	B?+, B, B?-	B
Passing, but undistinguished work.	B-, B--, BC	B-
A failure. No credit awarded.	C	C

If you have concerns about any of this, let me know.

Sincerely,

Jim Maddox

James H. Maddox
Director

JHM/ese

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753-6131
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

July 9, 1993

To: Bread Loaf Faculty

From: Jim Maddox Jim

Accompanying this memo you will find a message to Bread Loaf students concerning the Independent Reading Project. Each year a small number of students carry out these projects over the course of the academic year and then complete the work under the supervision of a Bread Loaf faculty member during the summer.

If a student approaches you this summer about the possibility of an Independent Project and you have the time to advise him or her, you should assist the student in assembling a bibliography and in writing a prospectus for a paper of some 30-35 pages in length. (A perhaps unnecessary word of advice: the greatest problem in the past has been the very general definitions of the topics.)

The project should grow out of the course in which you have taught the student, or out of a course that the student has already taken at Bread Loaf. A prerequisite for my approval of the project is the grade of A- or better in the relevant course.

The student will submit a draft of the completed project to the Bread Loaf office in April of next year. I will then ask an appropriate member of the 1994 faculty to read and comment on the draft. The student will then show up at one of the Bread Loaf campuses next June, revised draft in hand, and will take the paper through one last step of rethinking and revising, working during the summer with the professor who read the draft in April. The grade given the finished paper is the grade for the entire Independent Project.

It is essential that the April draft of the work pass through the Bread Loaf office; the student should not send the draft directly to the faculty member. The reason for this strict rule is the simple one of ensuring uniformity of procedure for all students.

Bread Loaf will pay an honorarium to faculty members who take on these projects.

If you have any questions about the Independent Projects, don't hesitate to track me down and ask.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753-6131
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

July 9, 1993

To: Bread Loaf Students

From: Jim Maddox Jim Maddox

Subject: Independent Reading Projects

If you wish to undertake an Independent Reading Project over the next academic year 1993-94, please read the following guidelines carefully. You might also consult the current Bread Loaf bulletin, page 6.

The Independent Reading Project is not a guided reading program undertaken with a member of the Bread Loaf faculty as a literary correspondence course. The IRP involves a great deal of original scholarship on the student's part, with faculty supervision only at the beginning and the end of the project. The initial consultation about the IRP is therefore of very great importance.

The IRP should be considered an extension and intensification of work in a field that the student has already explored in a Bread Loaf course: the IRP is intended, therefore, to involve the kind of focused work and scholarship usually required for an M.A. thesis.

You should consult your instructor in the course from which your project takes its impetus in order to assure that the project is a responsible one and that you have received some guidance in shaping a thesis and selecting manageable primary texts and major secondary sources. If you have taken a course in a prior year and received an A- or higher from an instructor not now on the faculty, you should consult with a faculty member currently teaching in that area.

Before arranging an appointment with a faculty member, prepare a draft of your proposed subject and a list of the primary texts and secondary sources you intend to explore. Your instructor will assist you in focusing your subject or will suggest additional readings, but you should not expect him or her to devise the project for you.

When you and your instructor have reached agreement on the proposed topic, you should compose a two-page prospectus; ask the instructor to sign the prospectus, then turn it in to the Bread Loaf office. These arrangements **must** be completed by Friday, August 13. This procedure verifies that the faculty member has reviewed the topic and finds that it is one that could be managed in an essay of approximately 30 pages. It does not mean that the instructor will provide any further advice during the subsequent academic year or accepts any responsibility for reading it the following summer.

I will review your proposal in the fall after your grade in the course and your faculty's comments have been recorded. I will approve your project only if your grade is high enough (A- or better) to suggest that you can undertake the project on your own with every expectation of success.

You should **not** solicit further guidance from any faculty member after the Bread Loaf session. I will be happy to discuss any problems that arise as you begin writing, especially if your thesis changes direction or moves to a more precise focus after you have completed your reading.

You must submit by April 1, 1994, a draft of your project as well as a report on any changes in your reading list; send this draft to Elaine Hall at the Bread Loaf office. (Incidentally, since the entire process from this stage onward involves essentially the multiple revising of drafts, you would be best advised to locate a word-processor you can use if you don't already have one.) If the project appears to be developing satisfactorily, you will at that time be enrolled in the IRP for the coming summer session and charged for a third course (unless the IRP is to be considered as one of your two courses for the summer). The IRP has the same cost as a normal Bread Loaf course.

On registration day, you must submit a revised draft of your project to the Bread Loaf office. I will then forward a draft to the member of the 1994 faculty who will serve as your reader. If you do not submit a draft, your project will be automatically canceled and you will receive a refund if you were taking it as a third course. If you continue, you will work with your reader during the course of the summer to revise and refine the project and to incorporate the faculty member's suggestions into the work. This may involve some additional reading, but the major emphasis will be on the revision of what you have already written. Your final grade for the project will be determined by the faculty reader. As with all courses at Bread Loaf, your grade must be a B- or better to earn three credits.

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
Oxford

Dear Bread Loaf Student:

I'd be very grateful for your assessment of Bread Loaf, Oxford 1993: the program, the faculty, and life at Lincoln College. Please mention what went well and what did not; very importantly, please give a frank assessment of the faculty and your courses. Thank you in advance for any comments you contribute: feel free to add any comments that don't fall into the two large categories below.

Sincerely,

Jim Maddox

James Maddox

1. Evaluation of faculty and courses:

2. What are your assessments of the non-academic aspects of this summer's experience (social, domestic, etc.)?

OXFORD STATISTICS

1993 First Year Students at Oxford

Sidney Bridges

Amy Gulden

Eileen Hannigan

John Holley

Haein Park

Stephanie Phillips

Suzanne Shepherd

Bain Smith

Judith Wikler

1993 Bread Loaf School of English, Oxford

Scholarships for Rural Teachers of English

First Year (0)

Second Year (1)

Claudia Gordon	Winthrop, Washington

Third Year (3)

Patricia Ellison	Tacoma, Washington
Thomas Keelan	Ketchum, Idaho
Lanniko Lee	Java, South Dakota

Ninth Year (1)

Teri Vest	Hardwick, Vermont

1993 Named Scholarships in Oxford

The Lillian Becker Scholarship - Mark Lawhorn

The Challenger Award - Claudia Gordon

The Reginald and Juanita Cook Scholarship - Louise Harkins

The Pauline Feicht Decker Memorial Scholarship - Erik Christensen

The Laurence Holland Memorial Scholarship - Charles Baraw

The John M. Kirk, Jr. Memorial Scholarship - Elaine Christensen

The Charles Orr Memorial Scholarship - Thomas Andrew

The Wylie and Lucy Sypher Scholarship - Karen Field

The William Sempreora Memorial Scholarship - Michael Youmans

1993 Bread Loaf School of English

General Statistics - Oxford

Student Attendance by states:
(according to applications)
22 states; 8 foreign countries

Alaska	2
California	7
Connecticut	1
Georgia	1
Hawaii	1
Idaho	1
Maryland	1
Massachusetts	5
Minnesota	1
Mississippi	1
Missouri	1
New Hampshire	1
New Jersey	6
New York	2
Ohio	3
Pennsylvania	1
Rhode Island	1
South Dakota	1
Texas	1
Vermont	4
Virginia	1
Washington	3

***

Oxford Student Enrollment	54
Men	21
Women	33
Former Students	44
New Students	10
Number of Courses	13
Total Number of Faculty	10
Faculty teaching one course	7
Cancellations	33
1993 M.A. Degrees, Oxford	4
1993 M.Litt. Degrees, Oxford	2
Financial Aid Students, Oxford	30

Canada	1
Costa Rica	1
Hungary	1
Netherlands	1
Spain	1
Switzerland	1
Turkey	1
United Kingdom	1

***

Candidates for M.A.	41
Candidates for M.Litt.	8
Candidates for M.M.L.	1
Undergraduates	0
Continuing Education	4
Undesignated	0
Auditor	0
Off Campus Students	6
Pre-1988 B.A. or B.S. degrees	37
Average age of students	35
Median age of students	32
Students Under 21	0
Students 21-25	9
Students 26-30	14
Students 31-35	10
Students 36-40	4
Students 41-50	11
Students 51 & over	6
Private School Teachers	23
Public School Teachers	13
College & Jr. College Teachers	6
Undergraduates	0
Graduate Students	2
Ph.D. Students	0
Unemployed	3
Other Occupations	7
Working for 9 credits	2
Working for 6 credits	52
Working for 3 credits	0
Auditors	0

1993 Bread Loaf School of English: **Faculty Load**

Faculty	Total	Breakdown
Bradshaw, David	8	3+5
Burgess, Tony	5	5
Cunningham, Valentine	3	3
Donadio, Stephen	5	5
Flint, Kate	4	4
Gray, Douglas	1	1
Kay, Dennis	8	3+4+1 ISP
Smallwood, Robert & Wood, Nigel	11	11
Wilders, John	7	3+4
Young, Robert	4	3+1 ISP

1993 Bread Loaf School of English: **Course Enrollments**

125. Independent Summer Reading Project	Staff	2
504. Seventeenth-Century Poetry	Wilders	3
515. A Botched Civilization: English Literature and Cultural Hierarchy, 1895-1932	Bradshaw	3
518. Shakespeare: On the Page and On the Stage	Smallwood/Wood	11
524. Chaucer	Gray	1
525. Sidney and Spenser	Kay	3
526. Shakespeare's History Plays	Wilders	4
528. Shakespeare & Jacobean Drama	Kay	4
529. Gothic Romanticism	Young	3
533. Writing, Discourse & Culture	Burgess	5
534. Classic English Satire and After	Cunningham	3
547. D. H. Lawrence and Virginia Woolf	Bradshaw	5
553. Approaches to Victorian Fiction	Flint	4
565. American Encounters with Europe	Donadio	5

Continuing Graduate Education Students

William Henehan
Cynthia Johnson
Tracy Masonis
Denis Wadley

Students Taking Two Courses

Heather Hewett
Mark Lawhorn

1993
Candidates for the Degree of Master of Arts

CHARLES EATON BARAW, JR.

ELIZABETH A. KEUFFEL

ANN REIKO LEW

MICHAEL J. YOUMANS

Candidates for the Degree of Master of Letters

THOMAS A. ANDREW

MARK HARDIN LAWHORN

Decline to Waive Rights 1993

Oxford

June L. Farkas
William Thomas Henahan
Carol E. Peeples

OXFORD COMMENCEMENT

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

The Bread Loaf School of English

at

Lincoln College, Oxford

Sixteenth Summer

Commencement Ceremony

THE LINCOLN COLLEGE CHAPEL

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1993

4:30 P.M.

1993
Candidates for the Degree of Master of Arts

CHARLES EATON BARAW, JR.

ELIZABETH A. KEUFFEL

ANN REIKO LEW

MICHAEL J. YOUMANS

Candidates for the Degree of Master of Letters

THOMAS A. ANDREW

MARK HARDIN LAWHORN

Processional

Introductory Remarks

STEPHEN DONADIO, B.A., M.A., Ph.D.
Professor of American Literature and Civilization,
Middlebury College
Director of the Bread Loaf School of English,
Lincoln College, 1993

Introduction of Commencement Speaker

MICHAEL J. YOUMANS

Commencement Address

ROBERT SMALLWOOD B.A., Ph.D.
Deputy Director of the Shakespeare Birthplace Trust
in Stratford-upon-Avon, and
Honorary Fellow of the Shakespeare Institute
of the University of Birmingham

Conferring of the Degrees of
Master of Arts and Master of Letters

STEPHEN DONADIO

JOHN WILDERS, M.A., Ph.D.
John Hamilton Fulton Professor of the Humanities, Middlebury College
Emeritus Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford
Senior Advisor to the Bread Loaf School of English at Oxford

Concluding Remarks

Recessional

PANICULUM

Paniculum

Vol. 15 No. 1 - Bread Loaf School of English - 5 July 1993

Registration

If you have not done so already, please come to the Bread Loaf Office on Staircase 7 to register, receive maps and Vade Mecum, and meet the Director and his family.

Class Meetings

Check with the notice board for the time and place of your first meeting with your tutor. Most classes will be meeting at some point on Tuesday or Wednesday.

Meal Times

Meals are served in Hall, Monday through Friday as follows:

Breakfast 8.00 - 8.45 a.m.
Lunch 1.00 p.m.
Dinner 7.00 p.m.

Some weekend meal times are different. They are as follows:
Saturday: Breakfast 8.00; Lunch 1.00; Dinner 6.30
Sunday: Breakfast 8.45 - 9.15; Lunch 1.00; Dinner 6.30

Deep Hall

The College Bar, Deep Hall, is situated underneath the Hall and is open at the following times:
Daily: 11.30 a.m. - 1:00 p.m.; 5.30 - 8.00 p.m.
Drinks purchased in Deep Hall may be brought to lunch and dinner.

Junior Common Room

The Junior Common Room (JCR) is in the Chapel Quad. It houses a television, and newspapers will be available daily.

Coffee and tea are served in the JCR after lunch and after dinner every day.

Tuesday July 6 Schedule

There are several important events on Tuesday for all members of the program
10.30 a.m. Orientation tour of College (including College Library)
Meet in Hall at 10.20 a.m.

Bodley Registration
All members of the program will be registered to read at the Bodleian Library. The admission procedure will take place immediately after the tour of College.
Please assemble in the Porter's Lodge as follows:

Please assemble in the Porter's Lodge as follows:
10.55 a.m. Surnames A-K 11.25 Surnames L-Z
You must bring a passport and TWO passport photographs
(There are machines for taking such pictures in the Covered Market and in the Central Post Office in St. Aldate's).

Orientation Meeting
There will be a meeting for all members of the Program at 4.00 p.m. in the Oakeshott Room. After brief introductory remarks from the Director, members of the program who have participated at Lincoln College in the past may be asked to offer their advice on social and recreational topics. The meeting will end by 5.00 p.m., after which you will be free until the reception at 6.15, followed by Dinner in Hall at 7.00.

The reception will be an opportunity to meet your tutors informally. It will take place in the Grove Quad if the weather is fine, in the Beckington Room if wet. Standard dress for these events is jacket and tie, skirts, dresses, nice slacks, i.e. semi-formal.

Museum Road
A note to Bread Loafers in Museum Road.
On Tuesday evening, all students are invited to attend high table dinner as guests of Bread Loaf. There will be a charge for non-students who are guests of students at high table. The charge will be £9.00.

Please sign up for any meals you plan to eat in College by 10.00 a.m. of the day you plan to join us so that we can tell the kitchen how many people to expect. This request also includes Tuesday, today.

Computer
More detail will be available at the orientation meeting on Tuesday. In the meanwhile, you may wish to let the Office know if you might be interested in signing up to use the College computer facilities. There is a nominal fee for those who wish to sign.

PANICULUM

Vol. 15 No. 2 6 July 1993

Please note the following announcements:

Meals
If you reside at Lincoln College and are not planning to come to a particular meal, please sign out for that meal by 10.00 a.m. on the list posted at the porter's lodge. Similarly, if you are a Museum Road resident and wish to have a meal in Hall, please sign in for that meal by 10:00 a.m.; the same procedure applies for guests of students for any meal. Payment for these meals will be taken at the Bread Loaf Office.

Bodley Library
If you were not signed in at the Bodley Library as part of one of the two groups conducted there today by Dennis Kay, please leave word at the Bread Loaf Office and we will try to arrange one additional time for library registration.

All those who were signed up should remit the requisite fee of £20.00 to the office as soon as possible.

Seniors
All graduating seniors in the Bread Loaf Program should make themselves known to Mr. Donadio before the end of this week.

M. Litt. Students
All candidates for the M. Litt. degree from Broad Loaf this summer should also make themselves known to Mr. Donadio.

Computer Facilities
The arrival of the Apple/Mac Computers has been delayed for a day or two. As soon as they have been set up, Andy Barnett, the Lincoln College Computing Officer, will schedule orientation meetings for groups of 10 or 12 students at a time. Please consult the PANICULUM for times and places of these meetings.

Security
As those of you who have ventured beyond the gates of Lincoln College will have discovered, Oxford is a modern city with all the possibilities of social disorder associated with such places. Students are urged to keep their doors locked and not to leave their valuable possessions unattended. After dark, students are encouraged to exercise vigilance and to travel in company rather than alone.

Thursday, 8 July trip to the Barbican Theatre
A few tickets for Antony and Cleopatra at the Barbican Theatre are still available on a first come, first served basis. If you are interested in obtaining one, please inform the Bread Loaf Office as soon as possible.

PANICULUM

Vol. 15 No. 3 7 July 1993

Thank You

The Director and his assistants would like to thank you all for your cooperation and assistance the past two days.

Waiver Statements

The following students need to stop by the office and sign waiver statements: Sidney Bridges, Amy Gulden, Eileen Hannigan, Heather Hewett, Jon Holley, Catherine O'Connel, Haein Park, Stephanie Phillips, Suzanne Shepherd, Bain Smith, Judy Wilker.

Extra Tickets

Unfortunately there are no more extra tickets to see Antony and Cleopatra with the Page and Stage class. We will run a lottery system so that as many of you as possible will be able to purchase the few extra tickets available for future performances. Please stop by the office to sign up for the plays you would be interested in seeing.

Laundry

The Lincoln College laundry room is located in the basement of stairway 8, and your gate key is required to open it. There you will find coin-operated machines as well as an iron and ironing board.

Faxes

For those who live life in the fast lane, there are several commercial FAX machines available around town. One is in Ryman's, on High Street, and another in the Central Post Office. Incoming fax messages should be clearly marked and should be sent to 0865-279802.

Meals

If you are planning on missing any meals please sign out on the sheet posted on this bulletin board. Similarly, any guests should sign in on the guest list and pay the office. We ask that you sign in or out by 10 a.m. of the day you will be a guest or absent, as the office must give the chef the daily totals at this time.

Squash Players

This just in from Tunku Varadarasaw, a law tutor at Trinity College: "If you are of a decent/good standard and would relish a whirl on the squash court, please call [me] at 279904." Tunku played against formidable Bread Loaf opponents last summer and wants to continue the tradition.

paniculum

Vol. 15 No. 4 8 July 1993

Office Hours:
The Bread Loaf Office will be open Monday through Friday from 9:00 a.m. until 10:30 a.m., and again from 1:30 p.m. until 2:30.

Phone Calls:
You will be able to receive calls and make credit card calls in the office from 1:30 p.m. to 2:30 p.m daily, Monday through Friday. Know that this is not the most efficient system of communication, as the office has only one phone.

Shakespeare:
The whole school will be attending two of the Shakespeare performances this summer: King Lear, at Stratford, on Monday, July 19; and The Winter's Tale, at the Barbican on Friday, August 6. A few tickets are available for each of the following Stage and Page theater trips:

Monday, 12 July: Merchant of Venice (all day trip) at £29.50
Friday, 16 July: Macbeth at £17
Thursday, 22 July: The Taming of the Shrew at £18.50
Wednesday, 28 July: As You Like It at £18.50
Friday, 30 July: Julius Caesar (all day trip) at £14
Wednesday, 4 August: The Changeling at £14
Monday, 9 August: The Tempest at £25

We will be conducting a lottery on Friday afternoon 9 July. Please register in the office for the dates and performances for which you would be interested in purchasing a ticket. Remember that the office will be open from 9:00- 10:30 a.m. and 1:30 -2:30 p.m. If you fail to obtain a ticket in the lottery and would like to attend anyway, it may be possible to purchase additional tickets. Follow Paniculum for details.

Amici Musicae N.B.:
A 50% discount for the tickets to the Welsh National Opera is available to students -- £15 for a £31 ticket. You will need to identify yourself as a student with your Bread Loaf ID (see below).

10 or more seats for the Oxford Bach Choir concert on Saturday, July 24, may be booked at a 10% discount. If you are interested in arranging for a block of seats ring Mrs. Redman, Oxford 56585.

Pub Crawlers and Others:
Please remember to sign out for any meal you are planning to miss.

IDs:
Bread Loaf Student Identification cards have arrived in the office and can be retrieved there. Get yours soon so you can take advantage of the student discounts to which you are entitled.

Computer Update:
Our kind Lincoln College computing officer Andy Barnett assures us that Macintosh PCs will be here for use in the next few days. The computer room already has other PCs for use, and a sign-up sheet is posted on the bulletin board. A laser printer will also be available soon. Keep your eyes open for further bulletins at lunch today.

From the Office:
Rachel Donadio, who will be running the office for the next few weeks, asks for and appreciates your patience as things get rolling.

PANICULUM

Vol. XV No. 5 - Bread Loaf School of English - 9 July 1993

Shakespeare:

The sign-up sheets for inclusion in the great Shakespeare extra ticket lottery are still posted for signing in the office. Stop by today. The lottery for The Merchant of Venice (in Stratford on Monday) will occur this afternoon. Although this is an all day trip for the Page and Stage class, who leave at 8:30 a.m., there will be a second van leaving at 4 p.m. Both coaches leave from the Trinity Gate on Broad Street.

The whole school will be attending two of the Shakespeare performances this summer: King Lear, at Stratford, on Monday, July 19; and The Winter's Tale, at the Barbican on Friday, August 6. A few tickets are available for each of the other Page and Stage trips and will be awarded by lottery. It may also be possible to obtain extra tickets. Paniculum will keep you posted on all new developments as the summer Shakespeare saga continues!

Monday, 12 July: Merchant of Venice at £29.50
Friday, 16 July: Macbeth at £17
Thursday, 22 July: The Taming of the Shrew at £18.50
Wednesday, 28 July: As You Like It at £18.50
Friday, 30 July: Julius Caesar (all day trip) at £14
Wednesday, 4 August: The Changeling at £14
Monday, 9 August: The Tempest at £25

Office Hours:

The Bread Loaf office will continue to keep the following hours: 9:00 to 10:30 a.m., and 1:30 to 2:30 p.m., Monday through Friday.

Meals:

Please sign out **today** (or before 10 a.m. on Saturday) if you will be missing meals on either Saturday or Sunday.

Hall Phones:

Everyone should know that it is possible to dial the USA directly from hall phones using an ATT calling card. To get an operator just call 0-800-890011. These phones are in stairways 10 and 6. Many thanks to Vivian Axiotis for alerting us all to this useful fact. ATT "CALL USA" operator: 0800-89-0222

IDs

Student IDs are still in the office for you to pick up. They will allow you to get student discounts all over town, including at:

The Welsh National Opera, which is performing La Bohème this weekend at the Apollo Theater on George Street. There you can get a £31 ticket at the student rate of £15. People who know

(e.g., Denis Wadley) say they are an excellent company.

Also, ten or more seats for the Oxford Bach Choir performance of the Mass in B minor on Saturday, July 24, may be booked at a 10% discount. You can arrange for a block of seats by ringing Mrs. Redman, Oxford, 56585. There may also be a student rate.

Waiving Waivers:

The following students must stop by the office to sign waiver statements: Amy Gulden, Eileen Hannigan, Catherine O'Connell and Judy Wikler.

Computers:

Information about the Bread Loaf Computer Room can be picked up in the office. We hope the room will be fully operational as of this evening.

High Table (Tuesday) Lecture:

Christopher Ricks, one of the most important and invariably interesting of contemporary English critics, will be speaking on "Anagrams, Renaissance and other," on Tuesday, 13 July at 5:15 p.m. in the Oakeshott Room. A reception will follow, and Professor Ricks will be a guest at High Table for our evening meal. Please dress appropriately (semi-formally).

Future lectures will be given by John Carey (20 July) and Stephen Gill (27 July). Please mark your calender accordingly, and watch <u>paniculum</u> for further details.

Strictly Ballroom:

The office has received word of a summer ballroom dancing class. It will take place in the Oakeshott Room on Thursday evenings from 8:30 until 10:30 p.m. Bruce, a professional coach, will teach the class, which is free of charge. Call Alfred at 277944 or Bruce at 0844 213584 for details.

London:

We have been alerted to the good news that one can buy a package of 12 bus trips (6 returns) to London for £27. Both Oxford CityLink and the Oxford Tube are offering this deal. The FareSaver tickets are transferable, so buy a package with friends!

P.S. Oxford Tube offers 24 hr. service. Great for late shows!

Seniors:

According to our records, the following students are graduating seniors this summer: Charles Baraw, Elizabeth Keuffel, Ann Lew, and Michael Youmans. If your name is not included on this list, please inform the office immediately.

An important meeting for all seniors will take place on Monday, July 12 at 1:30 p.m. in Deep Hall. Please let us know immediately if you cannot attend at this time.

Late Registration at Bodleian Library:

Those few students who have not yet arranged to use the Bodleian this summer may do so individually at any time on Monday, 12 July. Please present yourself to the Admissions Officer with two photographs (of yourself), the fee of £20, and a letter of introduction from the Director (the letter will be available at the Bread Loaf Office).

Night Watchman:

Please be aware that the services of a night watchman have been secured for Lincoln House (St. 15) between the hours of 11 p.m. and 6 a.m.

paniculum

Vol. XV, no. 6 12 July 1993

Guest Lecture:

Christopher Ricks, one of the most important and invariably interesting of contemporary English critics, will be speaking on "Anagrams, Renaissance and other," on Tuesday, 13 July at 5:15 p.m. in the Oakeshott Room. A reception will follow, and Professor Ricks will be a guest at High Table for our evening meal. Please dress appropriately (semi-formally).

Future lectures will be given by John Carey (20 July) and Stephen Gill (27 July). Please mark your calender accordingly, and watch paniculum for further details.

Madrigals:

A summer at Bread Loaf just wouldn't be the same without the sound of Madrigalists, and what better place to hear that sound than in the cloistered halls of Oxford? To continue this old tradition please come to an organizational meeting in the office at 2 p.m. on Tuesday, 13 July. If you can't come but are still interested, just stop by the office and let Rachel know.

Security:

It is imperative that all students remain vigilant. Please question the presence in the proximity of your rooms of anyone you do not know to be associated with the Bread Loaf program. Make certain that your door is kept locked at all times, even when you step out for only a moment. If you enter the college after the gate is closed at 11:30, make sure that you and your party are entering alone. Alert the Porter's Lodge immediately of any intruders and any evidence you notice that an attempt has been made to open your door.

Seniors:

The senior meeting has been rescheduled. Please assemble at 9:00 a.m. Tuesday morning in the Bread Loaf Office (and not at 1:30 p.m. Monday in Deep Hall). If you can't make it at this time please leave word at the office.

Strictly Ballroom:

The office has received word of a summer ballroom dancing class. It will take place in the Oakeshott Room on Thursday evenings from 8:30 until 10:30 p.m. Bruce, a professional coach, will teach the class, which is free of charge. Call Alfred at 277944 or Bruce at 0844 213584 for details.

London:

Any London-bound Bread Loafers should know that one can buy a

package of 12 bus trips (6 returns) to London for £27. Both Oxford CityLink and the Oxford Tube are offering this deal. The Oxford Tube has 24 hour service, which is great for late shows. The FareSaver tickets are transferable, so buy a package with friends.

Hall Phones:

Everyone should know that is is possible to dial the USA directly from hall phones using both ATT and MCI calling cards. To get an ATT operator just call 0-800-890011. For an MCI "call USA" operator dial 0-800-89-0222.

Prayers:

Lincoln College Chaplin Robin Griffith-Jones will offer prayers in the chapel Monday through Friday at 8:00 a.m. and 6:30 p.m. He would welcome and Bread Loafers to join him. Please note that there will be no service this evening, 12 July, but regular services again tomorrow.

IDs:

Some of you still have student IDs waiting for you in the office. Get them and your student discounts soon!

Shakespeare:

Lottery sign up sheets for the rest of the Page and Stage theater trips are still in the office. Sign up if you are interested.

Paniculum

Vol. XV, no. 7 - Bread Loaf School of English - 13 July 1993

Guest Lecture:

Today at 5:15 pm. in the Oakeshott room Christopher Ricks, one of the most important and invariably interesting of contemporary English critics, will speak on "Anagrams, Renaissance and other." A reception will follow and Professor Ricks will be a guest at High Table dinner. Please dress appropriately (semi-formally), and remember to bring your blue or pink meal cards to table.

Museum Roaders:

If you are not on the meal plan and are joining us for High Table dinner please remember to settle up with the office.

Madrigals:

Bread Loaf's own madrigal group will have an organizational meeting today at 2 p.m. in the office. If you can't come but are still interested, just stop by the office and let Rachel know. Everyone is welcome.

King Lear:

We are very happy to remind you that everyone has a ticket reserved for King Lear, which we will all be attending in Stratford, on Monday, July 19. You are welcome to spend the day in Stratford and travel on the Page and Stage bus which leaves Trinity Gate at 9:30 a.m., or you may hop aboard the second bus which departs from the same place at 4:30 p.m. In the next few days please alert the office to your decision so that we can provide a packed meal at the appropriate time.

Lottery:

This afternoon the office will conduct a lottery to sell the few extra tickets we have for Macbeth, on Friday evening, 16 July, at the Barbican. If your name does not come up in the lottery it may still be possible to contact the Barbican directly and reserve your own tickets at a comparable price. If you do this you are welcome to travel on the bus with the Page and Stage class, and a packed meal can be arranged.

Security:

It is imperative that all students remain vigilant. PLease question the presence in the proximity of your rooms of anyone you do not know to be associated with the Bread Loaf program. Make certain that your door is kept locked at all times, even when you step out for only a moment. If you enter the college after the gate is closed at 11:30, make sure that you and your party are entering alone. Alert the Porter's Lodge immediately of any intruders and any evidence you notice that an attempt has been made to open your door.

Paniculum

Vol. XV, no. 8 - Bread Loaf School of English - 14 July 1993

Madrigals:

Bread Loaf's own madrigal singing group will have a second organizational meeting on Thursday at 6:30 p.m. in the office. Judging from the turnout at the first meeting we'll have a lovely women's quartet, but we'd love to branch out and sing mixed four part harmony. Everyone is welcome. Please come!

Macbeth:

If you did not get a ticket for Macbeth at the National Theater from the Bread Loaf Shakespeare lottery it may still be possible to secure tickets on your own by calling the National at 071- 928-2252. If you do this you are still welcome to come on the bus with the Page and Stage class as well as have a packed meal, provided you let the office know by Thursday morning before 10 a.m.

King Lear:

Macbeth, King Lear, what next? ("Not another hard luck story!" as David Donadio would say). Please remember that every single Bread Loafer has a ticket reserved to see King Lear in Stratford on Monday, 19 July. You are welcome to spend the day in Stratford and travel on the Page and Stage bus which leaves Trinity Gate at 9:30 a.m., or you may hop aboard the second bus which departs from the same place at 4:30 p.m. A packed meal can be provided for either departure if you let the office know by Friday afternoon.

Lottery News:

The office is planning on conducting the lottery for all of the remaining Page and Stage theater trips this Thursday afternoon. Make sure you have signed up. There appears to be most interest in The Changeling and The Tempest, Wednesday 4 August and Monday 9 August, respectively. If you have signed up for either of these plays, please let the office know after the lottery if you are still interested in securing a ticket, so that we can determine whether it might be a good idea for us to try to buy another block of seats.

Pub Crawl:

Pip has asked us to remind you that the date of the next pub crawl has been changed from this Thurday night to this Friday night. He knows that many of you can't write your papers and go pubbing at the same time. Details about the trip are posted on the bulletin board. Please remember to sign out for dinner if you are going.

Ballroom Dancing:

Remember that a summer ballroom dancing class will be held on Thursday evenings in the Oakeshott room from 8:30 until 10:30 p.m. Classes are free of charge and all Bread Loafers are welcome. Please leave word in Alfred Perera's pigeon-hole in Lincoln College if you are interested.

Security:

Please remember to remain vigilant, to keep your doors locked at all times, and to report any evidence of intruders.

Jim Maddox's Visit:

Bread Loaf Director Jim Maddox will be arriving on Saturday, July 24, and departing the following Saturday. He will be carrying communications from the Bread Loaf campus in Vermont, and will take back any letters you may have for students on the mountain. Please leave these in the office at your convenience.

IDs:

A few people have still not picked up Bread Loaf student identification cards in the office. Please arrange to do so, as these cards entitle you to student discounts.

Computers:

The Apple Macs and printer are now up and running. If you wish to make use of this equipment, please follow the procedures for checking out the key at the Porter's Lodge, and pay the £10 user fee at the Bread Loaf office.

Paniculum

Vol. XV, No. 9 - Bread Loaf School of English - 15 July 1993

Graduation:

Preparations have begun for this summer's Bread Loaf Graduation, which will take place on Saturday, 14 August. Because we need an accurate count of those who will be attending, we ask that you signify your intention on the sheet posted for that purpose on this notice board. Many thanks!

Madrigals:

Come sing with the Bread Loaf Madrigalists! We need your voice! Everyone is welcome and there will be an organizational meeting on Thursday (today) at 6:30 p.m. in the office. If you can't come to the meeting but wish to sing, please add your name to the madrigal sign-up sheet in the office.

Newspapers:

Newspapers are purchased every morning by Carrie O'Connell and are available for perusing by students in the Junior Common Room. These newspapers are for the use of all students in the program, and we ask that they not be cannibalized, deconstructed, or removed from the JCR.

Merry Making:

There will be a party (music, dancing -- the works) this Saturday night, 17 July, beginning around 8:30 p.m. in Deep Hall. For further information, parties interested in partying should be in touch with Mike Youmans.

Lottery:

This afternoon the office will conduct the lottery for all of the remaining Page and Stage theater journeys. Please make sure you have signed up. There appears to be most interest in The Changeling, on Wednesday 4 August, and The Tempest, on Monday, 9 August. If you have signed up for either of these plays, please let the office know after the lottery if you are still interested in securing a ticket, so that we can determine whether it might be a good idea for us to try to buy another block of seats.

If you are still interested in any of the other performances but your name was not chosen in the lottery, it is possible to purchase tickets directly from the Barbican or from Stratford. If you do this you are welcome to travel free of cost on the Page and Stage bus, and a packed meal can be provided if you let the office know ahead of time.

King Lear:

Please remember that every single Bread Loafer has a ticket reserved to see King Lear in Stratford on Monday, 19 July. There

will be two bus departures: the first at 9:30 a.m., and the second at 4:30 p.m. Both buses leave from the Trinity Gate on Broad Street. Please alert the office as to which bus you will be on. You can get a packed meal for either departure if you let the office know by Friday.

Pub Crawl:

Pip will conduct the next pub crawl this Friday night, 16 July, instead of on Thursday, as originally scheduled. Details about the trip are posted on the bulletin board. Please remember to sign out for dinner if you are going.

Ballroom Dancing:

Tonight is the night to actualize all of your strictly ballroom fantasies! Ballroom dancing classes are free of charge and will take place in the Oakeshott Room from 8:30 until 10:30 p.m.

Computers:

The Bread Loaf computer room is now fully operational, thanks to Andy Barnett, the Lincoln College computing officer. If you wish to use the computers or printer, please follow the procedures for checking out the key at the Porter's Lodge, and pay the £10 user fee at the Bread Loaf Office.

Security:

Please remember to remain vigilant, to keep your doors locked at all times, and to report any evidence of intruders.

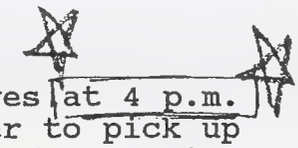
Paniculum

Vol. XV, no. 10 - Bread Loaf School of English - 16 July, 1993

Computers:

All Bread Loaf Students making use of the computer equipment are asked to stop by the office and pay the £10 user fee. If you wish to reserve a machine for a particular time, please initial the appropriate box on the sheet posted on the notice board at the Porter's Lodge. One change in procedure: the person who has signed out the key should return it to the Porter's Lodge when he or she leaves the room; if anyone else is still in the room, he or she should come along to the Lodge and assume responsibility for the key. For the Porter's sake, no more than one key should be out at any time.

Macbeth:



The bus for the National Theater (South Bank) leaves at 4 p.m. sharp today from the Trinity Gates. Please remember to pick up your nosebag at the Porter's Lodge on your way out. Tickets will be distributed on the bus.

King Lear:

These will be the departure times for the King Lear performance at Stratford on Monday. The first bus will be leaving at 9:15 a.m. (for Page and Stage students and anyone else wishing to spend the whole day at Stratford). Two more buses will leave at 4:30 p.m. (As usual, from the Trinity Gate on Broad Street), and will return to Lincoln afterwards. **If you would like to go to Stratford on the morning bus, please let us know immediately, as there is limited space.**

Graduation:

We have begun to prepare for this summer's Bread Loaf graduation which will take place on Saturday, 14 August. Please let us know if you are planning on attending. The sign-up sheet is on this very bulletin board.

Madrigals:

Come sing with us! So far the Bread Loaf madrigalists consist of an all-women's quintet. We would like to expand our range, though, and would welcome anyone to join us -- male voices in particular. There is a sign-up sheet in the office for all who are interested, and the next meeting will be on Sunday at 6:00 p.m.

Newspapers:

Students are reminded once again not to walk off with newspapers (or parts thereof) intended for the use of everyone in the program.

Paniculum

Vol. XV, no. 11 - Bread Loaf School of English - 19 July 1993



KING LEAR:





The two afternoon buses to take us all to Stratford this afternoon will depart at 4:30 p.m. from the Trinity Gates on Broad Street. We assume that everyone is going, and a packed meal has been ordered for everyone on the meal plan (and those who asked ahead of time). Please remember to pick up your nosebag at the Porter's Lodge before hopping on the buses.

High Table:

Tomorrow evening, 20 July, Professor John Carey of Merton College, Oxford will address himself to the question 'Is the Author Dead?' at 5:15 p.m. in the Oakeshott Room. A reception and High Table dinner will follow.

Madrigals:

The next rehearsal for Bread Loaf Madrigalists will take place on Friday, 23 July. Follow paniculum for details. If you want to sing but haven't been able to make any meetings, sign up in the office and get a music folder. All voices welcome.

Graduation:

We need to get an accurate count of how many of you will be at Bread Loaf Graduation on Saturday, 14 ~~July~~ August. Please remember to check off your name on the list below.

Jim Maddox's Visit:

Jim Maddox will be arriving in Oxford this coming Saturday, 24 July. He will be here for a week, and will be happy to convey any communications you may have for Bread Loafers in Vermont when he returns to the States on 31 July. If you would like to schedule an appointment with Jim, please let the office know as soon as possible.

Panículum

Vol. XV., No. 12 - Bread Loaf School of English - 20 July 1993

High Table:

At 5:15 today in the Oakeshott Room, Professor John Carey of Merton College, Oxford, author of a recent book on intellectuals and the masses, will consider the question 'Is the Author Dead?' A reception and High Table dinner will follow. All students are urged to attend.

Bach B Minor Mass:

This coming Saturday, 24 July, there will be a performance of Bach's B Minor Mass in the Sheldonian Theatre. Tickets are available at Blackwell's music store or the Oxford Box Office. The Sheldonian was designed by Christopher Wren and is where Oxford confers its degrees eight times a year. The spectacular acoustics and elaborate ceiling painting would make this concert worth anyone's while.

Bread Loaf News:

If you have not yet received the copy of the latest issue of Bread Loaf News reserved in your name, please stop by the office to pick it up. This issue, devoted to "Writing and Publishing," features articles by Ann Lew and Lanniko Lee, students here this summer, as well as Dick Brodhead's 1992 Elizabeth Drew Lecture titled "After the Opening: Problems and Prospects for a Reformed American Literature."

Security:

Students are reminded once again to secure all valuables and to keep doors locked at all times.

Paniculum

Vol. XV, No. 13 - Bread Loaf School of English - 21 July 1993

Jim Maddox's Visit:

Anyone wishing to set up an appointment to speak with Jim Maddox during his visit next week should let the office know as soon as possible. Upon his return, 31 July, he will be glad to take any correspondence you might have with Bread Loafers on the mountain. You can drop off your Vermont-bound letters at the office any time.

Bach in the Sheldonian:

This Saturday, 24 July, at 7:30 p.m. in the Sheldonian theatre there will be a performance of the Bach B Minor Mass. Tickets are available at Blackwell's Music Shop. This one doesn't sound worth missing.

Ballroom Dancers: what happened?

Bread Loaf Ballroom dancers are reminded that class will still be this evening as previously arranged. [redacted], Bruce will have to charge £1 per hour for the two and a half hour class this week. If you have questions please call Alfred at 277844.

Bread Loaf News:

We still have some copies of Bread Loaf News in the office. Stop by and get yours today.

Madrigals:

The Bread Loaf Madrigalists will have their next rehearsal at 6:00 p.m. on Friday, 23 July. All voices are welcome. Follow Paniculum to find out the meeting's location.

Panículum

Vol. XV, No. 14 - Bread Loaf School of English - 22 July

Best Wishes:

Emmie Donadio and David Donadio will be returning (with guitar) to the U.S.A. tomorrow. They offer their best wishes for the remainder of this summer's session to everyone in this community, of which they've been delighted to be a part.

Late Night Phone Calls:

We've been told by the Porters that in recent days several telephone calls from the U.S. have come in during the early hours of the morning, Oxford time. In each case, this means that a Porter has been awakened at home. We ask that you alert your family and friends to the five-hour time difference, and that you urge them to call before 11:00 p.m., Oxford time -- except, of course, in emergencies.

The Taming of the Shrew:

All Page and Stagers and anyone else going to see The Taming of the Shrew at the Barbican this evening are reminded that the bus will leave at 4 p.m. from the Trinity Gate on Broad Street. Don't forget to pick up your packed meal at the Porter's Lodge before you leave.

Jim Maddox's Visit:

Jim Maddox will be arriving at Lincoln this Sunday, 25 July, for a week-long stay. Any students wishing to schedule an appointment with him should let the office know as soon as possible. Jim will also be glad to take back any correspondence you might have for Bread Loafers on the mountain -- just drop letters off in the office.

Party Saturday Night:

The second party of the session will be held in Deep Hall after 8:30 p.m. this Saturday night. Ask Mike Youmans for details, or see the poster on this bulletin board.

Panículum

Vol. XV, No. 15 - Bread Loaf School of English - 23 July, 1993

Jim Maddox's Visit:

Jim Maddox will be arriving at Lincoln on Saturday morning to spend a week with us. If you would like to schedule an appointment with him, please alert the office as soon as possible. Jim will also be glad to take back any correspondence you might have for Bread Loafers on the mountain -- just drop letters off in the office during the week.

Madrigals:

The Bread Loaf madrigalists will have their next rehearsal this evening. All voices are welcome. Meet to assemble at the Porter's Lodge at 6:00 p.m.

Saturday Early Lunch:

Rachel!
We're in the Oallershott room - join us if you can!
Thanks.

Because of a wedding being held here on Saturday, lunch will be served at 12:15 p.m.

Senior Meeting:

All seniors should know that the next senior meeting will be held on Thursday, 29 July, at 7:45 p.m. in the J.C.R. If you have any questions please ask Mike.

Party Saturday:

The second party of the season will be in Deep Hall this Saturday night, after 8:30 p.m. Bring any cassettes you want to hear, and come dance!

Late Night Phone Calls:

We've been told by the Porters that in recent days several telephone calls have come from the U.S. during the early hours of the morning, Oxford time. In each case, this means that a Porter has been awakened at home. We ask that you alert your family and friends to the five-hour time difference, and that you urge them to call before 11:00 p.m., Oxford time -- except, of course, in emergencies.

Paniculum

Vol. XV, No. 16 - Bread Loaf School of English - 26 July 1993

Jim Maddox Has Arrived

He will be distributing some mail from your friends on the mountain, and has some appointments open for any students who wish to see him. Please leave word at the office if you would like to schedule one before he leaves on Saturday.

Lecture and High Table

Tomorrow evening, 27 July, Professor Stephen Gill of Lincoln College will speak on 'Spontaneous Numbers: Wordsworth and Composition' at 5:15 p.m. in the Oakeshott Room. Afterwards Professor Gill will be our guest at a reception and High Table dinner, at which Jim Maddox will announce this year's scholarship recipients.

The Winter's Tale

The second all-Bread Loaf theater trip will take place on Friday, 6 August. We will all leave at 4:00 for the Barbican to see The Winter's Tale. Please let the office know no later than the end of this week if you are not planning to attend, as we will need to return any unused tickets in advance.

Senior Meeting

The next senior meeting will be held on Thursday, 29 July, at 7:45 p.m. in the J.C.R. Any questions? Please ask Mike Youmans.

Commencement

If you have not yet done so, please let the office know as soon as possible if you will be attending this year's Bread Loaf Commencement and banquet at Lincoln College on Saturday, 14 August. There is a sheet posted for that purpose at the bottom right-hand corner of this bulletin board.

Fourth-Year Students

Any fourth-year students who will be here for Commencement are asked to notify the office by Wednesday, 28 July.

Pub Crawl

Pip will be conducting another of his pub crawls this Friday evening, 30 July. Meet at the Porter's Lodge after dinner.

Bread Loaf 1994

The office has applications for the 1994 session of all three Bread Loaf campuses. If you complete your application by next Saturday morning Jim will be glad to take it back to Vermont with him.

Paniculum

Vol. XV, No. 17 - Bread Loaf School of English - 27 July 1993

Guest Lecture and High Table:

This evening at 5:15 p.m. in the Oakeshott Room Professor Stephen Gill of Lincoln College will speak about 'Spontaneous Numbers: Wordsworth and Composition.' A reception and High Table dinner will follow.

High Table Meal Planning:

At High Table dinner it is extremely important that you bring your pink and blue cards and ask the scouts for a meal which corresponds to your meal plan. **The kitchen keeps an exact count** and will run out of food if people on one meal plan eat the entree for another meal plan. For this evening's High Table dinner the kitchen has prepared three entrees -- one meat, one fish and fowl, and one vegetarian. Please make clear which plan you are on. Thank You.

As You Like It:

The Page and Stage bus for <u>As You Like It</u> will leave for the Barbican at 4:00 p.m. tomorrow afternoon, 28 July, from the Trinity Gate on Broad Street. **Lottery Winners** must let the office know by lunch today if they are still interested in their tickets and would like to order a packed meal.

Senior Meeting:

The next senior meeting will take place at ~~7:45~~ 12:30 p.m. on Thursday, 29 July, in the J.C.R. If you have questions please speak with the Prez, Mike Youmans.

Applications:

The office now has Applications for the 1994 sessions of all three Bread Loaf programs. If you complete yours before Saturday morning Jim will be happy to take it back to the mountain with him.

Forms in Hall:

Every Bread Loaf student should pick up two forms which can be found on the side table by the fireplace in Hall. One is an evaluation form, and the other explains the guidelines for Independent Reading Projects.

Meetings With Jim:

Jim has plenty of room on the schedule and will be happy to plan a meeting with you before his departure on Saturday morning. He now has the schedule itself, so please find him at meals to arrange an appointment directly.

Jazz:

Any one who was at Deep Hall yesterday before dinner will know just how terrific the Biff Smith - Mike Youmans - Robert Florida - Sam - Jazz combo was. They are playing again from 6:00 to 7:00 p.m. on Thursday. Don't pass them by.

Saturday Night Dance Fever:

Mike Youmans and Mick of Deep Hall have kindly arranged another Bread Loaf party for us. Stop by Deep Hall after 8:30 p.m. Saturday night and bring your favorite music and your dancing shoes.

Madrigals:

The Bread Loaf Madrigalists will have another rehearsal later this week. Please watch Paniculum for details.

Computer Room Fee:

All computer users should please stop by the office and pay the £10 Computer Room user fee.

Julius Caesar Lottery:

All lottery winners for Julius Caesar this Friday evening in Stratford should let the office know as soon as possible if they are still interested in their tickets. (Haein Park, Denis Wadley, Karen Field and Lauren Johnson).

Bread Loaf Addresses:

Jim has brought with him current address lists of your friends on the mountain and in Santa Fe this summer. You can stop by the office to peruse them. Also remember that upon his return this Saturday morning Jim will take back any correspondence you have for Bread Loafers on the mountain. Drop letters off at the office.

Bread Loaf News:

We still have several copies of Bread Loaf News addressed to students. You can now find them on the table in Hall with the mail and the forms to pick up.

Paniculum

Vol. XV, No. 18 - Bread Loaf School of English - 28 July 1993

Congratulations!

From the office to all named scholarship winners. We knew all along how distinguished you were!

Appointments With Jim:

Jim is happy to meet with any students who wish to see him before he departs on Saturday morning. His schedule is no longer in the office but in Jim's own hands, so catch him at meals to make an appointment.

There Are Two Forms:

in the mail table in Hall waiting for you to collect them. One is an evaluation sheet, and the other explains the guidelines for independent reading projects. Every student should have one of each.

As You Like It:

The page and stage bus for As You Like It at the Barbican will leave at 4:00 p.m. sharp this afternoon from the Trinity Gates on Broad Street. Please remember to pick up your packed meal in the Porter's Lodge before taking off.

Senior Meeting:

The next senior meeting will be tomorrow, Thursday, 29 July, at 12:30 p.m. in the J.C.R. Please address all questions to your Prez, Mike Youmans.

Shakespeare Lottery Winners:

Please let the office know **before this Friday, 30 July,** if you are interested in your tickets for all remaining Shakespeare theater trips. If the office has not heard from you by Friday **we will have to offer your tickets** to other interested students. Please get in touch with us by leaving a note on the bulletin board, by writing Yes or No by your name on the posted lottery result sheet, or by speaking directly to Rachel.

All That Jazz:

Come and hear the Biff Smith - Mike Youmans - Robert Florida - Sam Jazz quartet tomorrow evening from 6:00 p.m. to 7:00 p.m. in Deep Hall. Rumor has it that a bass player and a real drum kit may be present. Anyone who heard them on Monday will know they are not to be missed.

The Winter's Tale:

The all Bread Loaf trip to see The Winter's Tale will be Friday

evening, 6 August -- one week from Friday. Please let the office know by Monday, 2 August if you do not want your ticket. Please understand that we have to return any unused tickets in advance.

Bread Loaf Addresses:

Jim has brought with him current address lists of your friends on the mountain and in Santa Fe this summer. You can stop by the office to peruse them. Also remember that upon his return this Saturday morning Jim will take back any correspondence you have for Bread Loafers on the mountain. Drop letters off at the office.

Applications:

The office now has Applications for the 1994 sessions of all three Bread Loaf programs. If you complete yours before Saturday morning Jim will be happy to take it back with him. If you have any questions about the application or its difficulty, ask Lauren Johnson, who handed hers in on Monday!

Bread Loaf News:

The remaining student copies of Bread Loaf News can be found on the mail table in Hall, along with the forms to pick up.

Computer Room Fee:

All computer users should please stop by the office and pay the £10 Computer Room user fee.

Paniculum

Vol. XV, No. 19 - Bread Loaf School of English - 29 July 1993

Computer Room Users:

If you are the last person to leave the computer room **please make sure the door is locked securely behind you** and that the key is returned to the Porter's Lodge.

Important Meeting:

All seniors should meet in the J.C.R. at 12:30 p.m. today for an important meeting. Please address any questions to Mike Youmans.

Shakespeare Lottery Winners:

It is imperative that lottery winners for **all** the remaining Shakespeare plays let the office know **by tomorrow, Friday, 30 July**, if you are still interested in your tickets. If we have not heard from you by then we will have **to offer your tickets to other interested students.** Please let us know by leaving a note on the bulletin board, by writing Yes or No by your name on the lottery results sheet, or by speaking directly to Rachel. Please do this as soon as possible.

The Winter's Tale:

The all - school trip to see The Winter's Tale will be Friday, 6 August. The buses to the Barbican will leave at 4:00 p.m. You must let the office know **by Monday, August 2 -- in four days' time** -- if you will not be using your ticket. Please understand that we must return unused tickets in advance.

Forms Forms Forms:

Please remember to pick up the two forms waiting for you on the mail table in Hall. One is an evaluation sheet to be completed by all students and the other explains the guidelines for independent reading projects.

Applications:

The office has applications for the 1994 sessions at all three Bread Loaf campuses. The application is only one page long and if you take five minutes to complete yours before Saturday morning Jim will be happy to take it back to Vermont with him.

Meetings With Jim:

Jim is happy to see any students in the **remaining two days** that he is here. The office no longer has his schedule, so please contact Jim himself to arrange an appointment.

Financial Aid Difficulties:

If you have had difficulties in receiving your financial aid

checks this summer, Jim would very much appreciate a very short written statement summarizing your experience. These notes can be left at the office or given directly to Jim. Please remember Jim leaves on Saturday morning.

Julius Caesar:

The Page and Stage bus for Julius Caesar in Stratford will leave from the Trinity Gate at 9:15 a.m. tomorrow morning. Don't forget to pick up your nosebag! The second bus for Stratford departs at 4:30 p.m.

Straight, No Chaser:

Don't miss the Smith - Youmans - Florida - Sam Jazz quartet today from 6:00 to 7:00 p.m. in Deep Hall. Rumor has it that a bassist and a real drum kit will be present. Anyone who's heard this group before will tell you that they are absolutely not to be missed. 'Nuff said.

Saturday Night Dance Fever:

Mike Youmans and Mick of Deep Hall have kindly organized another party for this Saturday night. Bring music and come and dance or just hang out in Deep Hall after 8:30.

Mountain Mail:

The office has address lists for your Bread Loaf pals in Vermont and in Santa Fe. You are welcome to stop by and peruse them. Remember to drop off any mail to go back with Jim before he leaves on Saturday morning.

Madrigals:

The madrigalists will have their next rehearsal at 6:00 p.m. this evening. Please assemble at the Porter's Lodge. OR Oakshott Room directly

Paniculum

Vol. XV, No. 20 - Bread Loaf School of English - 30 July 1993

Julius Caesar:

The second bus to Stratford to see Julius Caesar will leave at 4:30 p.m. from the Trinity Gate on Broad Street. Please remember to pick up your packed meals at the Porter's Lodge before taking off.

Today's Afternoon Office Hours:

The office will be open for business today from 2:30 until 3:30 p.m.

Madrigals:

The madrigalists will have their next meeting at 5:30 p.m. this Sunday, August 1. Meet in the Oakeshott Room.

Jim Leaves Tomorrow:

Jim's visit to Lincoln College is almost over. If you are still interested in meeting with him be sure to find him today, as he leaves the country tomorrow morning.

Applications:

The office has applications for the 1994 sessions at all three Bread Loaf Campuses. If you take five minutes to fill one out Jim can take it back to the mountain with him. This will save you time in the future. Ask Tom Keelan how long it takes to complete one -- he filled his out while standing up!

Mountain-bound Mail:

Jim is happy to take back mail for your friends on the mountain, but you must drop it off at the office today, since he leaves tomorrow morning. If no one is in the office please slip your letters under the door, or give them directly to Jim.

Party Saturday:

Mike Youmans and Mick of Deep Hall have arranged another party for us this Saturday night. Stop by after 8:30 p.m. to dance right out of your shoes, or just to hang out.

The Winter's Tale:

The all-school trip to see The Winter's Tale will be Friday, 6 August. That is exactly one week from today. Please let the office know **by Monday, 2 August** (this Monday) if you will not be attending, or if you will need extra tickets. Please understand that we must return unused tickets in advance.

Finaincial Aid Difficulties:

If you have had difficulties in receiving your financial aid checks this summer, Jim would very much appreciate a very short written statement summarizing your experience. These notes can be left at the office or given directly to Jim. Please remember Jim leaves tomorrow morning.

WALK TO "GENERAL ELLIOTT" – A beautiful pub in a more rural area on the outskirts of Oxford (So. Hinksey), and frequented by our own Pip and a former (retired) scout here for many years, Dennis. The walk is about 30-40 minutes, at a leisurely pace, and will leave the Porter's Lodge tonight (Fri.) directly after dinner.

Paniculum

Vol. XV, No. 21 - Bread Loaf School of English - 2 August 1993

The Winter's Tale:

The all-Bread Loaf trip to see The Winter's Tale at the Barbican in London will be this Friday, 6 August. If you will not be using your ticket, or if you are interested in purchasing extra tickets at £21.50 each, you must let the office know **by today, Monday, 2 August.** Please understand that we have to return all unused tickets in advance. You can alert us to your decision by leaving a note on the bulletin board or under the office door, or by speaking to Rachel.

Bodleian Users:

If you have yet to pay your £20 Bodleian Library user fee please do so at the office as soon as possible. We have an up to date list, so stop by if you are not sure if you have already paid.

Computer Room Users:

If you've been making use of the computer equipment and haven't yet paid the office the £10 user fee, please arrange to do so as soon as possible.

Changeling Lottery Winners:

The office believes that all lottery winners are planning on attending Wednesday evening's performance of The Changeling at the Pit at the Barbican. The bus for London will leave on Wednesday at 4:00 p.m. sharp. The office will order you a packed meal corresponding to your meal plan unless you tell us by Tuesday (tomorrow) morning that you would not like one.

Take The A Train:

The Biff Smith Sextet will be taking care of business again this week in Deep Hall. Be there for performances today (Monday) from 6-7 p.m., and again on Thursday at the same time.

Applications:

The office still has applications for the 1994 sessions at all three Bread Loaf campuses. If you stop by to complete yours in the next two weeks we can send it back to Vermont and save you some time in the future.

Madrigals:

The madrigalists will have their next meeting at 6:30 p.m. Tuesday (tomorrow). Meet in the Oakeshott Room.

Address Lists for Other Bread Loaf Campuses:

can be consulted at the office at your convenience.

Ultimate Frisbee: Tomorrow @ 3:00

Paniculum

Vol. XV, No. 22 - Bread Loaf School of English - 3 August 1993

The Changeling:

The bus to the Barbican to see The Changeling will leave tomorrow at 4:00 p.m. sharp. The office assumes that all lottery winners are attending, and will order packed meals according to your meal plans. If you would not like a packed meal, or if you have secured your own ticket and would like to get a packed meal, please let the office know by this afternoon.

The Winter's Tale:

The all-Bread Loaf trip to see The Winter's Tale at the Barbican will be this Friday, 6 August. The buses will leave at 4:00 p.m. sharp. **You must let the office know by this afternoon if you will not be using your ticket or if you would like to purchase extra tickets.** Extra tickets are £21.50. Please understand that we must return all unused tickets in advance. If you will not be around during office hours (9-10:30 a.m., 1:30 -2:30 p.m.) please leave a note on the bulletin board or under the office door letting us know about your ticket.

The Winter's Tale Food:

A packed meal will automatically be ordered for you according to your meal plan. If you would not like a packed meal, please let the office know by tomorrow afternoon, Wednesday, 4 August, as we have to order them in advance.

Bodleian Library Users:

If you have not paid the office the £20 library user fee please do so as soon as possible. If you are not sure whether or not you have paid, we have an up-to-date list for you to consult.

Computer Room Users:

If you have been making use of the computer equipment and have not yet paid the office the £10 user fee, please do so as soon as possible. Again, we have an up-to-date list for you to consult if you are not sure whether you have paid.

Goodbye Pork Pie Hat:

The Biff Smith Jazz Quartet/Quintet will play its farewell performance this Thurday, 5 August from 6:00 to 7:00 p.m. in Deep Hall. If you have still not heard them you are leading an incomplete life. Stop by for a listen on Thursday.

Applications:

The office has applications for the 1994 sessions at all three Bread Loaf Campuses. If you stop by in the next two weeks and fill one out we can sent it back to Vermont for you and save you

some time in the future.

Address Lists:

If you have the two Bread Loaf Vermont address lists which are missing from the office, please bring them back immediately. We have only one copy left here and many students come to consult it daily. Please ransack your rooms if you think you may have one.

Madrigals:

The madrigalists will have their next meeting today at 6:30 p.m. in the Oakeshott Room.

No High Table:

There will be no High Table tonight, so save your tuxes and tiaras for Graduation on the fourteenth.

Ultimate Frisbee:

There will be Ultimate Frisbee in the University Parks this afternoon at 3:00 p.m. Ask Mike Youmans for details.

Graduation Plans:

If you will be attending Graduation on the 14 August, please indicate on the list on this bulletin board how many guests in addition to yourself will be attending with you. **We need to have this information by Thursday, 5 August in order to make the necessary reservations.**

Friday Night Senior Party:

This year's senior party will take place on the banks of the Cherwell on Friday, 13 August. Please signify if you will or will not be attending by writing Yes or No next to your name on the list provided. Also indicate how many guests will be in your party, in addition to yourself.

Paniculum

Vol. XV, No. 23 - Bread Loaf School of English - 4 August 1993

The Changeling:

The bus to the Barbican to see The Changeling will leave at 4:00 p.m. sharp from the Trinity Gate on Broad Street. Please remember to collect your packed meal at the Porter's Lodge before you go.

The Winter's Tale:

Except for a few students who have already told us, the office believes that everyone will be attending The Winter's Tale at the Barbican on Friday, 6 August -- this Friday. **If something has come up and you will not be able to attend you must alert the office by tomorrow (Thursday) morning.** We must report all unused tickets to the box office at this time, so also let us know if you would like to purchase an extra ticket at a cost of £21.50. If you don't run into Rachel in person, please leave a note on the bulletin board or under the office door.

The Winter's Tale Food:

Packed meals will be ordered for those attending The Winter's Tale according to each individual's meal plan. If you would not like a packed meal, please let the office know by tomorrow (Thursday) morning.

Graduation Plans:

If you will be attending graduation on the 14 August, please indicate on the list on this bulletin board how many guests in addition to yourself will be attending with you. **We need to have this information by Thursday, 5 August in order to make the necessary reservations.**

Friday Night Senior Party:

This year's senior party will take place on the banks of the Cherwell on Friday, 13 August. Please signify if you will or will not be attending by writing Yes or No next to your name on the list provided. Also indicate how many guests will be in your party, in addition to yourself.

Bodleian Fee:

If you have not yet paid your £20 Bodleian Library fee, please stop by the office and do so as soon as possible.

Computer Room Fee:

If you have been using the computer equipment and have not yet paid the £10 user fee, please stop by the office and do so as soon as you can.

Applications:

The office has applications for the 1994 sessions at all three Bread Loaf Campuses. If you stop by and fill one out in the next week and a half, we will be glad to send them back to Vermont for you and save you some time in the future.

Goodbye Pork Pie Hat:

The Biff Smith Quartet/Quintet will play its farewell performance on Thursday from 6:00 to 7:00 p.m. in Deep Hall. If you have not yet heard them you are leading an incomplete life. Stop by and give them a listen.

Address Lists:

If you have the two Bread Loaf address lists which are missing from the office, please bring them back immediately. We have only one copy left here and many students come to consult it daily. Please ransack your rooms if you think you may have one. You are welcome to consult the one Vermont list and the many Santa Fe and Lincoln lists which we still do have around.

High School Teachers:

What will you take from this summer and use in your classroom? Anyone interested in sharing teaching ideas or just gleaning ideas from others, please meet in Erik and Elaine's room (11/2) tomorrow night after dinner...say 7:40. Bring a cup of coffee. We'll provide biscuits. Also bring a SPECIFIC idea--a book, a lesson, an activity, an assignment. Let's also make a list of Great Books to Teach. See you there!

Robert Florida:

For those who would like to express their condolences, there is a card for Robert Florida at the Porter's Lodge. would like to sign it.

Panículum

Vol. XV, No. 24 - Bread Loaf School of English - 5 August 1993

The Winter's Tale:

The office assumes that unless we have heard otherwise you are planning on attending The Winter's Tale at the Barbican this Friday (tomorrow) evening. Buses will leave from the Trinity Gate at 4:00 p.m. sharp, and tickets will be distributed on the buses. **If something has come up and you will not be using your ticket you must let the office know immediately, as we have to report all unused tickets in advance.** So also let us know immediately if you would like to purchase extra tickets at £21.50 each. If you don't see Rachel in person please leave a note on the bulletin board or under the office door.

If you are planning to get to London on your own and meet the group at the Barbican, please let the office know as soon as possible so we can arrange a way to get your ticket to you.

The Winter's Tale Food:

A packed meal will automatically be ordered for you according to your meal plan, **unless we hear otherwise by lunch today.**

Graduation:

We need a final count by tomorrow. If you are planning on attending Bread Loaf graduation on Saturday, 14 August at 4:30 p.m., please be sure to let us know the number of guests who will be attending with you, in addition to yourself. There is a sheet provided for this purpose directly below panículum.

Course Evaluations:

Please remember to complete your course evaluations within the next few days. **This is important.** You may turn them in at the office during office hours, of just slip them under the door.

Senior Party:

We also need a final count for the senior party by tomorrow (Friday, 6 August). The party will be held on the banks of the Cherwell on Friday, 13 August. Please signify whether or not you will be attending, and if so, how many guests will be there with you, in addition to yourself.

Bodleian Library Fees:

If you have not yet done so, please pay the £20 Bodleian library user fee to the office as soon as possible. The office is open from 9:00 to 10:30 a.m. and again from 1:30 until 2:30 p.m., Monday through Friday.

Computer Room Fees:

If you have been using the computer equipment and have not yet paid the £10 user fee, please stop by the office and do so as soon as possible.

Applications:

If you complete your applications for the 1994 Bread Loaf session by the end of next week, we will be happy to mail them directly back to Vermont and save you some time in the future.

High School Teachers:

What will you take from this summer and use in your classrooms? Anyone interested in sharing teaching ideas or just gleaning ideas from others, please meet in Erik and Elaine's room (11/2) tonight at 7:40 p.m. Bring a cup of coffee. They'll provide biscuits. Also bring a specific idea -- a book, a lesson, an activity, an assignment. Let's also make a list of Great Books to Teach. See you there!

Robert Florida:

For those who would like to express their condolences, there is a card for Robert Florida which you may sign at the Porter's Lodge.

Goodbye Pork Pie Hat:

The Biff Smith Quartet/Quintet will play its farewell performance this evening in Deep Hall from 6:00 p.m. until 7:00 p.m. This is your last chance to hear the best live jazz in town. You are leading an incomplete life if you don't come listen.

Ultimate Frisbee:

Ultimate frisbee in the University Parks today at 4:00 p.m. and again on Sunday at 4:00 p.m.

Ballroom Dancing:

Ballroom dancing tonight at 8:30 p.m. in the Oakeshott Room. See the poster below for details.

All-School Photograph:

We are hoping to arrange to have an all-school photograph taken next Tuesday. Stay tuned for details.

Paniculum

Vol. XV, No. 25 - Bread Loaf School of English - 6 August 1993

The Winter's Tale:

The bus to the Barbican to see The Winter's Tale will leave from the Trinity Gate on Broad Street at 4:00 p.m. sharp. Please pick up a packed meal corresponding to your meal plan at the Porter's Lodge before you go. Tickets will be distributed on the bus. Unless you have already told us, we are assuming that all of you are going. **Please let the office know immediately if something has come up and you will not be using your ticket.**

Course Evaluations:

Please remember to complete your course evaluations in the next few days and turn them in to the office, or slip them under the door. **It is important that we collect them before the session ends.**

Bodleian Fee:

If you have not yet done so, please stop by the office and pay the £20 fee for use of the Bodleian as soon as possible.

Computer Fee:

If you have been using the computer equipment and have not yet paid the £10 user fee, please do so in the office as soon as possible.

Graduation:

At this point the office has a pretty accurate count for graduation on Saturday 14 August. If it turns out that you will not be attending, or if the number of people in your party has changed, please let the office know as soon as you can.

Senior Party:

This year's senior party will take place on the banks of the Cherwell on Friday, 13 August. Please signify if you will or will not be in attendence by writing a Yes or a No by your name on the list below. Also signify how many guests will be attending with you, in addition to yourself. We need a final count **by this afternoon**, so please take care of this ASAP.

Applications:

If in the next few days you would like to complete an application for the 1994 session at any Bread Loaf campus we are happy to convey it back to the mountain for you.

All School Picture:

We are planning on arranging an all-Bread Loaf photograph to be taken on Tuesday, 10 August. Please stay tuned for details.

Special Dinner:

We're hoping to have a special dinner on Tuesday evening, 10 August, before people begin to leave for other destinations. It will not be a High Table, but we hope for good cheer. Watch for details.

Guide Books:

If you have borrowed any guide books from the office, please return them within the next few days.

High School Teachers (and others who are interested)

Come to the second Teaching Idea-Sharing session in Elaine and Erik's room (11/2) after dinner Monday night. You bring coffee or tea, we'll supply yummier cookies than we did last time. We found last night that the most helpful ideas were the most specific ones, so this time bring one fool-proof lesson/assignment/class idea which is related to literature. We are also generating a list of great books to teach. If you have ideas, or if you want a copy of the list, ask Elaine or Erik.

George and Davis' Ice Cream ie. Ben and Jerry's Oxford

Owned and run by 2 middl. grads. ('85 and '87).

Stop by and support Vermonters!

Great ice cream and music and bagels.

~~Oxford~~

Paniculum

Vol. XV, No. 26 - Bread Loaf School of English - 9 August 1993

The Tempest:

The bus for Stratford to see The Tempest will leave from the Trinity Gate on Broad Street at 4:30 p.m. Please remember to pick up your packed meal in the lodge before you leave.

Evaluations:

Please remember to complete your course evaluations as soon as possible. You can bring them to the office during office hours, or just slip them under the door. **It is important** that we have them before the session ends.

Special Farewell Dinner:

Before everyone leaves for other destinations, there will be a special farewell dinner tomorrow (Tuesday) evening. It will not be a High Table, but wine and a special meal will be served, and you are welcome to dress for the occasion.

All-School Photo:

Charlie, chief scout, has kindly offered to take a group photo of us all **tomorrow, at 12:30 p.m. in the front quad.** We will then make reprints which you may purchase in the future.

Senior Party:

The senior party will be held at the Cherwell Boat House this Friday evening, 13 August. **Please let us know by today if you will or will not be attending.** You can do this by writing Yes or No next to your name on the list below.

Computer Fee:

If you have been using the computer equipment and have not yet paid the £10 computer room fee, please do so in the office as soon as possible.

High School Teachers (and others who are interested)

Come to the second Teaching Idea-Sharing session in Elaine and Erik's room (11/2) after dinner **tonight.** You bring coffee or tea, we'll supply yummier cookies than we did last time. We found last Thursday that the most helpful ideas were the most specific ones, so this time bring one fool-proof lesson/assignment/class idea which is related to literature. We are also generating a list of great books to teach. If you have ideas, or if you want a copy of the list, ask Elaine or Erik.

Guide Books:

If you have borrowed any guide books from the office, please return them in the next few days.

Paniculum

Vol. XV, No. 27 - Bread Loaf School of English - 10 August 1993

REMEMBER YOUR SCOUTS:

Before you leave Lincoln, please arrange to leave an appropriate amount for the scout who has been responsible for looking after your room this summer. If you'd like some specific guidelines in this matter, please be in touch with Rachel.



All School Photograph:

Charlie, chief scout, will take an all school photograph **today** at 12:30 p.m. in the front quad. Please be there!

Senior Dinner:

Please remember to pick up invitations to the Senior Dinner for your scouts and ask them to let Charlie know whether they'll be able to attend. The invitations can be found on the table in Hall.

Course Evaluations:

Please complete your course evaluations by the end of the week. You can bring them to the office during office hours, or just slip them under the door. It is important that we have all evaluations before the end of the session.

Special Farewell Dinner Tonight:

Tonight there will be a special farewell dinner in Hall before everyone disperses to other destinations. It will not be a High Table, but there will be wine and a special menu and you are welcome to dress for the occasion.

Computer Room Fee:

If you have been using the computer equipment and have not yet paid the £10 fee, please do so in the office A.S.A.P.

Guide Books:

If you have borrowed any guide books from the office, please return them by the end of the week.

Whoopi Goldberg reads Alice Walker's "1955:"

Bill Henehan informs us that on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of this week on BBC-Radio 4 (95 fm) from 10:45 to 11:00 p.m. on the "Book at Bedtime" series, Whoopi Goldberg will be reading "1955," by Alice Walker. "1955" is the story of a black singer persuaded to sell one of her songs to a white man who has a "black" voice. (Read in three parts).

Ultimate Frisbee Wed. at 3:00

Panículum

Vol. XV, No. 28 - Bread Loaf School of English - 11 August 1993

REMEMBER YOUR SCOUTS:

Before you leave Lincoln, please arrange to leave an appropriate amount for the scout who has been responsible for looking after your room this summer. If you'd like some specific guidelines in this matter, please be in touch with Rachel.

Senior Dinner:

Please remember to pick up invitations to the Senior Dinner for your scouts and ask them to let Charlie know whether or not they'll be able to attend. The invitations can be found on the table in Hall.

Course Evaluations:

Please complete your course evaluations by the end of the week. You can bring them to the office during office hours, or just slip them under the door. It is important that we have all the evaluations before the end of the session.

Before You Go:

Please let Rachel know the last meal you will take in Hall before you leave Lincoln College. Either stop by the office, leave her a note on the bulletin board, or see her at meals.

Senior Meeting:

There will be a meeting for all seniors tomorrow, ~~12~~ August, after dinner in the J.C.R. Please see Mike Youmans if you have any queries.

Computer Room Fee:

If you have been using the computer equipment and have not yet paid the £10 fee, please do so in the office A.S.A.P.

Guide Books:

If you have borrowed any guide books from the office, please return them by the end of the week.

Whoopi Goldberg Reads Alice Walker's "1955:"

Bill Henehan has informed us that on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday (today) of this week on BBC-Radio 4 (95 fm) from 10:45 to 11:00 p.m. on the "Book at Bedtime" series, Whoopi Goldberg will be reading "1955," by Alice Walker. "1955" is the story of a black singer persuaded to sell one of her songs to a white man who has a "black" voice. It has been read in three parts, so catch the last one tonight.

NEW EDITION! 12 p.m. ATTENTION

Paniculum

Vol. XV, No. 29 - Bread Loaf School of English - 12 August 1993

Sign Out For Meals:

Please remember to **sign out for meals**, even if you are staying through graduation. Also remember to tell the office the last meal you will be taking in Hall.

REMEMBER YOUR SCOUTS:

Please leave an appropriate amount for the scout who was respinsible for looking after your room. Ask Rachel if you have questions about guidelines.

REMEMBER THE STAFF:

Please remember the porters and the kitchen staff, and leave an appropriate amount in the collection in the office. See Rachel for guidelines. If you want to contribute during non-office hours please slip an envelope under the door and be sure your name is on it.

SENIOR DINNER:

The Senior Dinner has changed locations. It will **not** be held at the Cherwell Boat House, but instead at the Lincoln College Sports Grounds at 6:00 p.m., Friday (tomorrow) evening. See the new poster for details. Spread the word to your scouts and your friends! The dinner will cost £5 for all students and their guests. **Please pay at the office tomorrow, or slip an envelope under the door**, making sure your name is on it.

Page and Stage Class Members:

The office owes you each £7 as a reimbursement for meals missed on your all-day trips. Please stop by the office to collect this money, or let us know if you would like it contributed to the collection for the porters and kitchen staff.

Office Hours:

Today the office will be open all morning until lunch, but will not be open in the afternoon. If you have messages for the office or envelopes to deliver, please slip them under the door.

Seniors:

Graduation rehearsal is at **4:30 p.m.** tomorrow. Meet in the Chapel Quad. Also remember to stop by the office tomorrow and pay for your guests meals at £13.50 a head.

Graduation Guests:

All guests to graduation and anyone not on the meal plan must pay £13.50 for Graduation dinner on Saturday night. Please pay in

the office tomorrow (Friday).

Computer Room:

If you have been using the computer equipment **it is imperative** that you pay the £10 user fee to the office **by Tomorrow, 13 August.** Several people still have not paid and we are closing the books.

Settling Up:

If you have any unfinished accounts to settle up with the office, please do so tomorrow, Friday, 13 August.

Pericles:

There is a matinee of Pericles today at 2:30 p.m. in the Oxford Playhouse.

Farewell!

As you all leave for other destinations, the office wishes you a safe journey and a good year. We have enjoyed our time here with all of you, and hope your 1993 Bread Loaf summer was a good one too.

Paniculum

Vol. XV, No. 30 - Bread Loaf School of English - 13 August 1993

BE AWARE:

It is imperative that students be vigilant. Question anyone whom you do not recognize, and report any intruders to the Porters' Lodge immediately.

REMEMBER YOUR SCOUTS:

Please leave an appropriate amount for the scout who has been responsible for looking after your room. Ask Rachel if you have questions about guidelines.

REMEMBER THE STAFF:

Please remember the porters and the kitchen staff, and leave an appropriate amount in the collection in the office. See Rachel for guidelines.

SENIOR DINNER:

The Senior Dinner has changed locations. It will **not** be held at the Cherwell Boat House, but instead at the Lincoln College Sports Grounds at 6:00 p.m., this evening. See the new poster for details. Spread the word to your scouts! The dinner will cost £5 for all students and their guests. **Please pay at the office today.**

Course Evaluations:

Before you go, please leave your course evaluations in the office, or just slip them under the door.

Cryptocards:

Before you go, please return your cryptocard to the library, the office, or the Porter's Lodge.

Page and Stage Class Members:

The office owes you each £7 as a reimbursement for meals missed on your all-day trips. Please stop by the office to collect this money, or let us know if you would like it contributed to the collection for the porters and kitchen staff.

Seniors:

Graduation rehearsal is at 4:30 p.m. this afternoon. Meet in the Chapel Quad. Also remember to stop by the office and pay for your guests meals at £13.50 a head.

Graduation Guests:

All guests to graduation and anyone not on the meal plan must pay £13.50 for Graduation Dinner on Saturday night. Please pay in the office today.

Computer Room:

If you have been using the computer room it is important that you pay the £10 user fee to the office by today.

Settling Up:

If you have any unfinished accounts to settle up with the office please do so today. We would like to close the books as soon as we can.

Farewell!

As you all leave for other destinations, the office wishes you a safe journey and a good year. We have enjoyed our time here with all of you, and hope your 1993 Bread Loaf summer was a good one too.

SANTA FE CORRESPONDENCE

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753-6131
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

May 17, 1993

Dear Bread Loaf/Santa Fe Student:

The time for the opening of the Bread Loaf session at St. John's College in Santa Fe is rapidly approaching, and I am writing to give you some of the details you will need as you plan for your trip to Santa Fe.

Let me get the crass business out of the way first. Bills for the Bread Loaf session are due and payable upon receipt; there is a late fee assessed for bills not paid by the due date. All bills must be paid in full to Middlebury College before Registration Day.

Now for planning your trip. Our contract with St. John's College names noon, Tuesday, June 29, as the earliest time you can take up occupancy at St. John's.

If you are staying at St. John's, you are of course cordially invited to remain for the commencement exercises on August 12. We need, however, to inform St. John's of the number of you staying the night of the 12th, through breakfast of the 13th. In either event, please check at the appropriate place on the enclosed form and return to Elaine Hall, Bread Loaf School of English, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont 05753.

Luggage may be stored at St. John's for a brief period if you are not leaving Santa Fe itself promptly on the 13th.

As for getting there: there are no commercial flights to Santa Fe itself. Many people regard this as a blessing, one of the causes of Santa Fe's remaining for so long a relatively small city. Perhaps you too will end up being of that opinion; but for the moment we need to decide how to get you to Santa Fe. If you will be flying, get a flight into Albuquerque, which is about 55 miles south of Santa Fe. From the Albuquerque airport, you can catch a "Shuttlejack," a bus that will get you to the Inn at Loretto in downtown Santa Fe in 75 minutes.

Alternatively, you might think of renting a car--although I am aware that this is a major budget item. I raise this possibility, not because you need a car to get to Santa Fe, but because there are so many stunning sites to visit, within easy striking distance by car from Santa Fe. You should check out different companies to get the best deal for yourself. Although I make no official recommendations here, I have noticed that Alamo and Thrifty are among the cheapest. Even if you think you would like to rent a car just for a week-end, I would advise looking into fees and consider renting it for a week. (Sometimes renting a car for 3 or 4 days is, curiously, more expensive than renting it by the week.) There are many rental companies at or near the Albuquerque airport; there are considerably fewer rental companies in Santa Fe itself.

A couple of words to the wise, if you're thinking of renting a car. First, check with your insurance company, to see whether you are covered in a rental car; coverage is transferable on many policies, and so you can save the insurance that some rental companies rather disingenuously try to persuade the renter to buy. Second, make advance reservations, choosing

the size car you feel you'll need, and don't let the agent on the spot talk you up to a more expensive car--as some agencies try to do.

If you're going to Santa Fe by bus ("Shuttlejack"), you should get off at the Inn at Loretto, call a taxi, and ask to be taken to St. John's College. If you're driving in on I-25 from the south (from the Albuquerque direction), take the Old Pecos Trail exit. Take a left at the stop sign (this will be northbound). Stay on Old Pecos Trail, look for signs for St. John's, and simply follow them. If you are coming south on I-25, from the direction of Las Vegas, New Mexico, take the Old Pecos Trail exit and follow the same directions. If you're coming south from the direction of Taos and Espanola, stay on St. Francis Drive (the street you come in on) until you intersect with Cordova Road. Make a left on Cordova (eastbound). Go east until you can go no further and make a left at the stop sign. Look for St. John's College signs and follow them. (A note from my own experience: no matter which of these directions applies to you, you will make your next-to-last turn onto Camino Monte Sol; I find that it's easy to miss the next--and last--turn: go about 500 yards on Camino Monte Sol and take a right onto Camino de la Cruz Blanca. This will take you straight to St. John's.)

Once at St. John's, you should park temporarily in the visitors' parking spaces and go into Peterson Student Building. There you will be greeted by the two Bread Loaf assistants (both of them Bread Loaf graduates), Alfredo Lujan and Larry Abbott. (Alfredo is himself a Santa Fe native, and he will be an invaluable resource throughout the summer for all sorts of questions you might have. Both Alfredo and Larry have been the Assistants to the Director at Bread Loaf/Santa Fe since the first summer, 1991.) Alfredo and Larry can direct you to your rooms and answer your questions.

Correspondents should send mail to you at the following address: (your name), St. John's College, c/o Bread Loaf, 1160 Camino de la Cruz Blanca, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501.

Bread Loaf will have its own office phone, but we have not yet been informed of the number. Your own incoming and outgoing calls can be handled on the pay phones located in each dormitory. The St. John's College phone number is (505) 982-3691.

Since there will not be check-cashing services at Bread Loaf/Santa Fe, you should bring travellers' checks with you for the summer's expenses.

Students living at St. John's will be provided weekly with linen (a pillowcase, 2 sheets, 2 towels, and wash cloth), as well as a pillow and blanket and soap. So, unless for special reasons you need more than the above, you won't need to transport those items to Santa Fe.

There are coin-operated laundry facilities in each of the St. John's dormitories.

Hot plates, coffee pots, and cooking equipment of all sorts are forbidden in the dormitories.

Health care, except for the most rudimentary sort, will not be available at the St. John's campus itself; the nearest hospital is approximately 10 minutes away from St. John's. You should definitely have with you at all times your insurance ID card during the Bread Loaf session. The enclosed health form should be filled out and brought with you to be turned in to the Bread Loaf office upon arrival.

If you would like a short list of Santa Fe day-care centers, please call Elaine or Marilyn at the Bread Loaf office, (802) 388-3711, ext. 5418.

Now for the weather. The most frequent misconception I come across about Santa Fe is the idea that since Santa Fe is in the Southwest, it's very, very hot. But Santa Fe is quite different geographically and climatically from, say, Phoenix (which is very, very hot). Santa Fe is 7000 feet above sea level, and this altitude has several effects. First, especially for the first couple of days there, if you exercise strenuously, your lungs will very clearly let you know that

you are at 7000 feet, with considerably thinner air. You will find, however, that you will acclimate fairly quickly to this change in altitude. Second, the thinner air does cause some people to sunburn more easily, and local experts (mine is Ken Macrorie) advise wearing hats if you're out for long periods of time. Third, although in these Greenhouse Effect days every place can be hot, Santa Fe can be cool, even in the summer. Here's a description of the weather (quoted from Frommer's **Santa Fe, Taos, and Albuquerque,** a guide as useful as any other I've seen): "Santa Fe is consistently 10 degrees cooler than the nearby desert but gets the same sunny skies, averaging more than 300 days of sunshine out of 365. Midsummer (July-August) days are dry and sunny (around 80 degrees), with brief afternoon thunderstorms common; evenings are typically in the upper 50s." So the common-sense advice is: bring summer clothes for warm, even hot weather, but also bring some light wraps (especially, for example, if you plan to attend the Santa Fe Opera or other evening events).

The first meal at St. John's will be dinner on the evening of June 29. Most of you are on the meal plan at St. John's; if you are living off-campus, you may purchase tickets for any meals you choose to take at St. John's. Breakfast will be served from 7 to 9, lunch from 11:30 to 1:00, and dinner from 5:30 to 6:30. There will be one major difference between the arrangement of meals at Santa Fe and meals at Vermont and Oxford: Bread Loaf shares the St. John's campus with other groups from around the country, so you will have the opportunity, if you wish, to meet and dine with people who aren't spending all their waking hours thinking about literature and writing.

Following dinner the first evening, there will be a short ceremony of welcome presided over by Lucy Maddox, the on-site director at Santa Fe. There will be an informal reception after the ceremony, when you will have the opportunity to meet (or re-greet) your fellow students and the Bread Loaf faculty.

The St. John's bookstore has ordered a very small number of each book to be used in the Bread Loaf courses, but their expectation is that most of you will bring the texts with you.

There will be a small number of computers (Macs and IBMs) available for use by students. Even though we are increasing the number of computers on hand this summer, we encourage you to bring your own--especially if you have an easily portable model. If you wish, you may ship your own computer to St. John's at the following address: St. John's Mailing Room, c/o Bread Loaf, 1160 Camino de la Cruz Blanca, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501. (Be sure to display your own name on the outside of the shipping box.)

St. John's is about 2 miles from the Plaza, the center of Santa Fe. A St. John's van makes a round trip to the Plaza every afternoon at no charge.

Because of the combination of high enrollments and the large number of small seminars, I regret that non-enrolled spouses will not be able to audit Bread Loaf/Santa Fe courses this summer; enrolled students will be able to audit only with the instructor's permission.

There are many wonderful things to do in Santa Fe itself. There are museums: the Palace of the Governors, the Museum of Fine Arts, the Museum of International Folk Art, the Museum of Indian Arts and Culture, the Wheelwright Museum of the American Indian (to go no further). The final three of these I've just mentioned are located very near St. John's.

I would also recommend the galleries in Santa Fe, both those showing contemporary art (including the art of Joyce Macrorie, Ken's wife) and those showing Native American pottery, weavings, baskets, etc., mainly of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. These galleries are bunched in two locations: around the Plaza and along Canyon Road.

If you're interested in venturing outside Santa Fe (and I strongly urge you to do so), there are various options.

During the summer, St. John's will sponsor its own field trips to various natural and cultural sites around Santa Fe. Bread Loaf students are invited along for a small fee, although St. John's own students have first priority. (The St. John's itinerary of trips has not yet been announced.)

If you have a car, there are, as I've already mentioned, multiple possibilities for places to go--far more than I can list here. Nevertheless, let me name a few. A very nice day-trip could take you up north through the Hispanic town of Chimayo, with its beautiful (and fabled) early-nineteenth-century church, and then on to Taos and Ranchos de Taos (with its own splendid church) and Taos Pueblo. Albuquerque, 55 miles south, has far more attractions than you could cover in a single day. If you're interested in longer expeditions, perhaps over a weekend, then think of going to Acoma Pueblo, west of Albuquerque. You might consider visiting the two most spectacular archaeological sites in this part of the world, Mesa Verde and Pueblo Bonito in Chaco Canyon. And if you really want to hit the highway, it's possible to go to astonishing Canyon de Chelly, the Hopi Pueblos in Arizona, or even the Grand Canyon. (You should read all this advice in the context of Lucy's profound conviction that I always try to see too much in too short a time.)

For more detailed advice about trips out from Santa Fe, long or short, speak with Alfredo, Larry, Lucy, or the local people you'll soon start meeting.

Santa Fe is also famous for its opera and for its Chamber Music Festival. If you are interested in attending any of these performances, I would advise calling or writing to make reservations; tickets to both are in high demand.

I will simply curtail my descriptions at this point, so that this letter doesn't get impossibly long. I myself regret that I will be joining you in Santa Fe for only about five days. With some envy, I wish you a very enjoyable and productive six weeks in Bread Loaf's third summer in Santa Fe.

Best wishes,

Jim Maddox

James Maddox
Director

JHM/elh

Bread Loaf School of English

Please turn in at Bread Loaf Office upon arrival.

Name _____
LAST FIRST

Date of Birth: _____

Home Address: _____

_____

Home Tel: (____) _____

S.S. # _____

HEALTH FORM

INSTRUCTIONS: This form must be completed, signed, and submitted in order for you to attend Middlebury College. The information will be held in confidence as part of your health records at the College. Contents of your health file will not jeopardize your admission to Middlebury College. *It is in your interest that your health records be complete.* Please attach additional sheets if necessary.

Please return the completed forms to the address above. Thank you for your cooperation.

PERSONAL HEALTH HISTORY

Have you ever had or have you now: (Please check and describe at right of each item)

	YES	NO	YEAR	COMMENTS		YES	NO	YEAR	COMMENTS
Migraine					Jaundice or hepatitis				
Frequent or severe headache					Rectal disease				
Fainting spells					Kidney or bladder infection				
Concussion or severe head injury					Kidney stone				
Head or neck x-rays or radiation treatments					Albumin or blood in urine				
Sinusitis					Mother used D.E.S. during pregnancy with you				
Hearing loss					Abnormal pap smear				
Other ear, nose & throat trouble					Fibrocystic breasts				
Eye trouble other than for glasses					Bone, joint, or other deformity				
Asthma					Shoulder dislocation				
Cigarette or other tobacco use					Knee problems				
Pneumonia					Recurrent back pain				
Chronic Cough					Neck and/or back injury				
Tumor or Cancer					Broken bones				
High blood pressure					Swollen or painful joints				
Rheumatic fever					Arthritis, rheumatism or bursitis				
Heart Trouble					Paralysis				
Tuberculosis or positive TB test					Diabetes or sugar in urine				
Pain or pressure in chest					Thyroid trouble				
Lyme Disease					Skin disease				
Cogenital heart disease					Pilonidal cyst				
Mitral valve prolapse					Epilepsy or seizure disorder				
Elevated cholestrol					Malaria				
Blood disorders					Mononucleosis				
Anemia					Learning disability				
Shortness of breath					Obesity				
Severe or recurrent abdominal pain					Positive HIV Antibody test/AIDS				
Hernia					Vegetarian				
Ulcer (duodenal or stomach)					Chronic Fatigue Syndrome				
Irritable bowel syndrome					Eating disorder				
Inflammatory bowel					Problems with alcohol or drug use				
Lactose intolerance					Serious depression				
Self-induced vomiting					Excessive worry or anxiety				
Gall bladder trouble or gallstones					Sexually transmitted diseases				

Please check each item "YES" or "NO."
For every item checked "YES," please explain fully in blank space on right

YES	NO	Have you ever experienced adverse reactions (hypersensitivity, allergies, upset stomach, rash, hives, etc.) to:	If yes, please explain fully: type of reaction, your age when the reaction occurred, and how often the experience has occurred.)
☐	☐	Penicillin	
☐	☐	Sulfa	
☐	☐	Other antibiotics (Name: _____)	
☐	☐	Aspirin	
☐	☐	Codeine	
☐	☐	Other pain relievers (Name: _____)	
☐	☐	Horse serum	
☐	☐	Local anesthetics	
☐	☐	Other drugs, medicines, chemicals (Name: _____)	

YES	NO	Are you allergic to:	
☐	☐	Foods (please list) _____	Name of allergist: _____
☐	☐	Stinging insects (please specify _____	Address: _____
☐	☐	Molds, pollen _____	_____
☐	☐	Animals (please specify) _____	Telephone: ( ) _____
☐	☐	Other (please specify) _____	Date series begun: _____
☐	☐	Do you receive allergy desensitization injections?	Please describe any adverse reactions to these injections:
☐	☐	Do you wish to continue allergy desensitization injections at Middlebury College Health Center? If so, please supply the information in the right-hand column.	_____
			_____
			_____
			_____

—Please bring your serum with you, along with complete directions and a schedule for the injections—

YES NO ☐ ☐ Do you use medicine regularly? Please list any drugs, medicines, chemicals, vitamins and minerals (both prescription and non-prescription) you use and indicate how often you use them. We recommend that you bring what you anticipate needing.

(Name) _____

(Name) _____

(Name) _____

Please indicate year for any of the following childhood illnesses you have experienced:

Chickenpox_____ Measles_____ Rubella (German Measles)_____

Diphtheria_____ Mumps_____ Scarlet Fever_____

YES ☐ NO ☐ Have you ever had any problems for which you have received counseling or psychotherapy? If so, please describe.

YES ☐ NO ☐ Have you ever been a patient in any type of hospital? (If yes, specify when, where and diagnosis.)

YES ☐ NO ☐ Have you had any operations? (If yes, please describe and give year in which they were performed.)

YES ☐ NO ☐ Have you ever had any serious illnesses or injuries other than those already noted? (If yes, specify when and where and give details.)

YES ☐ NO ☐ Do you use corrective eyewear?

Please copy your prescription(s) here:

Eyeglasses: prescription:

Contact lenses: prescription:

Note: We recommend that you bring an extra pair.

Has any blood relative of yours had any of the following?

	YES	NO	RELATIONSHIP
Diabetes			
High blood pressure			
Stroke			
Cancer (Type:_____)			
Heart attack before age 55			
Cholesterol or blood fat disorder			
Alcoholism			
Sickle cell anemia			
Glaucoma			

	YES	NO	RELATIONSHIP
Depression			
Other serious illness (specify): _____			

If either parent or any sibling is deceased, please list relationship to you, age at death, and cause of death.

IMMUNIZATIONS

VACCINE TYPE	MONTH, DAY & YEAR FOR EACH DOSE					10 YEAR BOOSTER
	1	2	3	4	5	
DPT or Td (Diphtheria, Pertussis, Tetanus or Tetanus, Diphtheria)						
Polio - not required after 18th birthday						
Measles (red or hard measles) check type: ☐ Live ☐ Killed* ☐ Unknown *reimmunization required	Vaccine Date:_____/_____/_____ Titer Date:_____/_____/_____ Disease Date:_____/_____/_____					
Rubella (3-day or German measles)	Vaccine Date:_____/_____/_____ Titer Date:_____/_____/_____ Disease Date:_____/_____/_____ Result:_____ Was disease diagnosed by a physician?					

Measles and rubella vaccine - must be repeated if administered before first birthday.

Have you ever had to discontinue study or restrict activities because of physical or nervous disturbances? If yes, explain fully.

Have you ever had any limitation placed on the amount and type of physical exercise? If yes, explain fully

SOURCES OF HEALTH CARE

Please list the names, addresses, and telephone numbers of physicians, psychologists, or other health caregivers you now consult.

Name_____ Field_____ Name_____ Field_____

Address_____ Address_____

City, State_____ City, State_____

Tel. ( )_____ Tel. ( )_____

HEALTH INSURANCE COVERAGE

Please list below any current insurance coverage such as Blue Cross/Blue Shield, public assistance, or private insurance.

INSURANCE COMPANY	ADDRESS	GROUP/POLICY NUMBER

EMERGENCY NOTIFICATION

In case of emergency please notify:

Name_____

Relationship_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Zip_____ Telephone ( )_____

Work Telephone ( )_____

In case of emergency please notify:

Name_____

Relationship_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Zip_____ Telephone ( )_____

Work Telephone ( )_____

My signature below indicates that:

- I consent to medical and nursing treatment by the staff at the Health Center.
- the information on this form is correct and complete to the best of my knowledge.
- I understand that Middlebury College views my health as chiefly my responsibility.
- If I require services, prescriptions, or referrals beyond the primary care services available at Parton Health Center, I shall assume the financial responsibility or negotiate satisfactory arrangements with the caregiver.
- I hereby authorize the release of any information on file pertaining to my condition of health. I understand that my contacts with health and counseling services are held in confidence but that confidentiality may be broken if my life or that of any other person is in danger.

_____

DATE SIGNATURE OF STUDENT

_____

DATE SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR GUARDIAN
(required if student is not yet 18 years old or if insurance listed above is in parent's or guardian's name)

IF YOU HAVE ANY QUESTIONS, CALL THE HEALTH CENTER AT 388-3711, ext. 5135

Bread Loaf School of English
Middlebury College
Middlebury VT 05753

ACCIDENT INSURANCE

Middlebury College does not provide sickness insurance, but does automatically provide accident insurance for students while they are enrolled in the summer session.

Boston Mutual Life Insurance Company will pay for the expense of treating injuries up to a total of $2,000 for any one accident. The company will cover the first $100 of an accident. Claims in excess of $100 will be paid only to the extent that they are not payable under the terms of other policies covering the student.

Covered treatment includes x-rays, laboratory tests, surgery, physician's visits, nursing care, hospital care and treatment, and prescription drugs. The expense for dental treatment of injuries to sound natural teeth is limited to $1,000.

Claims: In the event of accident, claims should be reported to Boston Mutual Life Insurance Company, Claims Division, 120 Royall Street, Canton MA 02021 within 30 days from the date of the accident. Medical bills must be submitted within 90 days from date of treatment. Claim forms are available from the Parton Health Center, Middlebury College (802-388-3711, Ext. 5135). If you have any questions concerning the limitations and exclusions of this plan or filing a claim, please contact Walter W. Sussenguth and Associates, the plan administrator at the above address, or use the toll-free number: 1-800-669-2668, Ext. 445.

The insurance will be effective for the periods indicated below:

English School, Vermont	29 June - 14 August 1993
English School at Lincoln College, Oxford*	5 July - 14 August 1993
English School at Santa Fe	29 June - 12 August 1993

*Under Britain's medical program, you must have medical coverage to meet the treatment of medical conditions and problems you have on arrival in Britain. National Health will, at the discretion of our doctor, meet expenses of emergencies encountered during the summer. Expenses of hospitalization are paid by National Health under normal circumstances. Be sure to bring your medical insurance forms for claiming expenses under your own medical insurance plan.

SHUTTLE JACK

WITH A SCHEDULE LIKE THIS

Driving Time 70 minutes – Nonstop Service Between Santa Fe and Albuquerque Airport – Reservations required to Guarantee Seating

SCHEDULE

SANTA FE TO ABQ	ABQ TO SANTA FE
4:45 am	6:40 am
☛ 5:45 am	☛ 7:35 am
6:45 am	8:35 am
☛ 7:45 am	☛ 9:50 am
9:00 am	☛ 10:50 am
☛ 10:00 am	11:50 am
11:00 am	☛ 12:50 pm
☛ 12:00 pm	1:50 pm
1:00 pm	☛ 2:40 pm
☛ 2:00 pm	3:50 pm
3:20 pm	5:30 pm
☛ 4:40 pm	☛ 6:50 pm
6:00 pm	8:45 pm
8:40 pm	10:45 pm

☛ APRIL 15 THRU OCT. 15 and DEC. 20 THRU JAN. 10 ONLY

WHY DRIVE?

We've shuttled over 3 million people between Santa Fe hotels and the Albuquerque Airport. Our customers know that the guaranteed seating and convenience of ***SHUTTLEJACK*** make driving your car to the airport a waste of time and money, not to mention the wear and tear on your physical well being.

SANTA FE 505-982-4311 ALBUQUERQUE 505-243-3244
TOLL FREE OUTSIDE NEW MEXICO 1-800-452-2665



SERVING ALL

• QUAIL RUN • COLLEGE OF SANTA FE
• GLORIETA CONFERENCE CENTER
• FORT MARCY COMPOUND
• PLAZA RESOLANO • PONCE DE LEON
• LOS ALAMOS & TAOS

SPECIAL PICK UP AND DELIVERY REQUIRES CREDIT CARD GUARANTEE & ADVANCE RESERVATIONS

ALL HOTELS AND MOTELS

ARE SERVED WITH ADVANCE CONFIRMED RESERVATIONS

To determine your approximate pickup time please use the following pick up guide

HOTEL	PICK UP TIME	BOARD LOCATION
High Mesa & Cerrillos Road properties	30 min. prior to schedule	outside main entrance
Budget Inn	20 min. prior to schedule	Cerrillos Road curbside
Hotel Santa Fe	20 min. prior to schedule	outside main entrance
Inn of the Governors	20 min. prior to schedule	outside Alameda St. entrance
St. Francis Hotel	20 min. prior to schedule	outside main entrance
La Fonda Hotel	15 min. prior to schedule	at entrance to parking lot
Inn on the Anasazi	15 min. prior to schedule	outside main entrance
Hotel Plaza Real	15 min. prior to schedule	outside main entrance
La Posada	15 min. prior to schedule	streetside at main entrance on Palace Ave.
Inn on the Alameda	15 min. prior to schedule	outside main entrance
Desert Inn	departs from Inn at Loretto	outside main entrance
Inn at Loretto	SCHEDULED TIME	outside main entrance
Hilton	departs from Eldorado Hotel	outside main entrance
Eldorado	SCHEDULED TIME + 5 MIN.	outside main entrance
Santa Fe Motel	scheduled time plus 10 min.	Cerrillos Road curbside
Travelodge	scheduled time plus 10 min.	Cerrillos Road curbside

If for any reason you are not picked up within ten minutes of your scheduled time, please call our office IMMEDIATELY at 982-4311.

SHUTTLE JACK

RESERVATIONS AND INFORMATION

TO BE PICKED UP → Be at your pick up point 10 minutes prior to departure. See time table for the proper hotel or airport departure time. ***SHUTTLEJACK*** will not be liable for transportation of passengers who miss the bus of their own accord.

SANTA FE DEPARTURES → All hotels in Santa Fe are serviced by ***SHUTTLEJACK*** if advance reservations are made. Passengers WITHOUT reservations should board at the main entrance to the Inn at Loretto, Eldorado Hotel or High Mesa Inn. Ask your hotel bellman or call our office for more information.

PICK UP AT THE AIRPORT → Buses depart from the terminal in front of Southwest Airlines at the ground level. When you board the bus tell the driver at which hotel you would like to be dropped off. If you have a problem, call us from inside the terminal at 243-3244 or look for our representative wearing a Red Jacket in the terminal building.

TICKET PURCHASES → You may purchase your ticket from the driver. We accept cash or Travelers Checks. Correct change of $20 will facilitate loading and departure.

CREDIT CARD PURCHASES → You may charge your ticket to VISA or MASTERCARD. THIS MUST BE DONE IN ADVANCE WHEN YOU MAKE YOUR RESERVATION AND CAN NOT BE DONE AT THE TIME OF DEPARTURE. Please call our office to arrange for pre-payment by credit card. If you choose pre-payment by credit card your signature will be required by the driver when you board the bus.

BAGGAGE → Two regular size bags and a carry on are allowed, for information on larger bags, pets, express packages, etc. call our office.

DROP OFF AT THE AIRPORT → The airport allows us only one stop at the terminal. It is centrally located with Sky Cap assistance available and in close proximity to all airlines counters.

DROP OFF IN SANTA FE → Service is available to almost every hotel main entrance in Santa Fe, with advance reservations.

CERRILLOS ROAD HOTEL & MOTEL PICK UP/ DROP OFF → All Cerrillos Road hotels and motels will be served. Service for Cerrillos Road motels is limited to guests **only** of those particular motels. All Cerrillos Road properties require ADVANCE RESERVATIONS with a credit card guarantee or pre-payment for all pick-ups, excluding High Mesa Inn.

NO SHOWS → Your reservation and guaranteed seat will be automatically released 5 minutes prior to departure time. Your credit card will be billed if you do not cancel your reservation at least 3 hours prior to departure.

BED AND BREAKFAST SERVICE → Many of the Bed and Breakfasts in the Santa Fe area are served by ***SHUTTLEJACK.***

DOOR TO DOOR HOME SERVICE → Available on a limited basis. We service many neighborhoods and on many occasions we can pick you up at your residence for an additional cost. Call our office for information.

FIND A ROOM → If you are coming to Santa Fe and do not have a room reservation, ask the driver to call the office for you and we will check with the **Lodgers Hotline.**

RENT-A-CAR → In Santa Fe we will help you rent a car from a major rent a car agency while in Santa Fe.

SCENIC TOURS/OPERA → ***SHUTTLEJACK*** also provides Scenic Tours, Nightly Opera Shuttle Service, Daily Ski Shuttles, Charter Buses and scheduled service to Glorieta, Los Alamos, Taos and Taos Ski Valley.

DRIVERS GRATUITIES → When you enjoy good service and extra effort our drivers provide, thank the driver. Gratuities are welcome but not mandatory. If for any reason the service is unsatisfactory, please call us immediately.

EMERGENCIES! PROBLEMS!

If for any reason you are not picked up within **ten minutes** of your scheduled departure time please call our office immediately at **982-4311.** Have your reservation confirmation number handy. With this number YOU ARE GUARANTEED SERVICE.

IN SANTA FE 505-982-4311 **IN ALBUQUERQUE** 505-243-3244
TOLL FREE OUTSIDE NEW MEXICO
1-800-452-2665

Our office hours are normally from 7:30 am – 5:30 pm daily.
High Season hours are from 6 am – 10 pm
(April 15 – October 15 and December 20 – January 10)

SEXUAL HARASSMENT

Sexual harassment is a violation of an individual's basic civil rights and will not be tolerated by Middlebury College. Sexual harassment is against the law and violates Middlebury College's Policy.

Middlebury College's Harassment Policy Statement (1992) prohibits harassment based on sex, sexual orientation, race, religion, national origin, age or physical ability. This policy states:

"As an educational institution, Middlebury College is committed to maintaining a campus environment where bigotry and intolerance, including discrimination on the basis of sex, sexual orientation, race, ethnicity, religious beliefs, physical ability or age have no place, and where any form of coercion or harassment that insults the dignity of others and interferes with their freedom to learn or work is unacceptable. Harassment, as defined below, is antithetical to the mission of this College. In addition, many forms of harassment have been recognized as violations of the civil rights laws by the Federal Courts, by the U.S. Equal Employment Commission, by the State of Vermont and by the U.S. Department of Education.

Middlebury College defines harassment as verbal or physical conduct which on the basis of sex, sexual orientation, race, religion, national origin, age or physical ability has the purpose or effect, from the point of view of a reasonable person, either of interfering with an individual's educational or work performance or of creating an intimidating, hostile or offensive educational, work or living environment. Harassment includes such conduct specifically directed at an individual or a small group of individuals and expresses hatred or contempt on the basis of stereotyped group characteristics or because of a person's identification with a particular group. Harassment also includes violence in word or deed or attempts to incite violence directed against members of these groups because of their group identification. In addition, harassment may include repeated slurs, or taunts in the guise of a joke, or disparaging references to others, when such conduct is based on sex, sexual orientation, race, ethnic origin, religion, physical ability or age.

With specific reference to sexual harassment, in addition to conduct which creates a hostile environment, sexual harassment includes what a reasonable person would judge to be unwelcome sexual advances or requests for sexual favors which explicitly or implicitly affect educational or employment decisions concerning an individual. Those in positions of authority must recognize that in their relationships with subordinates and students there is always an element of unequal power. It is incumbent upon those with authority not to abuse the power with which they have been entrusted.

Moreover, Middlebury College embraces the ethical standard set forth by the American Association of University Professors, which holds that a professor, in order to encourage the free pursuit of learning, must avoid any exploitation of students for his/her private advantage. Accordingly, faculty and staff members should be aware that romantic and sexual involvements with students over whom they have direct or indirect authority are discouraged by Middlebury College, even though such involvements need not always constitute a form of sexual harassment.

Middlebury College recognizes that the protection of free and open speech and the open exchange of ideas is essential to any academic or artistic community, crucial for the activities of scholars and artists. It is, therefore, an important element in the "reasonable person standard" to be used in judging whether harassment has occurred. This harassment policy statement is meant neither to proscribe nor to inhibit discussions, in or out of the classroom, of complex, controversial or sensitive matters, including sex, sexual orientation, race, ethnicity, religious orientation, age or physical ability, when in the judgement of a reasonable person they arise appropriately and with respect for the dignity of others. Middlebury College is a community of learners and as such recognizes and affirms that free and honest intellectual inquiry, debate, and constructive dialogue are vital to the academic mission of the College and must be protected even when the views

expressed are unpopular or controversial. Middlebury College also recognizes, however, that verbal conduct can be used specifically to intimidate or coerce and to inhibit genuine discourse, free inquiry and learning. Such abuses are unacceptable. If someone believes that another's speech or writing is offensive, wrong or hurtful, he or she is encouraged to express that judgement in the exercise of his or her own freedom of speech or to seek redress when appropriate.

Middlebury College maintains that all members of its community have the right to participate in the life of the College without harassment or intimidation. The College remains firmly committed to protecting these rights for all members of the College community."

It is important to recognize that both men and women are affected by and can be the recipients of sexual harassment. Sexual harassment can occur between a faculty member and a student, a supervisor and a student employee, an adviser and a student, a staff person and a student, or between two students. Sexual harassment may also occur between a supervisor and an employee, two members of the staff, two members of the faculty, or a faculty member and a staff person. Sexual harassment may also involve groups of people.

Examples of possible sexual harassment include, but are not limited to, the following:

- repeated homophobic graffiti on an individual's message board
- intrusive questions about one's personal life
- intimidation, hostility, or condescension which is based on a person's gender or sexual orientation
- repeated slurs, taunts, or humiliating jokes when such conduct is based on sex or sexual orientation
- repeated requests for socializing when a person has indicated he/she is not interested
- unwanted physical contact such as touching, pinching, brushing up against, patting or rubbing a traditionally sexual part of a person's body
- trapping a person or in some way blocking movement
- demands or requests for sexual favors accompanied by threats about grades, recommendations, or your job.
- promises of preferential treatment in exchange for sex
- touching a person on a traditionally non-sexual part of the body after that person has indicated no desire for such physical contact
- continuing to write suggestive notes or letters after being informed they are unwelcome
- harassment, or retaliation of any kind for having previously filed a complaint

What you can do to protect yourself:

- Be sure the harasser knows you do not welcome this treatment and be clear about your limits: say "no" or "stop"
- Avoid answering personal questions
- Document where, when, and how you are being harassed

If you would like to speak to someone regarding harassment, the following campus resources are available to listen to you, inform you of your rights and also what options are available to you:

Staff:	Ted Mayer	53-
	Judy Olinick	55-2
	Sage Russell	5187
	Pat Santner	5158
	Charles Sargent	5333

Faculty:	Martin Beatty	5956
	Janine Clookey	2256
	Kevin Moss	5786
	Allison Stanger	5023
	John Walsh	5626

Each of the people mentioned have been designated to listen to your concerns. Your discussions with any of these resource people will be confidential and will not necessarily commit you to further action.

If you are a student, other resources on campus are : The Center for Counseling and Human Relations, Parton Health Center, the nurse at Bread Loaf, the College Chaplain, the Director of Health Education or Dean of Students. If you are an employee, you may also contact the Human Resources Department, your supervisor or your department chairperson.

If you wish to file a formal complaint regarding harassment, contact the Human Relations Officer, Karen Andrews at Ext. 5518.

Many forms of sexual harassment also violate Federal and State Laws. You may also contact the Civil Rights Division of the Attorney General's Office in Vermont at 828-3171 and you may contact the Regional Office of the U.S. Department of Education Office for Civil Rights in Boston, MA at (617) 223-9662 for advice and support. If you are an employee, an additional resource is the district Equal Employment Opportunity Commission office at (617) 565-3200. If you choose to contact one of these offices, your conversations will be confidential and will not commit you to further action unless you choose to file a complaint with one of these offices.

NOTE: At the Language Schools, many different cultures are represented, each with its own patterns of personal behavior. Cultural differences do not excuse inappropriate or offensive behavior; they do call for particular awareness of and sensitivity to other people's rights and dignity.

You have a right to be treated with respect and dignity as an employee or student at Middlebury College.

NOTE: For a full statement of College policy and options available within the College for resolving a complaint, see the College Handbook. Copies of the College Handbook are available at the Office of Health Education, Carr Hall or the Dean of Students' Office, Old Chapel.

Revised4/93
Summer Sessions

Yonna McShane
Office of Health Education

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

June 1993

To Faculty, Staff, and Students at the Bread Loaf School of English:

We write to you concerning the Human Immunodeficiency Virus (HIV) which causes the Acquired Immunodeficiency Syndrome (AIDS). Recent statistics show a significant increase nationally in the number of AIDS cases reported in the past year. In addition, recent statistics from the Center for Disease Control indicate that over 253,448 Americans now have AIDS and that many more have been infected by the virus (HIV). Most of these people do not know they are carriers. The AIDS epidemic continues to be of concern nationally and, therefore, it must also concern each of us at Middlebury. Members of our community have received treatment for the virus which causes AIDS.

We believe it is important that you understand what resources are available on campus in the areas of education, diagnosis, treatment, and support. We also believe it is important that we inform you of the policy guidelines at Middlebury.

The American College Health Association (ACHA) provides a series of guidelines for college policy based on facts from the best recent medical data available. Middlebury College has used those guidelines and adapted them to our particular needs.

ACHA recommends that colleges not adopt blanket policies concerning individuals with AIDS or AIDS-related conditions. Rather, it suggests that certain guidelines be followed and that the college analyze and respond to each case individually. Middlebury College has established a committee of three people whose responsibility it is to do this. For the 1993 school year these individuals are:

1) Ruth K. Grant, M.D., College Physician
2) Gary Margolis, Ph.D., Director of Counseling and Human Relations
3) Kathleen Ready,MSN, Head Nurse

In order to provide essential medical support, appropriate health and hygiene counseling and related assistance, any member of the community who has tested positive for HIV or who has AIDS or an AIDS-related condition are strongly recommended to consult with either the College Health Center or their own physician. In addition, individuals who are HIV positive or who have AIDS, are asked to consult with one of the

individuals named above. Responses to such occurrences will be guided both by Middlebury's commitment to the protection of individual rights, including confidentiality, and by necessary consideration of the community public health interest.

If you think you may have been exposed to AIDS or have symptoms of AIDS, we strongly urge you to make contact with the college Health Center. Through the Health Center you will receive information, evaluation, counseling and support, and education regarding testing options. Confidentiality is maintained in accordance with laws governing the privacy of medical information.

It is important that we all be acquainted with the latest information concerning AIDS. We strongly urge each of you to read the enclosed handout which contains guidelines for handling blood and body fluids, and information on HIV, which everyone needs to know. Additional information phamplets, such as AIDS...What Everyone Should Know and Make Sex Safer pamphlets, and free condoms are available to all members of the community at the Parton Health Center in the waiting room, and in the stairwell on the east end of Carr Hall and at Cornwall Infirmry.If you have any questions regarding AIDS or HIV, we encourage you to speak to a nurse at the Cornwall Infirmy. Or if you prefer to speak with a resource outside of the College, we encourage you to call the toll-free hotline at the Vermont Health Department (1-800-882-AIDS). This information is free and calls are confidential.

Remember studies and guidelines from the Center for Disease Control and the Public Health Service indicate that individuals with AIDS or AIDS-related conditions do not pose a health risk to others through casual contact. Available evidence indicates that AIDS is transmitted only by intimate sexual contact or by exposure to contaminated blood.

Sincerely,

Yonna McShane MEd.

Yonna McShane , MEd.
Health Educator
Counseling and Human Relations

Ruth K. Grant

Ruth K. Grant, M.D.
Medical Center Director
Parton Health Center

Kathleen Ready

Kathleen Ready. MSN
Head Nurse
Parton Health Center

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE HIV TASK FORCE
GUIDELINES FOR HANDLING BLOOD AND BODY FLUIDS

"Guidelines for Handling Blood and Body Fluids" refers to the "Universal Precautions" measures one takes to prevent the transmission of bloodborne diseases such as hepatitis B and HIV. They are called universal because they are recommended whenever there is potential exposure to blood or body fluids of another individual whose infection status is most likely unknown.

Bloodborne diseases can be transmitted from an infected individual to another when there is sufficient contact between the infected individual's blood, semen, vaginal secretions, or blood-containing fluid and another's non-intact skin or mucous membranes. These diseases can also be transmitted through a puncture wound with a contaminated needle or sharp object. Middlebury College therefore recommends the following for the handling of blood and body fluids:

1. Barrier methods such as gloves are strongly recommended whenever someone is at risk for direct exposure to another individual's blood or body fluids. The Health Center will provide gloves to anyone who requests them, free of charge. Members of the custodial staff should wear latex gloves when cleaning bathrooms. The custodial staff should disinfect reuseable gloves after contact with blood or body fluids.

2. Good handwashing is important after any potential contact with blood or body fluids, even if gloves are worn. If you get blood or body fluids on your skin, wash well with copious amounts of soap and water. If you come into direct contact with blood or body fluids, we recommend speaking with a nurse at the Health Center.

3. Procedures for the decontamination of environmental surfaces and objects soiled by blood or body fluids should be adopted and implemented. The Public Health Service recommends the cleaning of contaminated surfaces with a household bleach (Clorox) and freshly diluted 1:10 - 1:100 in water.

   Students should contact the custodial staff at ext. 5243 to clean any blood spills, rather than attempting to clean it themselves. If it is after-hours or on the weekend, Campus Security should be contacted.

4. Extreme caution should be exercised in disposing of needles. Students and employees may obtain an infectious waste container from the Health Center, if needed.

5. Laboratory courses requiring exposure to blood such as finger pricks for blood typing or examination should use disposable equipment. No lancets or blood-letting devices should be reused or shared.

6. No student is required to obtain or process the blood of others.

7. Implements that may become contaminated with blood such as razors, toothbrushes, or tweezers should never be shared by individuals.

Rev. 3/92

AIDS AND HIV - WHAT WE ALL NEED TO KNOW

AIDS and the HIV infection does not discriminate based on sex, sexual orientation, race, socio-economic class, etc. Many men and women who are HIV positive do not realize that they are carrying the virus because it is not unusual for individuals to remain symptom free for many years. However, people who have the HIV infection can transmit the virus to others even if they have no symptoms. HIV can be transmitted by semen, blood, blood products, and vaginal and cervical secretions. Theoretically , the virus is contained in other body fluids, however, whether or not it is present in sufficient amount to transmit the infection is unclear. You can reduce your risks of being infected by HIV if you:

1. Make well informed and safe choices about sexual activity. If you do <u>not</u> have vaginal, anal, or oral sexual intercourse, you will be providing yourself with excellent protection against the sexual transmission of HIV.

2. <u>Always</u> use safe sex practices if you are engaging in sexual activity involving intercourse and take precautions with every partner. Communicate assertively with your sexual partner and always use latex condoms when engaging in intercourse. Spermicides containing nonoxynal-9 may increase the protection provided by a condom. Latex squares or dental dams are rubber devices that may be used during oral intercourse. The level of protection this practice provides is not known, but it is logical to assume that this may reduce the risk of acquiring HIV if they are used properly and consistently.

3. Separate alcohol and drug use from sexual activity. Having sex when you are drunk or drugged, often results in not practicing safer sex. Alcohol and drugs impair cognitive function, making adequate decision making more difficult. They also make communicating more difficult.

4. Never share needles or engage in any other activity which may result in exposure to blood. (see the other side of this handout for more information on blood precautions).

Remember your behavior determines your risk for acquiring HIV. If you do not engage in risky behavior, you greatly reduce your risk of infection.

Remember studies and guidelines from the Center for Disease Control and the Public Health Service indicate that individuals with the HIV infection or AIDS do not pose a health risk to others through casual contact.

Health Education 4/92

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753-6131
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

May 17, 1993

Dear Student:

Attached you will find the information booklet **"Drugs, Alcohol, and You - Your Accountability and Responsibility at Middlebury College."** On December 12th, 1989, former President George Bush signed into law the Drug-Free Schools and Communities Act Amendment (Public Law 101-226). This legislation requires American colleges and universities to distribute the information contained in the aforementioned booklet to all students, including students in programs abroad and off-campus programs.

It is important that students recognize drug and alcohol abuse as serious health issues. It is also important for those who need it to know where confidential, medical, and psychological help is available. If drugs and/or alcohol are a concern in your life, you are encouraged to contact the Director of your Bread Loaf program who will assist you in locating medical and/or psychological services for more information regarding treatment options.

I urge you to read the attached booklet in its entirety.

Sincerely,

James Maddox

James Maddox
Director

Drugs, Alcohol and You

Your Accountability and Responsibility at Middlebury College

Office of Health Education
Summer 1993

MIDDLEBURY'S POSITION

Middlebury College is deeply concerned about illegal drug use and alcohol abuse in our society and in our community. The College regards illegal drug use and alcohol abuse as a problem which can affect the entire College community. It is important that you as a member of the Middlebury community to be aware of the College drug and alcohol policy as well as pertinent State and Federal laws. It is also important that all members of our community know where help is available for those who need it.

DRUG LAWS

There are a number of State and Federal laws prohibiting the possession, use, sale, and distribution of illicit drugs such as marijuana, cocaine, L.S.D., crack, heroin, etc. Legal sanctions for conviction include: required community service, significant fines, and lengthy imprisonment. For example, in the State of Vermont, a first time offense for the possession of less than two ounces of marijuana carries a penalty of up to a $500 fine and six months' imprisonment; the unlawful sale of less than one-half ounce of marijuana carries a penalty of up to a $10,000 fine and two years of imprisonment. The unlawful possession of cocaine in the amount of less than 2.5 grams carries a penalty of up to a $2,000 fine and one year imprisonment. The distribution of cocaine in an amount less than 2.5 grams can result in a penalty of $75,000 fine and 3 years' imprisonment.*

(*See appendix for more information regarding State and Federal sanctions.)

It is important to note that because of new Federal regulations, if you are prosecuted and found guilty of a drug charge, your Federal Aid grants may be jeopardized. In addition, a felony conviction from a drug charge will prohibit entry into some professions.

WHAT ABOUT ALCOHOL

Alcohol is a drug and for many in our community it is an illegal drug. It is illegal in the State of Vermont for people under the age of 21 years to possess or drink alcoholic beverages. It is also illegal to misrepresent one's age in order to obtain alcoholic beverages, and to supply or sell alcoholic beverages to someone under the age of 21 years. The following are pertinent Vermont laws pertaining to alcohol:

DWI

23 VS 1201 (a) (1): A person shall not operate, attempt to operate, or be in actual physical control of any vehicle on a highway while there is .08 percent or more by weight of alcohol in his blood as shown by analysis of his breath or blood; or

(2): under the influence of intoxicating liquor; or

(3): under the influence of any other drug or the combined influence of alcohol and any other drug to a degree which renders him incapable of driving safely.

PENALTY: 1st offense: 90 days loss of license; fined not less than $200 nor more than $750 or imprisoned not more than 2 years; or both

PERSONS UNDER 18 YRS; ALCOHOL CONCENTRATION OF 0.02 or MORE

15 23 VSA 1216: A person under the age of 18 who operates, attempts to operate or is in actual physical control of a vehicle on a highway when the person's alcohol concentration is .02 or more commits a civil traffic violation subject to the jurisdiction of the traffic bureau.

PENALTY: No fine or points are assessed for a violation of this section, rather the offender's license to operate is suspended until an alcohol and driving education program has been completed. A second offense requires alcohol screening and satisfactory completion of a therapy program. The person is also subject to recall of his provisional license for violation of this section

FURNISHING ALCOHOL TO MINOR

7 VSA 658: A person who sells or furnishes a minor malt or vinous beverages or spirituous liquors shall be fined not less than $200 nor more than $1,000 or imprisoned not more than two years; or both.

POSSESSION OF ALCOHOL BY MINOR/MINORS MISREPRESENTING AGE TO PROCURE OR POSSESS LIQUOR

7 VSA 657: A minor who falsely misrepresents his age for the purpose of procuring or who procures malt or vinous beverages or spirituous liquors from any licensee, state liquor agency, or other person or persons or who possesses malt vinous beverages or spirituous liquor for the purpose of consumption by himself or other minors, except in the regular performance of his duties as an employee of a licensee licensed to sell alcohol liquor, shall be fined not more than $500 or imprisoned not more than 30 days; or both.

ADULT IDENTIFICATION CARDS

7 VSA 669: Any person who misrepresents his age, or practices any deceit in the procurement of an adult identification card, or uses or exhibits for the purpose of obtaining alcoholic

beverages the identification care of another person or one which has been forged or altered: any person who loans or transfers his identification card to another for use in procurement of alcoholic beverages shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and shall be fined $50, which fine shall not be suspended.

Issues of civil liability also arise if you serve alcoholic beverages to a minor or to a person who is apparently under the influence of an intoxicant. "You are liable" means "you are legally responsible". For example, if you supply alcoholic beverages to an underage person and then there is an accident, you may be held liable for damages. Where significant property destruction, serious injury, or death results, damages can amount to enormous monetary settlements.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE DRUG AND ALCOHOL POLICY

Middlebury College opposes the illegal possession, distribution, and consumption of alcohol and the possession, manufacture, distribution and use of illegal drugs. The College also opposes the possession and use of prescription drugs by persons for purposes other than those prescribed by a licensed physician. Drugs other than those prescribed by a licensed physician for legitimate health purposes may not be used or stored on College property.

Students of Middlebury College, including the Bread Loaf School of English and the Language Schools, are subject to the College Drug and Alcohol Policy and rules and regulations while on College premises or College-related premises or when involved with off-campus college-sponsored events or off-campus events sponsored by registered college organizations. In assigning sanctions for violation of College policy, the circumstance surrounding the offense and the severity of the incident and any prior disciplinary history for the individuals involved will be taken into consideration.

The College campus, including the Bread Loaf campus, is subject to Local, State, and Federal laws concerning the possession, use, distribution and manufacture of drugs including alcohol. Students must be aware of and abide by these laws or face the possibility of legal prosecution. Middlebury College opposes the use of illegal drugs and does not provide students with a haven from the law. The College will not inhibit the legal prosecution of any member of the College community who violates Local, State, or Federal law. Law enforcement officers, when in possession of the proper documents, have a legal right to search any and all buildings on the campus without prior notice. The College also reserves the right to furnish the police with information regarding illegal activities.

DISCIPLINARY RESPONSE:

At Middlebury College those students found selling, manufacturing, or in possession of drugs in amounts that indicate drug sales or distribution will face penalties ranging from suspension to expulsion from school. Students or organizations found illegally selling, manufacturing, or distributing alcohol will face disciplinary action up to and including possible expulsion. Those students using illegal drugs, or in possession of amounts which appear to constitute "personal use" will face penalties ranging from official warning to indefinite suspension. The illegal use of alcohol will result in penalties ranging from warning to indefinite suspension. Involvement with or dependency upon drugs or excessive or illegal use of alcohol will also be viewed by the College as a health concern as well as a disciplinary matter. In these cases a drug/alcohol assessment will be required at our Center for Counseling and Human Relations or with an off-campus specialist. In addition, in instances where a student's name occurs repeatedly in connection with a drug or alcohol problem, even though no concrete evidence or direct witness is involved, a Dean will contact the student and meet with him or her. In these instances:

1) students may be encouraged or required to undergo a drug/alcohol evaluation;

2) if applicable, a student's parents or guardian may be notified of concerns about a student's drug or alcohol problem. In disciplinary situations and the situations of concern mentioned above, a student may be required to withdraw from the College until successful resolution of the problem is documented to the satisfaction of the College.

HEALTH RISKS AND OTHER EFFECTS

The non-medical use of drugs and the abuse of alcohol is clearly antithetical to physical and mental development. Research and clinical observation indicate that drug and alcohol abuse can lead to a lack of motivation, lowered academic performance, antisocial behavior, and serious chemical dependency. Such abuse can be life-threatening. Even early on in an abuse pattern a drug, including alcohol, can place a person at risk for committing acts he/she would normally never do. For example, in the United States alcohol is linked to 1/3 of all suicides and 1/2 of all homicides, and approximately 50% of all convicted criminals report that they were under the influence of alcohol when they committed the crime. In addition, an estimated 60% of child and spousal abuse and 41% of assaults are

drug-related. It is estimated that 75% of rapists and 55% of their victims were impaired due to drug-alcohol usage at the time of the rape.

Drug and alcohol consumption causes a number of marked changes in behavior and perception, which can place a person at increased risk for accident resulting in bodily harm.

In regard to alcohol consumption, even low dosages significantly impair the judgment and coordination required to drive a car safely or perform other tasks in a safe manner. For example, in the United States alcohol is linked to 1/2 of all automobile fatalities, 60% of motorcycle fatalities, 60% of all fatal falls and 70% of all drowning deaths. Moderate to high doses of alcohol causes marked impairments in higher mental functions, severely altering a person's ability to learn and remember information. Very high doses cause respiratory depression and death. If combined with other central nervous system depressants such as some seizure medication, antihistamines, sleeping pills, etc., much lower doses of alcohol will produce the effects just described.

Repeated use of alcohol and other drugs can lead to chemical dependency. When dependency has occurred, sudden cessation of intake is likely to produce a variety of withdrawal symptoms including anxiety, irritability , insomnia, tremors,, hallucinations, convulsion, etc. Student withdrawal from some drugs, including alcohol, can be life-threatening.

Drug and alcohol use has significant effects on the body. The long-term consumption of drugs and/or alcohol will lead to a general deterioration of health. The following are just some of the serious physical consequences: heart disease and failure; liver disease including hepatitis and cirrhosis; gastrointestinal disorders; cancer of the lungs, pancreas, esophagus, stomach and mouth; respiratory disorders including pneumonia and chronic bronchitis; malnutrition; high blood pressure;
impotence; agitation and high anxiety; depression; perforation of the nasal septum; brain damage.

Drug and/or alcohol use impairs judgment, reasoning, and communication. When judgement is impaired, students can be placed in a situation which can increase the risk of date rape and also the risk of contracting sexually transmitted diseases including the HIV virus which causes AIDS. Drug and alcohol use can also impair the functioning of the immune system which increases a person's susceptibility to contracting the AIDS virus if exposed.Drug and/or alcohol use during pregnancy can cause severe birth defects including physical abnormalities. deafness, mental retardation, and malformed brains. In addition, many babies are born with addictions to substances their mothers use.

For more specific information regarding illicit and frequently abused prescription drugs, see the Appendix.

COLLEGE SERVICES: INFORMATION AND HELP

Students who are concerned about their own or a friend's use of alcohol or drugs are encouraged to seek assistance through Middlebury's Counseling and Human Relations Services or the Parton Health Center, both located in Carr Hall. Bread Loaf students may also seek medical consultation through the Cornwall Infirmary on the Bread Loaf campus. Professional staff are available twenty-four hours a day to provide care and treatment for individuals related to the use of alcohol and drugs. Members of the Counseling and Human Relations Services and Parton Health Center provide supportive counseling in addition to psychological and medical evaluations on a confidential basis. They help students to identify and understand the signs and behaviors associated with substance abuse, including usage patterns, motivations and negative consequences. They can also provide useful information for evaluating and confronting a friend about the use of alcohol and drugs. Also available is referral information about community resources including private counselors, self-help groups, and comprehensive treatment facilities. Services provided by the Health Center, the Cornwall Infirmary and Counseling Services are confidential. Emergency medical treatment can be provided by the Health Center or Porter Medical Center.

The Director of Health Education provides educational materials for individuals and programs for the College community that address the many issues surrounding alcohol and drugs. The Office of Health Education is also located in Carr Hall.

Alcoholics Anonymous, Narcotics Anonymous, Al-Anon, and Adult Children of Alcoholics groups meet regularly in Middlebury and welcome student participation. A listing of meeting times and locations is available through the Office of Health Education, Parton Health Center, Center for Counseling and Human Relations and the Cornwall Infirmary.

COMMUNITY RESPONSIBILITY

Middlebury College believes that drug and alcohol problems affect our entire community and that each of us has a responsibility to help safeguard the community health by respecting College policy and intervening in situations of abuse. Any member of the College community having knowledge of the possession or use of illegal drugs by an individual on campus is urged to confront the person and encourage the individual who is using illegal drugs or abusing alcohol to seek counseling and/or medical assistance. All members of the community are asked to help protect the community health by informing appropriate College staff members of instances of drug dealing.

APPENDIX

Drugs:

The State of Vermont Statutes cover a wide range of drug offenses, including the possession, cultivation or manufacture, sale, delivery, and the sale or delivery of drugs on school grounds (elementary, secondary or vocational schools). Among other provisions the State laws create the following maximum sentences for first offenses:

Drugs		Penalties
Marijuana		
Possession -	less than 2 oz.	$500 fine and/or 6 months imprisonment
	2 oz. or more	$10,000 fine and/or 3 years imprisonment
	1 lb. to 10 lbs.	$100,000 fine and/or 5 years imprisonment
	10 lbs. or more	$500,000 fine and/or 15 years imprisonment
Sale -	less than 1/2 oz.	$10,000 fine and/or 2 years imprisonment
	1/2 oz. to 1 lb.	$100,000 fine and/or 5 years imprisonment
	1 lb. or more	$500,000 fine and/or 15 years imprisonment
Cocaine		
Possession -	less than 2.5 grams	$2,000 fine and/or 1 year imprisonment
	2.5 grams to 1 oz.	$100,000 fine and/or 5 years imprisonment
	1 oz. to 1 lb.	$250,000 fine and/or 10 years imprisonment
	1 lb. or more	$1,000,000 fine and/or 20 years imprisonment
Sale or delivery -		
	less than 2.5 grams	$75,000 fine and/or 3 years imprisonment
	2.5 grams to 1 oz.	$250,000 fine and/or 10 years imprisonment
	1 oz. or more	$1,000,000 fine and/or 20 years imprisonment
L.S.D.		
Possession -	less than 400 micrograms	$2,000 fine and/or 1 year imprisonment
	400 micrograms to 4,000 micrograms	$25,000 fine and/or 5 years imprisonment
	4,000 micrograms to 40,000 micrograms	$100,000 fine and/or 10 years imprisonment
	40,000 micrograms or more	$500,000 fine and/or 20 years imprisonment
Sale -	less than 400 micrograms	$25,000 fine and/or 3 years imprisonment
	400 micrograms to 4,000 micrograms	$100,000 fine and/or 10 years imprisonment
	4,000 micrograms or more	$500,000 fine and/or 20 years imprisonment
Heroin		
Possession -	less than 200 milligrams	$2,000 fine and/or 1 year imprisonment
	200 milligrams to 1 gram	$100,000 fine and/or 5 years imprisonment
	1 gram to 2 grams	$250,000 fine and/or 10 years imprisonment
	2 grams or more	$1,000,000 fine and/or 20 years imprisonment
Sale -	less than 200 milligrams	$100,000 fine and/or 5 years imprisonment
	200 milligrams to 1 gram	$250,000 fine and/or 10 years imprisonment
	1 gram or more	$1,000,000 fine and/or 20 years imprisonment

Appendix (Con't)

Depressants, Stimulants, and Narcotic Drugs (other than Heroin and Cocaine)		
Possession -	less than 100 times the recommended individual therapeutic dosage	$2,000 fine and/or 1 year imprisonment
	100 to 1,000 times the recommended individual therapeutic dosage	$25,000 fine and/or 5 years imprisonment
	1,000 to 10,000 times the recommended individual therapeutic dosage	$100,000 fine and/or 10 years imprisonment
	10,000 times or more the recommended individual therapeutic dosage	$500,000 fine and/or 20 years imprisonment
Sale -	less than 100 times the recommended individual therapeutic dosage	$25,000 fine and/or 5 years imprisonment
	100 to 1,000 times the recommended individual therapeutic dosage	$100,000 fine and/or 10 years imprisonment
	1,000 times or more the recommended individual therapeutic dosage	$500,000 fine and/or 20 years imprisonment
Hallucinogens other than L.S.D.		
Possession -	less than 10 doses	$2,000 fine and/or 1 year imprisonment
	10 to 100 doses	$25,000 fine and/or 10 years imprisonment
	100 to 1,000 doses	$100,000 fine and/or 10 years imprisonment
	1,000 doses or more	$500,000 fine and/or 15 years imprisonment
Sale -	less than 10 doses	$25,000 fine and/or 5 years imprisonment
	10 to 100 doses	$100,000 fine and/or 10 years imprisonment
	100 or more doses	$500,000 fine and/or 15 years imprisonment
All Drugs other than Marijuana		
Manufacture or cultivation		Maximum penalty $1,000,000 fine and/or 20 years imprisonment

Second offenses, selling to minors, or selling on school property carry more severe sanctions.

Controlled Substances - *Uses & Effects*

DRUGS/ CSA SCHEDULES	TRADE OR OTHER NAMES	MEDICAL USES	DEPENDENCE Physical	DEPENDENCE Psychological	TOLERANCE	DURATION (Hours)	USUAL METHODS OF ADMINISTRATION	POSSIBLE EFFECTS	EFFECTS OF OVERDOSE	WITHDRAWAL SYNDROME
NARCOTICS										
Opium II III V	Dover's Powder, Paregoric Parepectolin	Analgesic, antidiarrheal	High	High	Yes	3-6	Oral, smoked	Euphoria, drowsiness, respiratory depression, constricted pupils, nausea	Slow and shallow breathing, clammy skin, convulsions, coma, possible death	Watery eyes, runny nose, yawning, loss of appetite, irritability, tremors, panic, cramps, nausea, chills and sweating
Morphine II III	Morphine, MS-Contin, Roxanol, Roxanol-SR	Analgesic, antitussive	High	High	Yes	3-6	Oral, smoked, injected			
Codeine II III V	Tylenol w/Codeine, Empirin w/Codeine Robitussan A-C, Fiorinal w/Codeine	Analgesic, antitussive	Moderate	Moderate	Yes	3-6	Oral, injected			
Heroin I	Diacetylmorphine, Horse, Smack	None	High	High	Yes	3-6	Injected, sniffed, smoked			
Hydromorphone II	Dilaudid	Analgesic	High	High	Yes	3-6	Oral, injected			
Meperidine (Pethidine) II	Demerol, Mepergan	Analgesic	High	High	Yes	3-6	Oral, injected			
Methadone II	Dolophine, Methadone, Methadose	Analgesic	High	High-Low	Yes	12-24	Oral, injected			
Other Narcotics I II III IV V	Numorphan, Percodan, Percocet, Tylox, Tussionex, Fentanyl, Darvon, Lomotil, Talwin[2]	Analgesic, antidiarrheal, antitussive	High-Low	High-Low	Yes	Variable	Oral, injected			
DEPRESSANTS										
Chloral Hydrate IV	Noctec	Hypnotic	Moderate	Moderate	Yes	5-8	Oral	Slurred speech, disorientation, drunken behavior without odor of alcohol	Shallow respiration, clammy skin, dilated pupils, weak and rapid pulse, coma, possible death	Anxiety, insomnia, tremors, delirium, convulsions, possible death
Barbiturates II III IV	Amytal, Butisol, Fiorinal, Lotusate, Nembutal, Seconal, Tuinal, Phenobarbital	Anesthetic, anticonvulsant, sedative, hypnotic, veterinary euthanasia agent	High-Mod.	High-Mod.	Yes	1-16	Oral			
Benzodiazepines IV	Ativan, Dalmane, Diazepam, Librium, Xanax, Serax, Valium Tranxene, Verstran, Versed, Halcion, Paxipam, Restoril	Antianxiety, anticonvulsant, sedative, hypnotic	Low	Low	Yes	4-8	Oral			
Methaqualone I	Quaalude	Sedative, hypnotic	High	High	Yes	4-8	Oral			
Glutethimide III	Doriden	Sedative, hypnotic	High	Moderate	Yes	4-8	Oral			
Other Depressants III IV	Equanil, Miltown, Noludar, Placidyl, Valmid	Antianxiety, sedative, hypnotic	Moderate	Moderate	Yes	4-8	Oral			
STIMULANTS										
Cocaine[1] II	Coke, Flake, Snow, Crack	Local anesthetic	Possible	High	Yes	1-2	Sniffed, smoked, injected	Increased alertness, excitation, euphoria, increased pulse rate & blood pressure, insomnia, loss of appetite	Agitation, increase in body temperature, hallucinations, convulsions, possible death	Apathy, long periods of sleep, irritability, depression, disorientation
Amphetamines II	Biphetamine, Delcobese, Desoxyn, Dexedrine, Obetrol	Attention deficit disorders, narcolepsy, weight control	Possible	High	Yes	2-4	Oral, injected			
Phenmetrazine II	Preludin	Weight control	Possible	High	Yes	2-4	Oral, injected			
Methylphenidate II	Ritalin	Attention deficit disorders, narcolepsy	Possible	Moderate	Yes	2-4	Oral, injected			
Other Stimulants III IV	Adipex, Cylert, Didrex, Ionamin, Melfiat, Plegine, Sanorex, Tenuate, Tepanil, Prelu-2	Weight control	Possible	High	Yes	2-4	Oral, injected			
HALLUCINOGENS										
LSD I	Acid, Microdot	None	None	Unknown	Yes	8-12	Oral	Illusions and hallucinations, poor perception of time and distance	Longer, more intense "trip" episodes, psychosis, possible death	Withdrawal syndrome not reported
Mescaline and Peyote I	Mexc, Buttons, Cactus	None	None	Unknown	Yes	8-12	Oral			
Amphetamine Variants I	2,5-DMA, PMA, STP, MDA, MDMA, TMA, DOM, DOB	None	Unknown	Unknown	Yes	Variable	Oral, injected			
Phencyclidine II	PCP, Angel Dust, Hog	None	Unknown	High	Yes	Days	Smoked, oral, injected			
Phencyclidine Analogues I	PCE, PCPy, TCP	None	Unknown	High	Yes	Days	Smoked, oral, injected			
Other Hallucinogens I	Bufotenine, Ibogaine, DMT, DET, Psilocybin, Psilocyn	None	None	Unknown	Possible	Variable	Smoked, oral, injected, sniffed			
CANNABIS										
Marijuana I	Pot, Acapulco Gold, Grass, Reefer, Sinsemilla, Thai Sticks	None	Unknown	Moderate	Yes	2-4	Smoked, oral	Euphoria, relaxed inhibitions, increased appetite, disoriented behavior	Fatigue, paranoia, possible psychosis	Insomnia, hyperactivity, and decreased appetite occasionally reported
Tetrahydrocannabinol I II	THC, Marinol	Cancer chemotherapy antinauseant	Unknown	Moderate	Yes	2-4	Smoked, oral			
Hashish I	Hash	None	Unknown	Moderate	Yes	2-4	Smoked, oral			
Hashish Oil I	Hash Oil	None	Unknown	Moderate	Yes	2-4	Smoked, oral			

[1]Designated a narcotic under the CSA. [2]Not designated a narcotic under the CSA.

Federal Trafficking Penalties

As of November 18, 1988

CSA	PENALTY 2nd Offense	PENALTY 1st Offense	Quantity	DRUG	Quantity	PENALTY 1st Offense	PENALTY 2nd Offense
I and II	Not less than 10 years. Not more than life. If death or serious injury, not less than life. Fine of not more than $4 million individual, $10 million other than individual.	Not less than 5 years. Not more than 40 years. If death or serious injury, not less than 20 years. Not more than life. Fine of not more than $2 million individual, $5 million other than individual.	10-99 gm or 100-999 gm mixture	METHAMPHETAMINE	100 gm or more or 1 kg[1] or more mixture	Not less than 10 years. Not more than life. If death or serious injury, not less than 20 years. Not more than life. Fine of not more than $4 million individual, $10 million other than individual.	Not less than 20 years. Not more than life. If death or serious injury, not less than life. Fine of not more than $8 million individual, $20 million other than individual.
			100-999 gm mixture	HEROIN	1 kg or more mixture		
			500-4,999 gm mixture	COCAINE	5 kg or more mixture		
			5-49 gm mixture	COCAINE BASE	50 gm or more mixture		
			10-99 gm or 100-999 gm mixture	PCP	100 gm or more or 1 kg or more mixture		
			1-10 gm mixture	LSD	10 gm or more mixture		
			40-399 gm mixture	FENTANYL	400 gm or more mixture		
			10-99 gm mixture	FENTANYL ANALOGUE	100 gm or more mixture		

	Drug	Quantity	First Offense	Second Offense
	Others[2]	Any	Not more than 20 years. If death or serious injury, not less than 20 years, not more than life. Fine $1 million individual, $5 million not individual.	Not more than 30 years. If death or serious injury, life. Fine $2 million individual, $10 million not individual.
III	All	Any	Not more than 5 years. Fine not more than $250,000 individual, $1 million not individual.	Not more than 10 years. Fine not more than $500,000 individual, $2 million not individual.
IV	All	Any	Not more than 3 years. Fine not more than $250,000 individual, $1 million not individual.	Not more than 6 years. Fine not more than $500,000 individual, $2 million not individual.
V	All	Any	Not more than 1 year. Fine not more than $100,000 individual, $250,000 not individual.	Not more than 2 years. Fine not more than $200,000 individual, $500,000 not individual.

[1]Law as originally enacted states 100 gm. Congress requested to make technical correction to 1 kg.

[2]Does not include marijuana, hashish, or hash oil. (See separate chart.)

Federal Trafficking Penalties - Marijuana

As of November 18, 1988

Quantity	Description	First Offense	Second Offense
1,000 kg or more; or 1,000 or more plants	**Marijuana** Mixture containing detectable quantity*	Not less than 10 years, not more than life. If death or serious injury, not less than 20 years, not more than life. Fine not more than $4 million individual, $10 million other than individual.	Not less than 20 years, not more than life. If death or serious injury, not less than life. Fine not more than $8 million individual, $20 million other than individual.
100 kg to 1,000 kg; or 100-999 plants	**Marijuana** Mixture containing detectable quantity*	Not less than 5 years, not more than 40 years. If death or serious injury, not less than 20 years, not more than life. Fine not more than $2 million individual, $5 million other than individual.	Not less than 10 years, not more than life. If death or serious injury, not less than life. Fine not more than $4 million individual, $10 million other than individual.
50 to 100 kg	**Marijuana**	Not more than 20 years. If death or serious injury, not less than 20 years, not more than life. Fine $1 million individual, $5 million other than individual.	Not more than 30 years. If death or serious injury, life. Fine $2 million individual, $10 million other than individual.
10 to 100 kg	**Hashish**		
1 to 100 kg	**Hashish Oil**		
50-99 plants	**Marijuana**		
Less than 50 kg	**Marijuana**	Not more than 5 years. Fine not more than $250,000, $1 million other than individual.	Not more than 10 years. Fine $500,000 individual, $2 million other than individual
Less than 10 kg	**Hashish**		
Less than 1 kg	**Hashish Oil**		

*Includes Hashish and Hashish Oil

(Marijuana is a Schedule I Controlled Substance)

17 June 1993

xxx

Dear xxx:

The third session of the Bread Loaf School of English in Santa Fe is now less than two weeks away.

I am writing to invite you to attend the opening celebrations of the School on June 29. There will be a cocktail party from 4:30 to 5:30 for faculty and guests in Fireside Lounge. Following dinner at St. John's we will have a brief welcoming ceremony at 7:00 in the Great Hall.

I would be very pleased if you could come to all of these events, but hope that you will also feel free to attend just one or two of them as your schedule permits.

Sincerely,

Lucy Maddox
On-Site Director
Bread Loaf/Santa Fe

The Bread Loaf School of English of Middlebury College

is pleased to announce the

1993 GATES FOUNDATION SCHOLARSHIPS

for secondary-school teachers of English from Colorado

FIVE GRANTS, COVERING 100% OF NEED, TO ATTEND THE BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH AT THE BREAD LOAF CAMPUS IN VERMONT (JUNE 29-AUGUST 14) OR AT ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO (JUNE 29-AUGUST 12)

Gates Scholars will enroll in one course in writing or the teaching of writing and one course in literature. Credits earned through the Bread Loaf School of English can be applied toward the Master of Arts degree in English at the Bread Loaf School and are generally transferable to other institutions. Financial assistance is also available for subsequent summers of study at the School of English in Vermont, Oxford, or New Mexico.

Gates Scholars will also be eligible to apply for mini-grants of $300 each, to participate in Bread Loaf's telecommunications network, BreadNet.

The amount of each Gates Scholar's award will be equivalent to 100% of the applicant's demonstrated need, as determined by formulae used for all applicants by the Office of Financial Aid at Middlebury College.

The Gates Scholarships are underwritten by a generous grant from the Gates Foundation, Denver, Colorado. In the event that a Gates Scholar's demonstrated need exceeds the amount donated by the Gates Foundation, the additional amount will be provided by Middlebury College.

For a detailed description of the Bread Loaf programs and application materials for the Gates Scholarships, please write or call:

The Bread Loaf School of English--GF
Sunderland 220
Middlebury College
Middlebury, Vermont 05753-6131
Phone: (802) 388-3711, ext. 5418
FAX: (802) 388-0927

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753-6131
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

June 28, 1993

TO: Faculty

FROM: Jim Maddox

RE: Auditors

We have advised students that no auditors are permitted in writing courses, afternoon seminars and workshops. You are, of course, free to admit auditors to any of your courses; you should simply recognize that if you do so in courses in the above categories, you may possibly receive complaints from students we've already waved off.

Although students are encouraged to audit an additional literature course, auditing means simply attending class unless you invite participation. Some teachers find it best to open class discussions only to those students formally enrolled. Each year there are a few complaints about courses in which auditors dominate the discussion and create some morale problems. But you should consider the decision on auditor participation to be entirely your own.

JHM/elh

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

Bread Loaf School of English

May 1993

Dear Colleague:

Since the rental costs of academic regalia for Commencement Night have become so exorbitant, may I please ask you to bring your cap, gown, and hood, if you own them.

Cordially,

James Maddox
Director

JM/elh

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753-6131
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

July 9, 1993

Dear New Bread Loaf Student:

Since you are spending your first summer at the Bread Loaf School of English, it might be helpful to inform you, as I have the faculty, what grades are alleged to mean at Bread Loaf. We use a grading system similar to that used at most graduate schools.

Grade	Description
A+, A	An extraordinary or even superlative achievement.
A-	A distinguished performance at the Master's level. Excellent work.
B+	Very good work.
B	Good, competent achievement.
B-	Passing work.
C	An unsatisfactory performance.
F	Work that fails to complete requirements of the course or fails to respond to the opportunity and responsibility of membership in class.

If for whatever reason you are disappointed with the results of your first papers, please don't get discouraged. See your instructor. As a second-best choice, see the Director.

Just as important as the grade is the assessment each instructor will place in your file. These detailed comments will become part of a Bread Loaf letter of recommendation, should you ever request one from the School. Please note that certain faculty members will on occasion withhold this written assessment if you do now waive your right to read the comments. Many faculty members, however, write these assessments regardless of whether or not you sign the waiver. The decision whether or not to sign the waiver form is of course your own.

Sincerely,

Jim Maddox

James H. Maddox
Director

JHM/elh

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753-6131
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

July 10, 1993

Dear Colleague:

This letter is addressed to all Bread Loaf faculty. A variant of this letter will be familiar to returning colleagues, but it would be nice if you would refresh your memory about our grading strategies anyway.

Your grading at Bread Loaf should in general reflect the grading you do at your home institution for students in a Master's program. In general, grades from A (or, in very exceptional cases, A+) to A- should indicate a distinguished performance. Grades from B+ to B- cover a fairly broad range, from quite good work (B+) to passing but undistinguished work (B-). C is a grade for work that does not merit a pass. F is for a total failure in the course, usually reflecting a failure to finish the work.

Final grades at Bread Loaf in recent years suggest that as a normal expectation, at least half of them will be A- or better. This high range of grades is not necessarily desirable, but it has become fairly common; I certainly have no policy against rigor in grading. First-year students do not always do as well as their more experienced Bread Loaf peers, but many surprise us in impressive ways.

More important than the grades on the transcript are the comments I ask you to write on each student at the time you submit your grades. These judgments become a part of the School's records and are helpful in determining whether to readmit a student, and probably more importantly, in the preparation of letters of recommendation, a massive number of which we write for the students every year. I attach a statement of School policy regarding these comments since they are included under the Family Education Rights and Privacy Acts of 1974.

Some kind of early paper could help spot trouble - a weak student, a miscalculation in the demands of the course, etc. Most members of the faculty in literature assign a six- to eight-page paper due about July 15; another about July 29. That observation carries nothing prescriptive about it.

We have in recent summers become plagued with late papers and excuses for extensions. It's definitely a good idea to announce your policy on due dates early on. Community casualness in regard to deadlines can create problems you don't need in August. On behalf of the students, I ask please that any papers not ready by the end of classes be given to Alfredo or Larry for mailing if the student has left before Commencement. All comment cards must be turned in prior to your departure. I think the obligation of the faculty here is clear.

Most students at Bread Loaf should achieve a grade of B without difficulty. Clearly the crucial grade is B-. If a weak first-year student has made good progress and you believe that he or she could become a Master's candidate at Bread Loaf, it is reasonable to give a grade of B-. If returning students have in your judgment been done a disservice by being reaccepted, please do not make the problem of termination more difficulty by awarding B's when they should not be

encouraged to continue. Think of yourself and your next summer's colleagues--and, needless to say, the student.

B- is a probationary grade. This grade is your recommendation that a student be readmitted the following summer on probation. If he or she then fails to achieve B or better in both courses, we will not readmit. A Bread Loaf faculty member can no longer in this age of academic litigation give a student a passing grade and then suggest in confidence that I not readmit her or him. You can, of course, recommend, but I have little choice but to readmit on probation. If the School faces the problem of the marginal student early in his or her Bread Loaf career, we (I, you, he and she) can be spared much anguish at Commencement time.

Enclosed is a list of first-year students. Please give them a particularly careful scrutiny for their sake and yours.

I will be glad to discuss with you problems of student workload, grading, and standards of the School.

Sincerely,

Jim Maddox

James H. Maddox
Director

JHM/elh

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753-6131
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

July 9, 1993

To: Bread Loaf Faculty

From: Jim Maddox Jim

Accompanying this memo you will find a message to Bread Loaf students concerning the Independent Reading Project. Each year a small number of students carry out these projects over the course of the academic year and then complete the work under the supervision of a Bread Loaf faculty member during the summer.

If a student approaches you this summer about the possibility of an Independent Project and you have the time to advise him or her, you should assist the student in assembling a bibliography and in writing a prospectus for a paper of some 30-35 pages in length. (A perhaps unnecessary word of advice: the greatest problem in the past has been the very general definitions of the topics.)

The project should grow out of the course in which you have taught the student, or out of a course that the student has already taken at Bread Loaf. A prerequisite for my approval of the project is the grade of A- or better in the relevant course.

The student will submit a draft of the completed project to the Bread Loaf office in April of next year. I will then ask an appropriate member of the 1994 faculty to read and comment on the draft. The student will then show up at one of the Bread Loaf campuses next June, revised draft in hand, and will take the paper through one last step of rethinking and revising, working during the summer with the professor who read the draft in April. The grade given the finished paper is the grade for the entire Independent Project.

It is essential that the April draft of the work pass through the Bread Loaf office; the student should not send the draft directly to the faculty member. The reason for this strict rule is the simple one of ensuring uniformity of procedure for all students.

Bread Loaf will pay an honorarium to faculty members who take on these projects.

If you have any questions about the Independent Projects, don't hesitate to track me down and ask.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753-6131
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

July 9, 1993

To: Bread Loaf Students

From: Jim Maddox Jim Maddox

Subject: Independent Reading Projects

If you wish to undertake an Independent Reading Project over the next academic year 1993-94, please read the following guidelines carefully. You might also consult the current Bread Loaf bulletin, page 6.

The Independent Reading Project is not a guided reading program undertaken with a member of the Bread Loaf faculty as a literary correspondence course. The IRP involves a great deal of original scholarship on the student's part, with faculty supervision only at the beginning and the end of the project. The initial consultation about the IRP is therefore of very great importance.

The IRP should be considered an extension and intensification of work in a field that the student has already explored in a Bread Loaf course: the IRP is intended, therefore, to involve the kind of focused work and scholarship usually required for an M.A. thesis.

You should consult your instructor in the course from which your project takes its impetus in order to assure that the project is a responsible one and that you have received some guidance in shaping a thesis and selecting manageable primary texts and major secondary sources. If you have taken a course in a prior year and received an A- or higher from an instructor not now on the faculty, you should consult with a faculty member currently teaching in that area.

Before arranging an appointment with a faculty member, prepare a draft of your proposed subject and a list of the primary texts and secondary sources you intend to explore. Your instructor will assist you in focusing your subject or will suggest additional readings, but you should not expect him or her to devise the project for you.

When you and your instructor have reached agreement on the proposed topic, you should compose a two-page prospectus; ask the instructor to sign the prospectus, then turn it in to the Bread Loaf office. These arrangements **must** be completed by Friday, August 13. This procedure verifies that the faculty member has reviewed the topic and finds that it is one that could be managed in an essay of approximately 30 pages. It does not mean that the instructor will provide any further advice during the subsequent academic year or accepts any responsibility for reading it the following summer.

I will review your proposal in the fall after your grade in the course and your faculty's comments have been recorded. I will approve your project only if your grade is high enough (A- or better) to suggest that you can undertake the project on your own with every expectation of success.

You should **not** solicit further guidance from any faculty member after the Bread Loaf session. I will be happy to discuss any problems that arise as you begin writing, especially if your thesis changes direction or moves to a more precise focus after you have completed your reading.

You must submit by April 1, 1994, a draft of your project as well as a report on any changes in your reading list; send this draft to Elaine Hall at the Bread Loaf office. (Incidentally, since the entire process from this stage onward involves essentially the multiple revising of drafts, you would be best advised to locate a word-processor you can use if you don't already have one.) If the project appears to be developing satisfactorily, you will at that time be enrolled in the IRP for the coming summer session and charged for a third course (unless the IRP is to be considered as one of your two courses for the summer). The IRP has the same cost as a normal Bread Loaf course.

On registration day, you must submit a revised draft of your project to the Bread Loaf office. I will then forward a draft to the member of the 1994 faculty who will serve as your reader. If you do not submit a draft, your project will be automatically canceled and you will receive a refund if you were taking it as a third course. If you continue, you will work with your reader during the course of the summer to revise and refine the project and to incorporate the faculty member's suggestions into the work. This may involve some additional reading, but the major emphasis will be on the revision of what you have already written. Your final grade for the project will be determined by the faculty reader. As with all courses at Bread Loaf, your grade must be a B- or better to earn three credits.

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
Santa Fe

Dear Bread Loaf Student:

I'd be very grateful for your assessment of Bread Loaf, Santa Fe 1993: the program, the faculty, and life at St. John's. Please mention what went well and what did not; very importantly, please give a frank assessment of the faculty and your courses. Thank you in advance for any comments you contribute: feel free to add any comments that don't fall into the two large categories below.

Sincerely,

Jim Maddox

James Maddox

1. Evaluation of faculty and courses:

2. What are your assessments of the non-academic aspects of this summer's experience (social, domestic, etc.)?

1993 Santa Fe Course Schedule

Monday & Wednesday 9:00-11:30 a.m.

170. Travel Writing (I)/Mr. John Warnock
211. Native American Literature (IV)/Ms. Lucy Maddox
221. U.S. Black Film and Filmmakers (IV)/Ms. Valerie Smith

Monday & Wednesday 2:00-4:30 p.m.

154. Contemporary British Theatre (III)/Mr. Michael Cadden
189. Theory and Practice of Oral Narrative (I or IV)/Ms. Hertha Wong
224. Chicano Narrative (IV)/Mr. Genaro Padilla

Tuesday & Thursday 9:00-11:30 a.m.

137. Rereading Nineteenth-Century American Literature (IV)/Ms. Valerie Smith
157. Rewriting a Life: Teaching Revision as a Life Skill (I)/Ms. Tilly Warnock
217. Inventing New Mexico: (New) Historicism and the Politics of Cultural Representations (IV)/Mr. Genaro Padilla

Tuesay & Thursday 2:00-4:30 p.m.

28. Shakespeare (II)/Mr. Michael Cadden
58. American Autobiograpy (IV)/Ms. Hertha Wong

SANTA FE STATISTICS

1993 First Year Students, New Mexico

Richard Bock
John Bouton
Jeanine Brown
Mary Jane Caldwell
Miriam Campos
Catherine Ceresne
Christelle Chotier
Lynn Cline
Julie Coleman
Leigh Anne Couch
Lisa Durkee
Frances Hogan
Kim Krall
David Liebmann
Sheila Livadas
Liane Michel
Christoph Niedermair
Steven Ogden
William Poirot
Krystal Pritchett
Mary Slater
Erlene Smith
Nicola Theilen
Todd Warner
Shirley Wiley
Sally Anne Wolek

1993 Bread Loaf School of English, New Mexico

Scholarsips for Rural Teachers of English

Second Year (2)	
Kathryn Raevuori	Keams Canyon, Arizona
Carolyn Stewart	Willits, California
Third Year (2)	
Suzanne Curtis	LaCrosse, Washington
Larry Gavin	Belview, Minnesota
Fifth Year (1)	
Rebecca Mobbs	Ocoee, Tennessee
Sixth Year (1)	
Alfredo Lujan	Santa Fe, New Mexico

Total: 6

Gates Scholarships

First Year (3)	
Richard Bock	Denver, Colorado
Miriam Campos	Boulder, Colorado
Mary Slater	Steamboat, Colorado
Second Year (1)	
Judy Nordstrom	Gypsum, Colorado
Third Year (1)	
Sheila Griffith	Colorado Springs, Colorado

Total: 5

1993 Named Scholarships, New Mexico

The Reginald and Juanita Cook Scholarship - Suzanne Curtis

The Margaret Fielders Scholarship - Nancy Gray

The John M. Kirk, Jr. Memorial Scholarship - Larry Gavin

The Charles Orr Memorial Scholarship - Mark Puckett

The William Sempreora Memorial Scholarship - Mary Santerre

Teacher-Research Awards:

Kim Krall
Erlene Smith

Clemson Writing in the Schools Awards:

Elena de Torruella

1993 Bread Loaf School of English

General Statistics - New Mexico

Student Attendance by states:
(according to applications)
24 states; 4 foreign countries

Arizona	2
California	4
Colorado	5
District of Columbia	1
Florida	4
Maine	3
Maryland	1
Massachusetts	5
Minnesota	1
Mississippi	1
Missouri	1
Montana	1
New Hampshire	1
New Jersey	3
New Mexico	5
New York	2
North Carolina	1
Ohio	1
South Carolina	1
Tennessee	2
Texas	4
Vermont	2
Washington	1
Wisconsin	1

***

New Mexico Student Enrollment	59
Men	15
Women	44
Former Students	33
New Students	26
Number of Courses	11
Total Number of Faculty	7
Faculty teaching one course	3
Cancellations	31
1993 M.A. Degrees, New Mexico	3
1993 M.Litt. Degrees, New Mexico	0
Financial Aid Students, New Mexico	32

China	1
France	2
Puerto Rico	1
Germany	3

***

Candidates for M.A.	45
Candidates for M.Litt.	1
Candidates for M.M.L.	1
Undergraduates	1
Continuing Education	11
Undesignated	0
Auditor	0
Off-campus Students	11
Pre-1988 B.A. or B.S. Degrees	35
Average age of students	35
Median age of students	32
Students Under 21	0
Students 21-25	15
Students 26-30	15
Students 31-35	6
Students 36-40	4
Students 41-50	14
Students 51 & Over	5
Private School Teachers	20
Public School Teachers	14
College & Jr. College Teachers	3
Undergraduates	1
Graduate Students	4
Ph.D. Students	0
Unemployed	3
Other Occupations	14
Working for 9 credits	0
Working for 6 credits	58
Working for 3 credits	1
Auditors	0

1993 Bread Loaf School of English, New Mexico: **Faculty Load**

Faculty	Total	Breakdown
Cadden, Michael	21	16 + 5
Maddox, Lucy	13	13
Padilla, Genaro	16	11 + 5
Smith, Valerie	12	8 + 4
Warnock, John	17	17
Warnock, Tilly	13	13
Wong, Hertha	25	15 + 10

1993 Bread Loaf School of English, New Mexico: **Course Enrollments**

28. Shakespeare	Cadden	16
58. American Autobiography	Wong	15
137. Rereading Nineteenth-Century American Literature	Smith	8
154. Contemporary British Theatre	Cadden	5
157. Rewriting a Life: Teaching Revision as a Life Skill	Warnock, T.	13
170. Travel Writing	Warnock, J.	17
189. Theory and Practice of Oral Narrative	Wong	10
211. Native Amerian Literature	Maddox	13
217. Inventing New Mexico: (New) Historicism and the Politics of Cultural Representation	Padilla	5
221. U.S. Black Film and Filmmakers	Smith	4
224. Chicano Narrative	Padilla	11

Undergraduates

Krystal Pritchett — Wofford College

Continuing Graduate Education Students

Catherine Ceresne
Christelle Chotier
Elena de Torruella
Sheila Livadas
Liane Michel
Paul Mueller
Christoph Niedermair
William Poirot
Mary Slater
Erlene Smith
Judith Wiley

Candidate for M.M.L. Degree

Miriam Campos

Student Working for 3 Credits

Alfredo Lujan

1993

Candidates for the Degree of Master of Arts

REBECCA PASSMORE MOBBS

ULRIKE NUESSLER

JUDITH SWANSON WYLIE

Decline to Waive Rights 1993

Santa Fe

Miriam Campos
Lynn Cline
Cecily Coughlan
Christoph Niedermair
Judy Nordstrom
Ulrike Nuessler
Leslie Shaw
Kristen M. Worthington

SANTA FE COMMENCEMENT

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

The Bread Loaf School of English

at

St. John's College, Santa Fe

Third Summer

Commencement Ceremony

UPPER PLAZA
THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1993
4:00 P.M.

1993

Candidates for the Degree of Master of Arts

REBECCA PASSMORE MOBBS

ULRIKE NUESSLER

JUDITH SWANSON WYLIE

Welcome and Introductory Remarks

Lucy Maddox

Professor of English, Georgetown University
On-site Director, Bread Loaf/Santa Fe

The Santa Fe Faculty

Michael Cadden
Lucy Maddox
Genaro Padilla
Valerie Smith
John Warnock
Tilly Warnock
Hertha Wong

The Santa Fe Assistants

Lawrence Abbot
Alfredo Celedon Lujan

Santa Fe Seniors

Rebecca Passmore Mobbs
Ulrike Nuessler
Judith Swanson Wylie

Conferring of the Degree of Master of Arts

Recessional

BREAD LOAF/SANTA FE NEWS (The Morsel of a Crumb)

Bread Loaf/Santa Fe News

(the *migajita* of a *Crumb*)



The Bread Loaf School of English, Middlebury College
at St. John's College
Santa Fé, New Mexico
Thursday, 1 *de Julio*, 1993

Volume III, #1

Welcrumb to Bread Loaf/Santa Fe, summer of '93. In other words: *Bienvenidos y bienvenidas.*



- **Bread Loaf/Santa Fe News,** the daily Loafing newsletter will be published twice weekly (Tuesdays and Thursdays). In it you will find info pertinent to the Bread Loaf community. We knead notices for BL/SF News the morning before you want them announced.

-**Loafing hours (Monday through Thursday only)**:

Office hours are in the Meem Dormitory from 9:30 to 11:30 (a.m!) and 1:30 to 3:00 (p.m!).
(**Room A 102 in *da* basement**)

-**Loafing hours continued (Friday only)**:

9:30 to 11:30 (a.m. only)

- ***Siesta* hours:**

3:00 to 5:00 p.m. Monday - Friday

- ***Do you know which side your Bread Loaf is buttered on?*** -- salary opportunity for computer habituals: one full time student assistant (20 hours/week = $1725) and one half-time assistant (10 hours/week = $862.50) are needed in the computer lab; these lab assistants must be oncampus students. If you're interested, turn in your credentials at the Bread Loaf office prontoquick (as in now).

- Our Computer Center hours:

-**Inflexible, permanent, unchanging state of the art computer center hours** (located in the State of the Fine Arts Building, Room 104) **until further notice** :

M - F mornings	... 9:30 - 11:30
M - F afternoons	... 2:30 - 5:30
M - Th evenings	... 7:00 - 11:00
Saturday mornings	... 9:00 - 12:00
Sunday afternoons	... 3:30 - 5:30
	&
	7:00 - 11:00

- **Rumor With A View:** Faculty offices will also be downstairs in the aforementioned Meem Dormitory.



- **Field Trip #1: Develop a *Mañana* attitude; history repeats itself --**

Bread Loaf's third annual cultural "walk/cantina crawl" (suggested and coined by Frank Byers in '91) will take

Bread Loaf/Santa Fe News

(the *migajita* of a *Crumb*)



The Bread Loaf School of English, Middlebury College
at St. John's College
Santa Fé, New Mexico
Tuesday, 6 *de Julio*, 1993
Volume III, #2



Bread Loafers Rise:

Las señoitas (senioritas) *presidentes* 1993, Historical note: We have *not one, not two*, but *three* first women Bread Loaf/Santa Fe Senior Class Presidents -- the self-proclaimed "three weird sisters," who are the entire graduating class ...
voted in by acclamation. *Congratulations* Rebecca Mobbs, Ulrike Nuessler, and Judith Wylie!

-**Bread Loaf/Santa Fe News,** the daily Loafing newsletter will be published twice weekly (Tuesdays and Thursdays). In it you will find info pertinent to the Bread Loaf community. We knead notices for BL/SF News the morning before you want them announced.

-Van Trip to Bandelier: On Friday, July 9, there will be a trip to Bandelier National Monument. We will hike to the Rio Grande (5 miles round trip) and tour the ruins. Lunch will be provided. We will leave from the dorms at 9:00 a.m. and be back for dinner. We can also stop at Tsankawi ruins. Please sign up in the office by **NOON THURSDAY**.

-Everybody into the Pool: If you're interested in participating in an 8-ball tournament on campus (and your name is not "Fats"), please see Willie Moscone in the office.

-Speaking of Jim: Please welcome Bread Loaf Director Jim Maddox to the Santa Fe campus on Monday, July 12th, at a reception from 5-6:30 p.m. in the Senior Common room of Peterson Hall.

Hear Ye, Hear Ye: Loafers interested in exploring folk music in the Santa Fe area please contact Mim Campos at 983-5831 or leave a message in her mailbox.

-Loafing office hours (Monday through Thursday only):

Office hours are in the Meem Dormitory from 9:30 to 11:30 (a.m.) and 1:30 to 3:00 (p.m.). **(Room A 102 in debasement)**

-Loafing hours continued (Friday only):

9:30 to 11:30 (a.m. only)

- ***We do know which side our Bread Loaf is buttered on.*** -- Congratulations and thank you to the computer lab assistants: Mark Puckett, Judy Nordstrom, and Nicola Theilen. They are eager to assist you. The lab is now open during regular business hours.
Computer Center hours --

-Still ... inflexible ... permanent, unchanging computer center hours (located in the Fine Arts Building, Room 104) **until further notice**:

M - F mornings	... 9:30 - 11:30
M - F afternoons	... 2:30 - 5:30
M - Th evenings	... 7:00 - 11:00
Saturday mornings	... 9:00 - 12:00
Sunday afternoons	... 3:30 - 5:30 & 7:00 - 11:00

- **Rumor With A View:** Faculty offices will also be downstairs in the aforementioned Meem Dormitory, Room 101.

Lucy Says

"Let's have a 'name the *Crumb* contest' and t-shirt design contest."

(Submit your suggestions and designs to you or me in the office by next Monday, July 12th; there will be a prize.)

- **The Director's hours**:

Monday: 1 to 3 p.m.
Tuesday: 10 a.m. to 12 p.m.
Wednesday: 1 to 3 p.m.
Thursday: 10 a.m. to 12 p.m.
Friday: by appointment *(if you dare)*

Lucy would like to see all new students in the first two weeks. Please make your appointments in the office with the assistants.

Library News: The St. John's library can now do on-line literature searches in a number of databases, including MLA, Humanities Index, and Arts and Humanities Search. Each search will cost $5.00 to $10.00. However, you can search the University of New Mexico card catalog free of charge. See Steve Roehling or Inga Waite in the library if you'd like to use either of these services.

More Hours of ours:

Bread Loaf Fitness Club (for the Physically inclined/reclined) This is a self-paced, non-obligatory, come when you can, don't when you can't come program:

In other words: "*El que puede por que puede; el que no puede por que no puede." (un dicho)*

Monday - Thursday, 4:30 - 5:30 p.m.
-- Bread Basket Aerobics
Knead your dough at Blue Parlor West (Upper Common) with Jane and Tilly Workout

Morning exercise:

Monday, **7:00 - 8:00 a.m.**
-- Bread Loafers Rise
hike to the top of the hill behind the dorms. Meet behind McCune Dorm.

Tuesday, **7:00 - 8:00 a.m.**
-- Bread Basketball
at Santa Fe Prep Gym

Wednesday, **7:00 - 8:00 a.m.**
-- Bread Volleyball
at Santa Fe Prep Gym

Thursday, **7:00 - 8:00 a.m.**
-- Bread By Cycle
Bicycle necessary (or run very fast). Check with St. John's SAO Wednesday p.m. if you need to check a bike out. A stop at a coffee shop probable.

Friday, **7:00 - 8:00 a.m.**
-- Bread Tread
walk down the arroyo and back up (what goes down must come up [for breakfast])

Retracton: spelling on coin phrasing Bread Loaf names of the past: Frank Byer ("Cantina Crawl") and Anne Hansen ("Rattlesnake Readings").

The First Picture Show:

Group, senior, and faculty photographs will be taken on **Wednesday, July 7th, at 11:45 a.m.** in front of Meem Library. Miss it, and you'll be out of the picture.

Listen Up, Sonny: The following concerts could be music to your ears:

July 9: Leonard Cohen
July 22: Burning Spear (not to be confused with Steel Pulse, Steel Spear, or Burning Pulse)
July 24: Robert Cray
July 31: Lyle Lovett

Shows are at the Paolo Soleri Amphitheatre in Santa Fe; tickets are in the $20-25 neighborhood; further information available in the office

T-Shirts: There are about half a dozen Bread Loaf t-shirts left over from Donna last Summer on ice. If you'd like to buy or order one, see you or me in the off ice.

Rattlesnake faculty readings of the Gilmore type:

We are still in need of a student of the Gilmore tradition (or not) who may be interested in organizing faculty readings in Blue Parlor West (Upper Common) on Tuesday nights. *Please* give yourself up in the office.

Student readings of the Blue Parlor type:

Thank you, Nancy Gray. Nancy will organize the Blue (Green) Parlor West readings. Student writers, composers, musicians, playwrights, etc., who are interested in reading/performing their stuff this summer should sign up on the sheet in the mailroom. Blue (Green) Parlor readings are 7:00 to 8:00 p.m. on Sunday nights.

***Se habla Español* at *lonche* on Tuesdays y Thursdays:**

Those who are interested in speaking and/or learning Spanish will meet at a designated table beginning this Tuesday *(hoy)*. Listen for *muchos* Spanish speaking Bread Loafers when you enter the dining hall.

Get on the Bread Line:

Bread Loaf Director Jim Maddox will meet with any student to discuss any Bread Loaf matter(s) on July 13, 14, or 15. Sign up in the office.

10SNE1: Please help the spherically- and racquetly-deprived!! Bread Loaf administrative assistant (Bjorn-again Abbott) seeks tennis partner(s) for games, sets, matches, or just hitting. Further information available from the office.

Last Words and Testimony: Linen Exchange...

Linen can be exchanged anytime. However, if you prefer clean linen, take it to Barn West in the Upper Common Wednesday (tomorrow) from **12:30 - 1:30.**

Bad Poetry reading of the Linssen type:

Your worst poetry will be welcomed for the second annual final Sunday Blue Parlor bad poetry reading. Compose those awful poems over the next six weeks and read or perform them on August 8th. Steak au poivre, Chateau Neuf du Pape '53, and Beluga caviar will not be available.

Important Address List, Franz:

Please review the address list posted on the wall outside the mail box room. If you would, enter any corrections so we can have an up-to-date list to distribute. If all information is accurate, please check off your name, Anton.

"Mark me" on your calandar:

***Fiesta*, July 17, 2:00 to 6:00 p.m.**

Traditional, homemade Spanish food *(posole, chile verde, chile colorado, sopa, sopapillas, Spanish rice y mas)* at *Casa Lujan* in Nambe for Mrs. Lujan's A-One, Outta This World, foot stompin', toe curlin', hair straightenin', nose runnin', eyes waterin', Are You Kidding Me? This Is The Best I Ever Had Chile.

Bread Loaf/Santa Fe News

(the *migajilla* of a *Crumb*)



The Bread Loaf School of English, Middlebury College
at St. John's College
Santa Fé, New Mexico
Thursday, 8 *de Julio*, 1993

Volume III, #3

Lucy Says

"YOU'RE INVITED to a reception on Monday, July 12, to welcome some visitors: Jim Maddox, Director of the Bread Loaf School; Ed Knox, Academic Vice President of Middlebury College; and Bob Pack, Director of the Bread Loaf Writer's Conference. If you don't care about visiting dignitaries, then come for the food and drink -- from 5:00 to 6:30 in the Senior Common Room. Dress Code: clean socks."

- The Director's hours:

Monday:	1 to 3 p.m.
Tuesday:	10 a.m. to 12 p.m.
Wednesday:	1 to 3 p.m.
Thursday:	10 a.m. to 12 p.m.

Friday: by appointment *(if you dare)*

-Van Trip to Bandelier: On Friday, July 9, there will be a trip to Bandelier National Monument. We will hike to the Rio Grande (5 miles round trip) and tour the ruins. Lunch will be provided. We will leave from the dorms at 9:00 a.m. and be back for dinner. We can also stop at Tsankawi ruins. Please sign up in the office by NOON THURSDAY.

Oh, Wow! Pow Wow!!

The Taos Pueblo yearly pow wow is this weekend. If you are interested in attending, we will be running a van for SUNDAY'S festivities. We will leave c. 11:00-11:30 a.m. and return in time for dinner. Bring shade and SPF 250.

-Everybody into the Pool: If you're interested in participating in an 8-ball tournament on campus (and your name is not "Fats"), please see Willie Moscone in the office.

Computer Center hours --

M - F mornings	... 9:30 - 11:30
M - F afternoons	... 2:30 - 5:30
M - Th evenings	... 7:00 - 11:00
Saturday mornings	... 9:00 - 12:00
Sunday afternoons	... 3:30 - 5:30 & 7:00 - 11:00

Library News: The St. John's library can now do on-line literature searches in a number of databases, including MLA, Humanities Index, and Arts and Humanities Search. Each search will cost $5.00 to $10.00. However, you can search the University of New Mexico card catalog free of charge. See Steve Roehling or Inga Waite in the library if you'd like to use either of these services.

More Hours of ours:

Bread Loaf Fitness Club (for the Physically inclined/reclined) This is a self-paced, non-obligatory, come when you can, don't when you can't come program:

Monday - Thursday, 4:30 - 5:30 p.m.
-- Bread Basket Aerobics
Knead your dough at Blue Parlor West (Upper Common) with a Jane and Tilly Workout.

Morning exercise:

Monday, **7:00 - 8:00 a.m.**
-- Bread Loafers Rise
hike to the top of the hill behind the dorms. Meet behind McCune Dorm.

Tuesday, **7:00 - 8:00 a.m.**
-- Bread Basketball
at Santa Fe Prep Gym

Wednesday, **7:00 - 8:00 a.m.**
-- Bread Netball
volleyball at Santa Fe Prep Gym

Thursday, **7:00 - 8:00 a.m.**
-- Bread By Cycle
Bicycle necessary (or run very fast). Check with St. John's SAO Wednesday p.m. if you need to check a bike out. A stop at a coffee shop probable.

Friday, **7:00 - 8:00 a.m.**
-- Bread Tread
walk down the arroyo and back up (what goes down must come up [for breakfast])

Listen Up, Sonny: The following concerts could be music to your ears:

July 9: Leonard Cohen
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July 24: Robert Cray
July 31: Lyle Lovett

Shows are at the Paolo Soleri Amphitheatre in Santa Fe; tickets are in the $20-25 neighborhood; further information available in the office

Student readings of the Blue Parlor type:

Thank you, Nancy Gray. Nancy will organize the Blue (Green) Parlor West readings. Student writers, composers, musicians, playwrights, etc., who are interested in reading/performing their stuff this summer should sign up on the sheet in the mailroom. Blue (Green) Parlor readings are 7:00 to 8:00 p.m. on Sunday nights.

***Se habla Español* at *lonche* on Tuesdays y Thursdays:**

Those who are interested in speaking and/or learning Spanish will meet at a designated table *hoy).* Listen for *muchos* Spanish speaking Bread Loafers when you enter the dining hall.

Some women students have recently been harassed as they were walking along Camino del Monte Sol, the route that leads most directly from St. John's into town. If you use this route to walk to town, you should not walk alone even during the day. You might also try getting to town via Camino Cabra, which connects Cruz Blanca with the upper end of Canyon Road.

10SNE1: Please help the spherically- and racquetly-deprived!! Bread Loaf administrative assistant (Bjorn-again Abbott) seeks tennis partner(s) for games, sets, matches, or just hitting. Further information available from the office.

Last Words and Testimony: Linen Exchange...

Linen can be exchanged anytime. However, if you prefer clean linen, take it to Barn West in the Upper Common. Exact day and time to be announced. WATCH THIS SPACE!

***RE: Fiesta*, July 17**

***TIME CHANGE:* 2:00 to 6:00 p.m.**

Traditional, homemade Spanish food *(posole, chile verde, chile colorado, sopa, sopapillas, Spanish rice y mas)* at *Casa Lujan* in Nambe for Mrs. Lujan's A-One, Outta This World, foot stompin', toe curlin', hair straightenin', nose runnin', eyes waterin', Are You Kidding Me? This Is The Best I Ever Had Chile.

Time Waits for No Person:

On the aforementioned date of July 17, the Eight Northern Pueblos will hold their annual arts and crafts fair on the Santa Clara Pueblo. We can run a van to the fair late morning and then arrive at *casa* Lujan in ample time for the aforementioned chile--you know the kind I mean. If you're really intrepid, we can leave after breakfast and take a side trip to the Puye ruins, also on the Santa Clara Pueblo. Declare your desire to the office.

Bread Loaf/Santa Fe News

(the *migajilla* of a *Crumb*)



The Bread Loaf School of English, Middlebury College
at St. John's College
Santa Fé, New Mexico
Friday, 9 *de Julio*, 1993
Special Edition
Volume III, #4

Lucy Says

"YOU'RE INVITED to a reception on Monday, July 12, to welcome some visitors ✈: Jim Maddox, Director of the Bread Loaf School; Ed Knox, Academic Vice President of Middlebury College; and Bob Pack, Director of the Bread Loaf Writer's Conference. If you don't care about visiting dignitaries, then come for the food and drink -- from 5:00 to 6:30 in the Senior Common Room. Dress Code: clean socks."

Oh, Wow! Pow Wow!! The Taos Pueblo yearly pow wow is this week-end. If you are interested in attending, we will be running a van for SUNDAY'S festivities. The van Gohgs at c. 11:00-11:30 a.m. and re Turns in time for dinner. Bring shade and SPF 250.

Caution: Some women students have recently been harassed as they were walking along Camino del Monte Sol, the route that leads most directly from St. John's into town. If you use this route to walk to town, you should not walk alone even during the day. You might also try getting to town via Camino Cabra, which connects Cruz Blanca with the upper end of Canyon Road.

***RE: Fiesta*, July 17th**

REAL TIME CHANGE (to take advantage of shade trees): **3:00 to 6:00 p.m.**

Traditional, homemade Spanish food *(posole, chile verde, chile colorado, sopa, sopapillas, Spanish rice y mas)* at *Casa Lujan* in Nambe for Mrs. Lujan's A-One, Outta This World, foot stompin', toe curlin', hair straightenin', nose runnin', eyes waterin', Are You Kidding Me? This Is The Best I Ever Had Chile.

Mrs. Lujan needs a head count in order to plan the menu; please R.S.V.P. at the office. The more the merrier *for sure*.

Da Dance. *así se baila,* same night ...
The Fiesta Continues-- ***El Baile*, July 17th, 8:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m.:**

Dance to your heart's content at the *saltatación*. It will take place in the Santa Fe Prep auditorium, just a mosey down the road. Pre-dance margarita cocktail party in the Blue (Green) parlor at 7:00 p.m.

Time Waits for No Person:

On the aforementioned date of July 17, the Eight Northern Pueblos will hold their annual arts and crafts fair on the Santa Clara Pueblo. We can run a van to the fair late morning and then arrive at *casa* Lujan in ample time for the aforementioned chile--you know the kind I mean. If you're really intrepid, we can leave after breakfast and take a side trip to the Puye ruins, also on the Santa Clara Pueblo. Declare your desire to the office.

Blue (Green) Parlor reading #1:

Talent show: The following Loafers will read prose or poetry, or they will sing or play guitars, or they will writhe on the floor and make involuntary gutteral sounds: Mim Campos, Lynn Cline, Alfredo Lujan, Nancy Gray, and Lisa Durkee.

Bread Loaf/Santa Fe News

(the *migajillita* of a *Crumb*)



The Bread Loaf School of English, Middlebury College
at St. John's College
Santa Fé, New Mexico
Tuesday, 13 *de Julio*, 1993

Volume III, #5

***RE: Fiesta*, this Saturday, July 17th**
***TIME CHANGE*: 3:00 to 6:00 p.m.**

Traditional, homemade Spanish food at *Casa Lujan* in Nambe for Mrs. Lujan's (Alfredo's mom) A-One, Outta This World, foot stompin', toe curlin', hair straightenin', nose runnin', eyes waterin', Are You Kidding Me? This Is The Best I Ever Had Chile.

Mrs. Lujan needs a head count in order to plan the menu. If you haven't done so yet, please R.S.V.P. at the office no later than today. The more the merrier *for sure*.

Dance same night ...

The Fiesta Continues - - *así se baila*

***RE: El Baile*, this Saturday, July 17th, 8:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m.:**

Dance to your heart's content. The dance will happen in the Santa Fe Prep auditorium, just a mosey down the road on your right. You can drive down, and we will also shuttle the van. You will not have to walk to the dance. This, however, is a "maximum participation" dance; don't miss it (cooperate or else). There will be some great live band tunes.

Women, a word to the wise: do not walk or hike alone. Strange happenings lately. Pair (at least) up.

Pre-dance margarita cocktail party will precede the dance in the Blue (Green) parlor at 7:00 p.m. Pre-$2.00 donation for the potable pre-portable dance.



Bread Loafers, Rise :

Congratulations to the Bread Loaf/Santa Fe Scholars!

Reginald and Juanita Cook Scholarsh1p
-- Suzanne Curtis

Charlie Orr Scholarship
-- Mark Puckett

William Sempreora Scholarship
-- Mary Santerre

Margaret Fielders Scholarsip
-- Nancy Gray

John M. Kirk, Jr. Scholarship
-- Larry Gavin

Yeah!

Lucy Says



"Party, party, party. That's what I was born for."

Time Waits for No Person:

On the aforementioned date of July 17, the Eight Northern Pueblos will hold their annual arts and

crafts fair on the Santa Clara Pueblo. We can run a van to the fair late morning and then arrive at *casa* Lujan in ample time for the aforementioned chile--you know the kind I mean. If you're really intrepid, we can leave after breakfast and take a side trip to the Puye ruins, also on the Santa Clara Pueblo. Declare your desire to the office by Thursday.

Like Flyballs to Overpaid Boys Are We to the All-Stars: If anyone is interested in watching the All-Star game tonight at a local tavern, please pitch your name to the manager in the office.

Mail and femail:

The mail is in when the mail is in. The mail is not in when the mail is not in. If there is no mail in your box, you have no mail. No mail is delivered on Saturdays, Sundays, Federal Holidays, or between midnight and 6:00 a.m... except on the fourth Tuesday after the first Monday three days after the full moon.

Tale of a Tub: If you'd like to join a group going to 10,000 Waves for an hour of superb hot-tubbing, the van knows the way to foray. We'll leave at 8:30 p.m. Thursday the 15th and return around 10:30. Cost is $12.00 with a limit of 12 people. So be swift and sign up with Dave Liebmann in Meem 202. This is your chance to make waves.

John, Put Up Your Dukes Of Hazard: Anyone interested in going to an Albuquerque Dukes baseball game on July 29th, please sign up in the manager's office. Tickets are $4.00; jalapeno hot dogs are $2.50. Bring your glove.

The Last posting of these hours of ours (clip and save):

Bread Loaf Fitness Club (for the Physically inclined/reclined) This is a self-paced, non-obligatory, come when you can, don't when you can't come program:

Monday - Thursday, 4:30 - 5:30 p.m.
-- Bread Basket Aerobics
Knead your dough at Blue Parlor West (Upper Common) with a Jane and Tilly Workout.

Morning exercise:

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hike to the top of the hill behind the dorms. Meet behind McCune Dorm.

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at Santa Fe Prep Gym

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-- Bread Netball
volleyball at Santa Fe Prep Gym

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Bicycle necessary (or run very fast). Check with St. John's SAO Wednesday p.m. if you need to check a bike out. A stop at a coffee shop probable.

Friday, **7:00 - 8:00 a.m.**
-- Bread Tread
walk down the arroyo and back up (what goes down must come up [for breakfast])

Listen Up, Sonny: The following concerts could be music to your ears:

July 22: Burning Spear (not to be confused with Steel Pulse, Steel Spear, or Burning Pulse)
July 24: Robert Cray
July 31: Lyle Lovett

Shows are at the Paolo Soleri Amphitheatre in Santa Fe; tickets are in the $20-25 neighborhood; further information available in the office

Student readings and performances of the Blue Parlor type:

Thank you, Nancy Gray, for the world class singing and MCing-ing, great opening night. And thank you Mim, Alfredo, Lynn, & Lisa for your all-singing, all-reading, all-playing performances. Four for the upcoming Sunday: Ju*y Nor*strom, Larry Gavin, Willow Older, and Leigh Anne Couch.

***Se habla Español* at *lonche* on Tuesdays y Thursdays**

Last Words and Testimony: Linen Exchange... this Thursday from 1:30 - 2:00.

Bread Loaf/Santa Fe News

(the *migajuela* of a *Crumb*)



The Bread Loaf School of English, Middlebury College
at St. John's College
Santa Fé, New Mexico
Thursday, 15 *de Julio*, 1993
Volume III, #6

RE: Directions to Fiesta,
this Saturday, July 17th

Take NM Highway 84-285 north to Pojoaque. Make a right on 503 to Nambe. Stay on 503 and go past the Nambe church about a half mile. The Lujans' *casa es tu casa* will be on the right side of the road. There's a big brown adobe looking wall with "I.E. Lujan" over the gate enclosing the yard. There will be a ton of cars there unless you're the first to arrive ... so look for the cars and/or my gray Isuzu Trooper in front of the yard. If you need a ride, look to your right.

Dance same night ...
don't miss it (or else)

The Fiesta Continues

***RE: El Baile*, this Saturday, July 17th, 8:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m:**

Así se baila. The back to school dance will happen in the Santa Fe Prep auditorium, just a mosey down the road on your right. Catch a ride down with a Loafer, or catch the Shuttle, Jack(ette), after the margarita party. We will make as many van trips as are necessary to get you there and back. You will not have to walk to the dance. "This," says my partner in crumb, "is a *maximum participation* dance." There will be some great live band tunes (R&R, Country Western, and traditional Spanish) by nationally recognized Lumbre del Sol.

Women, a word to the wise: do not walk or hike alone. Strange happenings lately. Pair (at least) up.

Pre-dance margarita cocktail party will precede the dance in the Blue (Green) Parlor at 7:00 p.m. Pre-$2 or $3 donation for the makin's would be appreciated. See you or me in the office.

Lucy Says



"Party, party, party [before the papers, papers, papers]."

Tom Waits for No Person:

The van to Puye cliffs and the Eight Northern Pueblos Arts and Crafts Fair will depart from the dorms at 0930 hours on Saturday, the 17th. We will continue on to *casa* Lujan for you know what kind of chili I'm talkin' about and then back for the dance. If you still want to sign up, see Anna Sazi or Larry van Gogh in the office.

The Shirts That Fit You to a Tee: There are still a few Bread Loaf/Santa Fe T-shirts for sale in the office. If you have any design suggestions for a '93 shirt, please deliver yourself to the office.

Linda Hogan Reading: Poet and novelist Linda Hogan will read from her work in the Great Hall on Tuesday, July 20th, at 7:30 p.m. A reception will follow.

Speaking of Listening: On Tuesday, July 27th, at 7:30 p.m., poet Jimmy Santiago Baca will read from his work in the Great Hall.

Paper-Making Workshop: If there is enough interest, the indefatigable artist, Heidi Loewen, will teach a color paper-making class (was very popular last year) on the evening of July 22nd from 7:00 to 10:00 p.m. Cost is only $10.00. On July 29 she will show you how to make jewelry from your paper. Please sign up in the office *pronto*quick (no later than Monday noon), so she can decide if it's feasible.

And To Keep in Mind: On August 2 and 4 the Jemez and Santo Domingo Pueblos will hold their annual Corn Dances. These are really not to be missed. Watch THIS space for further details.

Female and male alike: The mail is in when the mail is in. The mail is not in when the mail is not in. If there is mail in your box, you have mail. If there is no mail in your box, you have no mail. We [try to] deliver.

Tale of a Tub: If you'd like to join a group going to 10,000 Waves for an hour of superb hot-tubbing, the van knows the way to foray. We'll leave at 8:30 p.m. Thursday the 15th and return around 10:30. Cost is $12.00 with a limit of 12 people. So be swift and sign up with Dave Liebmann in Meem 202. This is your chance to make waves.

John, Put Up Your Dukes Of Hazard: Anyone interested in going to an Albuquerque Dukes baseball game on July 29th, please sign up in the manager's office. Tickets are $4.00; jalapeno hot dogs are $2.50. Bring your glove.

Listen Up, Sonny: The following concerts could be music to your ears:

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July 24: Robert Cray
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Shows are at the Paolo Soleri Amphitheatre in Santa Fe; tickets are in the $20-25 neighborhood; further information available in the office

Student readings and performances of the Blue Parlor type:

Four for the upcoming Sunday: Judy Nordstrom, Larry Gavin, Willow Older, and Leigh Anne Couch.

***Se habla Español* at *lonche* on Tuesdays y Thursdays**

Last Words and Testimony: Linen Exchange... TODAY from 1:30 - 2:00.

The bridge decking is fine;
the approach is eroded;
the water system works;
the septic system doesn't;
the inspector will be here Friday;
Can you make it tomorrow?
???
(This could be a winner.)

Forget me not:

Bread Loafers, *Beware*

(especially computer lab assistants ... and other computer users)

The force will not be with you.

RE: Save your stuff, & turn your macheen off.

Important: There will be an electrical power shut off on the entire St. John's campus today **(Thursday, July 15th)** from **10:30 a.m. to 12:00 noon.**

La Miga

(The *Crumb* of a *Hogaza)*
(patent pending)



The Bread Loaf School of English, Middlebury College
at St. John's College
Santa Fé, New Mexico
Tuesday, 20 *de Julio*, 1993
Volume III, #7



Bread Loafers, Rise:

Let it beknownst that *Bread/Loaf Sante Fe News* has been chistened: *La Miga.* The contest winner is Hogi, I mean, Rosie Kolich, who didn't *exactly* contributeto the winning name but is a winning *Hogaza*er with us anyway.

GOOD NEW$ in the offi$e:

Mim Campo$, Li$a Durkee, Mary $anterre, Ro$ie Kolich, Kri$ten Worthington, Kry$tal Pritchett, Kim $. Krall, Mary $later ... come $ee u$.

Lucy Says

"Many, many, many thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Lujan for inviting us to their feast on Saturday. Mrs. Lujan for president! "

Women, a word to the wise: do not walk or hike alone. Strange happenings lately. Pair (at least) up.

Notice:

The Santa Fe Rape Crisis Center will do a rape prevention and protection presentation. Wednesday (tomorrow), 4:15 - 6:15, Senior Common Room.

The Shirts That Fit You to a Tee: There are still a few Bread Loaf/Santa Fe T-shirts for sale in the office.

Speaking of Tees: Congrats to Kathy Raevouri for her award-winning design for the new Bread Loaf/Santa Fe T-shirt. They will be hot off the press in a week or two, and she gets a free one for her creativity. Watch this space for more details.

Linda Hogan Reading: Poet and novelist Linda Hogan will read from her work in the Great Hall **TONIGHT** at 7:30 p.m. A reception will follow.

Pictures At An Exhibition: The black and white senior, faculty, and group photos are in. Don't be modest, come in and look 'em over. See Papa Razzi or Junior Razzi in the office if you'd like to order a print.

Hears Great, More Filling: On Friday at 7:30 p.m. there will be a poetry reading by Native writers Simon Ortiz and Alex Jacobs at the Copeland-Rutherford Gallery on Lower Canyon Road. The van knows the way, Heflin. If you're interested check in the office.

Be A Lunatic: Get down, get funky with the Brave Combo on Friday at Club Luna. "Two thumbs up!" says Jason and Silverman. The party starts heartily around 9-ish.

For those who asked -- *casa* Lujan address:
Carrie and Ernesto Lujan
Rt. 1, Box 100-A
Santa Fe, NM 87501

Speaking of getting low:

Dance contest winners:

#1 The Limbo: Willow "as in how low can you go" Older, ***ouch!***

The Slinky: Larry "as in air guirar goin' outa control" Abbott

The Dance Machine: Chirstian "I ain't ever gonna stop" Leahy

The Dance while you play & sing swing: Nancy "I can't stand still" Gray and Lisa "my hands are hurtin', man" Durkee

The Suave Salsa: Susie "otra vez" Longfield

And the battle of the band contest winners are: ***Lumbre Del Sol***

Speaking of Listening: On Tuesday, July 27th, at 7:30 p.m., poet Jimmy Santiago Baca will read from his work in the Great Hall.

Speaking of more easy (or is it easier?) Listening:

Bread Loaf talent show #2: This Thursday night at 8:30 p.m. Listen to the harmony, swing to the rhythm of Sister Soul.

And To Keep in Mind: On August 2 and 4 the Jemez and Santo Domingo Pueblos will hold their annual Corn Dances. These are really not to be missed. Watch THIS space for further details.

The mail is in.

John, Put Up Your Dukes Of Hazard: Anyone interested in going to an Albuquerque Dukes baseball game on July 29th, please sign up in the manager's office. Tickets are $4.00; jalapeno hot dogs are $2.50. Bring your glove.

Listen Up, Sonny: The following concerts could be music to your ears:

July 22: Burning Spear (not to be confused with Steel Pulse, Steel Spear, or Burning Pulse)
July 24: Robert Cray
July 31: Lyle Lovett

Shows are at the Paolo Soleri Amphitheatre in Santa Fe; tickets are in the $20-25 neighborhood; further information available in the office.

Student readings and performances of the Blue Parlor type:

Multiple kudos for last Sunday's Blue Parlor readers: Judy Nordstrom, Larry Gavin, Willow Older, and Dave Liebmann. This Sunday's readers include Elena de Torruella, Leigh Anne Couch, and Alfredo Lujan.

A Day That Shall Live in Infancy: Don't forget that Sunday, August 8th, is Bad Poetry (and music and singing) night. Sharpen up your word processors and create the most outstanding bad writing of which you can think.

***Se habla Español* at *lonche* on Tuesdays (this means *hoy*) y Thursdays**

Last Words and Testimony: Linen Exchange: Exchange your sheets from 1:30 - 2:00 on Thursday. You know the place.

Forget me not; this is "*mark me* " on you calandar:

Bill Wright, BreadNet Director, is here *this week* for workshops, demonstrations, meetings, and to answer any computer questions. It all takes place in the Fine Arts Building, room 104.

Wednesday, 11:30 - 12:30: **BreadNet** workshop for those who are interested in telecommunications.

Thursday, 11:30 - 12:15: Meeting for teachers of **Native American** students.

Friday, 9:30 - 11:30 a.m.: **BreadNet** follow-up workshop.

Lost *Libro*: Valerie Smith placed a book, *Marrow of Tradition*, in Shiela Griffith's mailbox. Somebody picked it up by mistake. Please return it to her or the office.

La Miga

(Morselling *el Crumb)*



The Bread Loaf School of Eng lish, Middlebury College
at St. John's College
Santa Fé, New Mexico
Thursday, 22 *de Julio*, 1993
Volume III, #8

Bread Loafing & Rising:

Correcting: Letting it beknownst that *Bread/Loaf Santa Fe News* has been christened: *La Miga.*

Checking and Double Checking: Kindly proof the address list posted on the wall outside the mailboxes.

Triathloning Men and Women: Anyone interested ing o ing to Cochiti Pueblo on Sunday morning to witness the athletic feets of some Bread Loafers, please come running, biking, or swimming by the office and be signing up. Cochiti has a recreation area so other less strenuous activities may be available.

GOOD NEW$ ing the offi$e:

Kri$ten Worth ing ton ... come $ee u$.

Lucy's Saying

"*What* ing the world?!?"

Listening to Speaking: On Tuesday, July 27th, at 7:30 p.m., poet Jimmy Santiago Baca will be reading from his work ing the Great Hall. A reception will be following.

Shirt Fitting You to a Tee: There are still a few Bread Loaf/Santa Fe T-shirts for sale ing the office.

Speaking of Teeing off: Congrats to Kathy Raevouri for her award winning design for the new Bread Loaf/Santa Fe T-shirt. They will be hot off the press ing a week or two, and she gets a free one for her creativity. Be watching this space for more details.

Picturing An Exhibition: The black and white senior, faculty, and group photos are ing. Don't be modest, come ing and look 'em over. See Papa Razzi or Papa Raza (that's me)- ing the office if you'd like to order a print. Deadline for ordering is Tuesday, the 27th.

Ear-Filling Poetry: On Friday at 8:00 p.m. there will be a poetry reading by Native writers Simon Ortiz and Alex Jacobs at the Copeland-Rutherford Gallery on Lower Canyon Road. The van knows the way, Johnson. If you're interested check ing the office.

Being A Lunatic: we'll be getting down, getting funky with the Brave Combo on Friday at Club Luna. "Two thumbs up!" says Jason and Silverman. The party starts heartily around 9-ish.

Speaking of getting low:

Dancing contest winners --

Correcting: The Slinky: Larry "as in air guitar goin' outa control" Abbott

Correcting: The Dance Machine: Christian "I ain't ever gonna stop" Leahy

Speaking of watching:

Screening of "Born in East L.A." **this evening** at 6:30 before Blue (Green) Parlor show. Travel Writing & Chicano Narrative students should be particularly interested in this flick, but everyone is welcomed to attend this laugh-ing.

Speaking of more easy Listening:

Showing Bread Loaf talent: ***TONIGHT*** at 8:30 p.m.. Listen to the harmony, swing to the rhythm of Sisters' Souls. Also featured: Righteous Brother John and Mark "rejoice" Brothers in the Blue (Green) Parlor. ***(This will be good.)***

And keeping ing Mind: On August 2 and 4 the Jemez and Santo Dom ing o Pueblos will hold their annual Corn Dances. These are really not to be missed. Be watching THIS space for further details.

The mail is ing.

John, putting Up his Dukes Of Hazard: Anyone interested ing o ing to an Albuquerque Dukes baseball game on Thursday, July 29th, please sign up in the manager's office. Tickets are $4.00; *jalapeño* hot dogs are $2.50. Brr ing your glove.

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Students reading and performing:

This Sunday's readers include Elena de Torruella, Leigh Anne Couch, Matt Fontis and Alfredo Lujan.

A Day living in Infancy that shall: Don't forget that Sunday, August 8th, is Bad Poetry (and music and singing) night. Sharpen up your word processors and create the most outstanding bad writing of which you can think.

***Se habla eng Español* at *lonche* o n Tuesdays y Thursdays (this means *hoy*)**

Last Words and Testimony: Linen Exchanging: Exchange your sheets from 1:30 - 2:00 **TODAY.** You know the place.

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Bill Wright, BreadNet Director,
is here *this week* for workshops, demonstrations, meetings, and to answer any computer questions. It all is taking placing the Fine Arts Building, room 104.

Thursday, 11:30 - 12:15: Meeting for teachers of **Native American** students.

Friday, 9:30 - 11:30 a.m.: **BreadNetting,** follow-up workshop.

Finding *Libro*: Valerie Smith placed a book, *Marrow of Tradition*, in Shiela Griffith's mailbox. Somebody picked it up by mistake. Please be returning it to her or the office prontoquick.

Finding a poem (To Witting):

Can do babysitting
in my home
but prefer
hauling rock.

(courtesy of Larry Gavin)

Travel Writing Class is sponsoring

a trip to a T.B.A. site, Saturday, July 31. More info will be following in next week's *La Miga.*

La: [lah] *definitive article feminine singular.* The.*

Miga: [mee'-gah] 1. Crumb, the soft part of bread. 2. A small fragment of any thing. 3. Marrow, substance, or principal part. *Migas,* Crumbs of bread fried in a pan, with oil, salt, and pepper. *Hacer buenas* or *malas migas,* (coll.) To agree or disagree readily with one.**

---

* *Velázquez Spanish and English Dictionary,* 1985
** *ibid* ing

La Miga

(the *migajita* of a *Crumb*)



The Bread Loaf School of English, Middlebury College
at St. John's College
Santa Fé, New Mexico
Tuesday, 27 *de Julio*, 1993
Volume III, #9

To be ...



Bread Loafers, Rise:

A ***BIG*** Congratulations to Professor Michael Cadden who has received the President's Distinguished Teacher of the Year Award at Princeton University.

p.s. This is personal, private, and confidential. Do not let it leak out of this community.

2 Night, 2 Night: Writer **JIMMY SANTIAGO BACA** will read from his work in the Great Hall at 7:30 p.m. A reception will follow.

2 Morrow, 2 Morrow: At 4:45 p.m. **PAUL ZOLBROD,** distinguished scholar of Native American oral literatures, will discuss Navajo poetry in Room 209 of ESL.

***Extremely* Important^2: Am I Blue? What'll I Do?** If your name is on the list posted on the office door, a sure cure is to fill out the blue waiver form in your mailbox; this is needed before you get your report card. This is an **important document** that pertains to letters of recommendation as well. Please sign and return to the office *pronto*quick, this means now ... no kidding; if you don't turn it in promptly you'll be staying after school.

***Almost as Important too:* Head Count needed now:**

It's important that we know how many Loafers are planning to stay for commencement ceremonies. The pink slips you returned to The Mountain indicate that only the following people are staying the night of August 12th: the senioritas (Rebecca, Judith, and Ulrike), Suzanne Curtis, Francie, Christoph, Jane, Dave Liebman, Liane, Sally, Ibs, and Barb.

-- *Please,* if you plan to stay and you're not on this list, let us know today ... plans have to be made for the banquet, for the dorms, etc.

Bos'n Lucy Says : "[Now hear this: Get those blue waiver forms in and the head count for commencement too... or else.]"

The Van Comes, The Van Goes to: Anyone interested in going to the library at the University of New Mexico on FRIDAY, the 30th, for some R & R please sign up in the office. We'll leave c. 9:00 a.m. and be back mid-afternoon. We can munch a bunch in Albuquerque. A side trip to the Museum of Art and/or Old Town is possible.

The Van Goes, Again to: On Saturday the 31st, we will run a van to a T.B.A. site under the auspices of the N.M. Heritage Foundation to do old church restoration. We will be doing labor. We need to know by tomorrow if you're interested. The van leaves around 7:00 a.m. and returns in the late afternoon.

Lucy's Loafers Make Triathlonic Athletic Feats too: Congratulations to the Bread Loafers who participated in the Cochiti Triathlon last Sunday: Julie "In the Crown" Coleman, Leigh Anne "No" Couch "Potato," Cecily "Tyson" Coughlan, David Lieb"Iron"Mann, "Stunning" Steve "Lee" Ogden, Mark "In the House" Puckett,"Give Me" Moni Slater, Todd "Speedo" Warner.

Blue (Green) Parlor Readings:

Two for Sunday: Lisa Durkee and Mark Puckett.

And Forgetteth Not -- Bad Poetry (and singing and performing) night, Sunday, August 8. Please sign up on the sheet attached to the mailboxes.

Apply Yourself: Applications for Vermont, Oxford, and Santa Fe for 1994 are available in the office, free of charge.

Linen Exchange: The old same place at the same old time.

We'll Get 'em: The new Bread Loaf designer T-shirts should be available this week. Please see Christian or Ralph in the showroom.

Baseball Can Be Berry, Berry Good to You: Last chance to sign up for the Thursday night Albuquerque Dukes game. We'll leave around 5:00 p.m. Tickets are $4.00. The jalapeno hot dogs will flow. See Willie, Mickey, or the Duke in the office as quick as a Dwight Gooden fastball.

Shakespeare Corner:

"To play, or not to play, that is the question. Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to ponder the slings and arrows of outrageous assignments, or to take arms against a sea of batters, And by opposing, end them. To win, to lose no more, and by a win to say we end in the backache, and the thousand natural shocks aging flesh is heir to! 'Tis a consummation devoutly to be pitched! To win, to lose, to lose--perchance to lose: ay, there's the pitching rubber, for in that bleeping loss what dreams may come when we have shuffled off to the dugout, must give us pause. There's the respect that makes calamity of so long a game. For who would bear the flyballs and grounders through the hole, the opponent's wrong, the victor's contumely, the pangs of despised error, the umpire's delay, the insolence of strikeout, and the spurns that patient merit of th' unworthy out, when he himself might his quietus make with a bare bat? . . .

"Mark me" (Hamlet , I, v):

August 2 (Monday) and 4 (Wednesday) we will be taking a van to the Jemez and Santo Domingo Pueblos for their annual corn dances. Please sign up in the office if you'd like to attend. Departure times can be arranged depending on class meetings. Lunch will be provided.

Don't forget to order your photographs in the office. Please sign up by noon today.

La Miga

(a *Crumb*)



The Bread Loaf School of English, Middlebury College
at St. John's College
Santa Fé, New Mexico
Thursday, 29 *de Julio*, 1993

Volume III, #10

***Extremely* Important: Am I Blue? What'll I Do?** If your name is on the list posted on the office door, a sure cure is to fill out the blue waiver form in your mailbox; this is needed before you get your report card. This is an **important document** that pertains to letters of recommendation as well. Please sign and return to the office *pronto*quick, this means now ... no kidding; if you don't turn it in promptly you'll be staying after school.

***Almost as Important too:* Head Count needed now:**

It's important that we know how many Loafers are planning to stay for commencement ceremonies. The pink slips you returned to The Mountain indicate that only the following people are staying the night of August 12th: the senioritas (Rebecca, Judith, and Ulrike), Suzanne Curtis, Francie, Christoph, Jane, Dave Liebman, Liane, Sally, Ibs, and Barb.

-- *Please,* if you plan to stay and you're not on this list, let us know today ... plans have to be made for the banquet, for the dorms, etc. (The only new sign ups are: Lisa, Shirley, Catherine, Christelle, & Liane.) **If you're staying and don't let us know, you won't have a room.**

Admiral Lucy Says: "[Now hear this: Get those blue waiver forms in and the head count for commencement too... or else.]"

This Is The Trip: The van will leave Saturday morning at 7:00 a.m. for a day of church restoration in Chacon and Lower Rosina in northern New Mexico. Breakfast, lunch and sunshine will be provided. All Bread Loafers are welcome. Please sign up on the bulletin board next to the mail box room so planning can be done. For more information call Jason Silverman at 820-0758.

This Is Also The Trip: If anyone is interested in camping in the vicinity of the church restorations, please let the office know so that logistical planning may be executed with a maximum of efficiency.

Blue (Green) Parlor Readings: Two for Sunday: Lisa Durkee and Mark Puckett.

And Forgetteth Not -- Bad Poetry (and singing and performing) night, Sunday, August 8. Please sign up on the sheet attached to the mailboxes.

Apply Yourself: Applications for Vermont, Oxford, and Santa Fe for 1994 are available in the office, free of charge.

Linen Exchange: The old same place at the same old time.

We'll Get 'em: The new Bread Loaf designer T-shirts should be available this week. Please see Christian or Ralph in the showroom.

Computer Lab ... to close or not to close

There will be a survey form in the computer lab asking how many of you will be needing to work there the last week. The lab assistants need to pack and ship. See Mark, Nicola, or Judy in the lab if you anticipate a need for August 9th or 10th. Thank you.

La Miga

(a *Crumb*)



The Bread Loaf School of English, Middlebury College
at St. John's College
Santa Fé, New Mexico
Tuesday, 2 *de Agosto,* 1993
Volume III, #11

The Following People Please Report to the Principal's Office:

Francie Hogan, Sheila Livadas, Liane Michel, Jason Silverman, Todd Warner, Sally Wolek. We not only need but must have your blue waiver forms.

Important:

The following people have indicated they are staying the night of August 12th: the senioritas (Rebecca, Judith, and Ulrike), Suzanne Curtis, Francie, Christoph, Jane, Dave Liebman, Liane, Sally, Ibs, Barb, Lisa, Shirley, Catherine, Christelle, Julia, Lynn, Leigh Anne & Nancy.) **If you were planning to stay, and you didn't let us know, you don't have a room. There is no room when there is no room at St. John's.**

Just as Important: Head Count needed now:

IF there are enough Loafers still in town to make it feasible, Bread Loaf will partially sponsor an end of the session blow out dance featuring THE BAND: *Lumbre Del Sol,* on Wednesday, August 11th. SO ... will you please let us know if you're gonna be in town the evening of the 11th so we can plan this party. (There will be a $3.00 charge [smallest cover in town] to help defray the cost of THE BAND.)

Lucy Says

"In a shopping mood? Missed the mall? Visit the Meem Boutique. Get 'em while they're hot."

Blue (Green) Parlor B A D POETRY Reading:

If you're a bad poet
and did or didn't know it,
if you can make rhyme
in little or less time,
if your sad lyrics are so dry
they makes us wanna cry ...
if your omelettes
are prettier than your sonnets
or if it's plain
you'd like to put us through
rad pain in the rain
without gain

insane

sign up for the bad poetry night
that'll be outta sight.
This coming Sunday at seven
you'll be glad you're in
blue (green) seventh heaven,
so
if you have something to say
go see Nancy (not Thomas) Gray
before the show Sunday
or no.

Ye Olde Picture Boxxe:

Complimentary assorted photos of the grand and glorious Bread Loaf summer in Santa Fe are available in the office for your pleasure.

Apply Yourself: Applications for Vermont, Oxford, and Santa Fe for 1994 are available in the office, free of charge.

Sports update ... Flash:

... and the score is ... 5-0. (Don't worry, Mark and Todd; Christian and Alfredo won't tell a soul we skunked you 2 on 2.) Such simple pleasures. Hee hee.

Linen Exchange: The old same place at the same old time.

We Got 'em: The new Bread Loaf designer T-shirts are available. Please see Christian (not Leahy) or Yves (not Arden) in the showroom.

Computer Lab ... to close or not to close

There will be a survey form in the computer lab asking how many of you will be needing to work there the last week. The lab assistants need to pack and ship. See Mark, Nicola, or Judy in the lab if you anticipate a need for August 9th or 10th. Thank you.

Key to our heart:

The office key and the ESL 209 key continue to disappear and then reappear mysteriously. Please do not remove either key without letting one of us know when you're taking it and when you're returning it ... or else. Thank you.

OK.

Who's got Henry V? We have some students who want to see it. Please put it back in the office *pronto*quick (this means now).

Ser-vezas: Congrats to Barb Dixon and Bjorn-again Abbott for their mixed doubles victory in the Santa Fe Tennis Club tournament last Sunday. They prevailed 4-6, 6-2, 7-6 in the finals.

Count Down:

Sad but true ... time to start preparing for the reality check ... goin' home soon ... travel tips:

Mail and femail:

change your address ... tell your friends and others to stop sending your mail this way ... all mail received after August 12th will be returned to sender. The mail has stopped when the mail has stopped.

Epi-tome: "Book 'em, Danno"

Please return all St. John's, Middlebury, and University of New Mexico books by August 11th or else.

Mail On, O Ship of State: There are a few mailing labels in the office if you need them for shipping boxes.

Rewind before you Return:

If you have any video tapes out of the office, please put them back where you found them.

OR ELSE:

Don't you dare leave town without saying goodbye or else.



La Miga

(a *Crumb*)



The Bread Loaf School of English, Middlebury College
at St. John's College
Santa Fé, New Mexico
Thursday, 5 *de Agosto,* 1993
Volume III, #12

Lucy Says

"Didn't we just get here? Where's everybody going?"

Hix Nix Stix Pix: But if you don't, the black and white group and senior photographs are in. Please pick up.

Blue (Green) Parlor B A D POETRY Reading:

P. U.
that's you
that last poem
was bad
it was so bad
it is sad

that it could be the winner unless
we hear some really bad
poetry on Sunday,
I mean really bad.

Sign up sheet be not posted
Just show up with your stinkin' poet tries.
(this could be second prize.)

Ye Olde Picture Boxxe: Complimentary assorted photos of the grand and glorious Bread Loaf summer in Santa Fe are available in the office for your dining and dancing pleasure.

Speaking of Dancing: The dance planned for Wednesday night has been cancelled. Intrepid souls are invited to take their intrepid soles to The Edge for some hard-core discoing.

Apply Yourself: 1994 applications for Vermont, Oxford, and Santa Fe are available in the office, free of charge. We have received aps from the following persons: Linda Burson (SF), Kim Krall (SF, VT, Ox), Mark Puckett (VT), Julie Coleman (VT), Carly Stewart (Ox), & Mary Santerre (Ox). If you think you turned yours in, but you're not on the above list, see us.

Assessment lingo: We've only received one evaluation. "Just do it."

Linen Exchange: The old same place at the same old time.

We Got 'em: The new Bread Loaf designer T-shirts are available. Please see Christian (not Leahy) or Yves (not Arden) in the showroom.

Computer Lab ... to close or not to close

There will be extended hours in the lab this weekend because it's gonna start getting packed Monday afternoon. See the lab assistants or the note on the lab door.

Olympic Sports Update...flash, I mean really *flash,* last week's top sports story, Gold Medal Award, goes to:

Lisa "Bat Girl" Durkee ... for her record setting triple plunge into the alfalfa field:
1.) the one motion open the door and spring out of the outhouse 2-footed 30-yard hop.
2.) the wide-eyed realize your pants are at your knees 35-yard dive.

3.) the nobody saw me 20-foot skid to a moon rise halt in the knee high alfalfa.
Judges' scores: USA: 10.0, UK: 9.9, OK: 10.0, NNM: 99.9 (right on, *esa.*)

Congratulations, Bat Girl, *grrraaar*

Conn't Down:

Sad but true ... time to start preparing for the reality check ... goin' home soon blues... thangs to do before you leave:

Tee-shirts:

Buy your t-shirt at the Meem Boutique. There's a few left and right.

Females' Mail & Males':

change your address ... tell your friends and others to stop sending your mail this way ... all mail received after August 12th will be returned to sender. The mail has stopped goin' when the mail has stopped comin'.

End of the session challenge game:

Bread Loaf and the St. John's Graduate Institute will have a winner shares all softball game of the Riponite type at the soccer field *this* Sunday at 2:00 p.m. This is an equal opportunity. (Judy, be there, and bring all your friends.)

Epi-tome: "Book 'em, Danno"

Please return all St. John's, Middlebury, and University of New Mexico books by August 11th or else.

Mail On, O Ship of State: There are a few mailing labels in the office if you need them for shipping boxes.

Rewind before you Return:

If you have any video tapes out of the office, please put them back where you found them.

OR ELSE:

Don't you dare leave town without saying goodbye or else.

Bye 'n' Bye

Bye, Rosie; bye, Erlene; be safe; stay low; maintain; have a good trip. *Den le gas.*

Finally

Don't miss the Pump and Circumstances Awards Ceremony at the Bad Poetry Reading Sunday. You may be getting an award.

La Miga

(a *Crumb*)



The Bread Loaf School of English, Middlebury College
at St. John's College
Santa Fé, New Mexico
Tuesday, 10 *de Agosto,* 1993

Volume III, #13

Lucy Says

"It ain't over till the two thin ladies sing."

The ultimate, final, last issue of La Miga, or, Lucky 13: The staff of *La Miga* and his assistant wish everyone a safe and sound journey back to whence he/she came. As a noted sage once opined, "It's not the 6 weeks of Bread Loaf which are tough, but the other 46." Go gently into that good flight.

Hix Nix Stix Pix: But if you don't, the black and white group and senior photographs are in. Please pick up.

Tome ... tome tome, tome:

Please: return all Middlebury, St. John's and UNM books to the library. The books will be shipped out on Friday, the 13th. This is a bill you don't need; *please* return those books or else.

Faculty: if you have personal copies in the library, please pick them up by Thursday, the 12th, to eliminate any chance of them getting shipped out with the Middlebury books. Thanks.

Ye Olde Black and White Photos: The Fly-by-Night Photo Company and Used Car Dealership misprinted the photos, but correct ones are expected later today or Wednesday. Please pick up in the office.

Check It Out Again, Anton: When you depart from the dorms (sniffle, sniffle), you can leave the linen in the pillow case in your room and room keys on the desk.

Speaking of Departing: Loafers staying over Thursday night will need to vacate their rooms by NOON on Friday. Remember that breakfast and lunch on Friday are NOT on the meal plan.

Speaking of Dancing: Intrepid souls are invited to take their intrepid soles to The Edge for some hard-core discoing on Wednesday night.

Apply Yourself: 1994 applications for Vermont, Oxford, and Santa Fe are available in the office, free of charge.

Assessment lingo: We've only received one evaluation. "Just do it."

Linen Exchange: Just leave it in your pillow case in the room.

We Got 'em: The new Bread Loaf designer T-shirts are available. Please see Ralph (not Kramden) or Perry (not White) in the showroom.

Females' Mail & Males':

change your address ... tell your friends and others to stop sending your mail this way ... all mail received after August 12th will be returned to sender. The mail has stopped goin' when the mail has stopped comin'.

Epi-tome: "Book 'em, Danno"

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Mail On, O Ship of State: There are a few mailing labels in the office if you need them for shipping boxes.

Rewind before you Return:

If you have any video tapes out of the office, please put them back where you found them.

Don't you dare leave town without saying goodbye or else.

"Well, it's crying time again, you're gonna leave me ... I can see that far away look in your eye ..."

What? The last week of Bread Loaf/Santa Fe -- 1993, the last issue *La Miga,* ... game, set, match.

"Happy Trails to you, until we meet again..." Head 'em out, *y den le gas! Adios.*

OR ELSE:

Bread Loaf/Santa Fe Awards Program, '93

This is the first and possibly the last Bread Loaf/Santa Fe Gummy Bear Awards Ceremony:

And the winners are:

Dynamic Duo/Duet of the year: Nancy Gray and Lisa Durkee

"*The* Song" of *the* Year: "What's Up"

Entertainers of the year: John Warnock, Nancy Gray, Mim Campos, Lisa Durkee, Judy Nordstrom, Richard Boch, Ibby Sowell, Mark Puckett, Lynn Cline, Jeanine Brown

Fishermen of the year: Todd Warner & Larry Gavin

Fisherwoman of the year: Sally Wolek

Triathletes of the year: Cecily, Todd, Mark, Julie, Moni, Dave, Leigh Anne & Steve

Hostess and host of the year: Ernesto and Carolina Lujan

10 S players of the year: Barb Dixon, Suzie Longfield, Moni Slater, Larry Abbott, Julie Coleman, Julie Morris, Lisa Durkee & Alfredo Lujan

10 S Champions of the year: Barb "Live Wire" Dixon and "Bjorn Again" Larry Abbott

The "Automatic" 3 Pointer in your face Award: Alfredo

The Manhatten Subway gotta catch a train Downhill Walk Award: Valerie Smith

Most Popular: Kokopele

Best Sunset Party: Nancy, Alfredo, Liane, Lisa, Mark, Willow, Richard, Jenny, Mim, Elena, Judith,

2 on 2 of the year: Christian Leahy and Alfredo Lujan

Skunks of the year: Mark & Todd

Best Body Shaving and Mutilation Award: Mark and Todd

Most Animal and Insect Bites: Liane

Most Decadent Award: Christoph "It's not decadent enough" Niedermair

Best Performing Arteest as you Teach: Michael Cadden

Most Versitile "On The Border" Award: John Warnock

Most aloof "La Femm" Award ...The French Girls: Catherine and Christelle

The Most Hyper-active Paper Writer Award..."She always Makes an A": Suzanne Curtis

The Most Serious, No Nonsense Award, the Senioritas: Becky, Judith, Ulrike

Most Photographed but not necessarily the most photogenic Award: Mark and Todd

Dancin' Machine Award: Christian Leahy

Best Air Musician while Dancing Award: Larry Abbott

The "Keep It In The Family Award": Steve "Lee" Ogden

The Most Mentally and Physically Fit Award: Cecily Coughlan

Most Dedicated Hand Weight Walkers Award: Kathy, Sheila and Jane, and Carley

The Most Well Versed in "Othello" Award: Sheila Griffith

The Early Bird I walked and I did my Laundry First Award: Mary Caldwell

The *"Se me pegaron las savanas; y nos pusimos bien chatas"* Award: Suzie Longfield & Barb Dixon

The Dear Abby Award: Ibby

The Greatest Party Socks Award: Shirley

The Best T-Shirt Design: Kathy Raevuori

The Best Kept Secret Talent Award: Jeanine Brown

The Elouise Award: to "The Carley Stories" by Carley Stewart

Best at making the Director Look Good Award: Larry and Alfredo

The Restoration Project Good Will Award: Jason Silverman

The Luckiest guy in town Award: Jason Silverman

The Marcus Welby, Dr. Kildare Medical Attention Award: Becky Mobbs and Liane

The Kissed the Most Members of one Family Award: Julie Morris

The Limbo Rock Go as low as you can go Ouch Award: Willow Older

The Other Luckiest guy in town Award: Willow's Mark

Most Congenial and Got Around the Most Award: Elena and Erlene

The Most Fashionable Clogs and skirts and Dave's my man Award: Lynn

The Tarot "Let You Know" Award: Francie

The "Bat Girl" Award: Lisa Durkee

The Most Authenic Accent Award: Jane Gamage

The Motor Cycle Mama, Ph.D Candidate, Changed Schools *Right Now* Award: Krystal Pritchett

The Coolest Dude in Town Award: Paul Mueller

The I Found my Check Award: Sheila Lividas

The Hair Clip Award: Carley Stewart

The I saw you the first day of school and the last day of school Award: Sheila Lividas

The Most Athletic Person, always ready to play award: Moni

The No Couch Potato Lives in the Library 24 hour room Award: Leigh Ann Couch

The Went North West South East (otherwise known as Travel News Award): Nicola

The "Left the Most Notes on the Computer Lab Door" award: Judy

The I'll Save This Dog Award No matter How much Personal Injury Will Be In flicted on Me Award: Leigh Ann Couch, Rebecca Sheinberg, Ibby, Judy, Mark and Todd.

The Most Injured While Walking (being dragged by a Dog Award: Rebecca S.

The I Can't Stand Still While The Music's Movin me Award: Nancy

The Diamond Ring Award: Julie Coleman

The Most Sentimental Journal Entry Award: Christoph

The Minnesota Dialect Award: Larry Gavin

The Early Morning Go Back to My Room Award (It's a tie!): Steve Ogden and Lisa Durkee

My "Partner in Crumb" Award: Larry Abbott

The other my "Partner in Crumb" Award: Alfredo Lujan

The Preppy Goin' on Yuppie Look Alike Award: John Bouton & John Whelan

The "Man of His Word / No Talk all Action" Award: Dave Liebmann

The "Cutest Bald Guy" Award: Mark

The "First Time I Have Danced Since '67" Award: Larry Gavin

The every night Balcony Discussing Everything Under The Stars Bitter Dialogue Award: Mark and Todd

The Kinky (What's All that noise in your room) Copy Center Award: Larry Abbott

The Most Eastern Philosophical Buddist Lotus Position Award: Richard

The Blue Highway Award: Ibby

The Soy Quien Soy and who I am is the best chef Award: Genaro Padilla

The "Give Myself An Award" Award: Alfredo

The Best Couple Award for getting caught Kissin' at Kinky's Copy Center Award: John and Mary Mohrman

The *"I Got The Look"* Award: Kit Worthington

The "This is The Best Teacher I Ever Had": Tilly Warnock

The "Cast Off" Award: Bill Poirot

The I-25 Commuter Award: Kim Krall and Tracy Schlapp

The travelled the longest distance to get to class Award: Linda Burson

The Oral Tradition, Tell me a Second Story Teaching Award: Hertha Wong

The Only Third Consecutive Summer (and a St. John's G.I. graduate as well) Bread Loaf Student Award: Matt Fontis

The "I Gotta Write, I Gotta Write, I Gotta Read, I Gotta Read, I Gotta Work" Award: Mary Santerre

The "Hogaza Hogi" Award: Rosie Kolich

The I want an Award on my own Merit Award: Jason Silverman

The Intelligence and Musical Talent Award: Lynn Cline

The I'm Gonna Make You Feel Good Award: LucyMaddox

***And* the '93 Director of the Year Award:** Lucy Maddox